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OBSERVATIONS



POPE.



OBSEVATIONS

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OBSERVATIONS

ON

POPE.

By *GILBERT WAKEFIELD, B. A.*



Oh! while along the stream of Time thy name
Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame;
Say, shall my little bark attendant sail,
Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale?

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OBSEVATIONS

OF

POPE

OF GILBERT WATKINS, D.D.



LONDON

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178

P R E F A C E.

FOR some time past I had cherished an agreeable expectation, that the remainder of Pope's works would be consigned to my care, after the new edition of his Homer, with continued notes on both Iliad and Odysssey, should be delivered to the public through my hands. But, in consequence of a previous agreement, unknown to me, privately contracted by Mr. Cadell with Dr. Warton, and the rapidity of the Doctor in a preoccupation of the press, this office has devolved upon him; a man, by elegance of taste and variety of literary information, eminently qualified, beyond all controversy, to adorn and explain a poet, for delicacy of feeling, for accuracy of judgement, poignancy of wit, urbanity of humour, vivacity of fancy, discernment of human character, solemnity of pathos, pregnancy of sentiment, rectitude of taste, comprehensive diction, melodious numbers, and dignified morality, without a rival in antient or modern times. That my rambles, however, in this province, thus intercepted, might not perish to myself, I

have collected, but with studied brevity, my miscellaneous remarks into this work now presented to the reader ; where what occur to the extent of my former volume, are merely supplemental to it, that no purchaser might have occasion to complain, nor myself unreasonably suffer by a solitary and unsupported work. These Observations, which are principally employed on our poet's imitations of his predecessors, but not unaccompanied by an intermixture of other topics arising from the subject, will prove acceptable, I hope, in proportion to their worth, to the lovers of poetic elegance. But, in truth, both my present and past exertations on this poet, with the future efforts of Dr. Warton, admirable as they may be, are alike frivolous and ineffectual, if no edition of Pope be wanted, according to the professorial edict of those impartial judges and superlative practitioners of universal literature, hight *British Critics* ! From the formidable decision of these mighty dictators I appeal, however, with confidence by this volume to the public.

Those imitations, which others had before discovered, I have not been forward to repeat, from a disinclination to an unreasonable extension of the work : what may have been incidentally repeated, I have not appropriated with
intentional

intentional usurpation. Even in those instances, where the symptoms of imitation are dubious or improbable, to contemplate the efforts of genius on the same sentiment, is of itself a most pleasing occupation to a reader of sensibility.

Besides the immediate illustration arising to our poet from the specification of his borrowed ornaments, another point of some importance is indirectly enforced; I mean, the unlimited and incalculable obligations of modern Wit to the Genius of Greece and Rome; and the inconceivable benefit of antient learning to those, who wish to appreciate, by a true estimate, the accomplishments of succeeding writers, and to acquire a pure relish even for the beauties of English poetry. Indeed, to the credit of his taste and magnanimity be it spoken, and the more, as he tasted the spirit of antiquity through the dilution of translations only, no man could be more sensible of his obligations, nor more profusely generous in his acknowledgements to the illustrious exemplars of the classic ages, than Pope himself.

THAT satiety, of which some complain in the poetry of Pope, must be explained in part from his consummate propriety of expression, his suavity

vity of numbers, and that inculpable perfection which pervades the whole body of his compositions; and, in part, from the sickly fastidiousness and hasty misconception of the censurer himself. Occasional harshness of versification, disproportionate expression, and incongruity of thought, act like a foil to a sparkling sentiment, or a tuneful verse; and excite that momentary recreation, which arises from agreeable surprize and unexpected felicity of execution. The same excellence, in a galaxy of equal beauties, would have passed over the eye of the mind without discriminate impression. It is not the insipidity of viands, but their luscious juices and exquisite flavour, that makes them cloy, and renders palatable even the neutrality of vulgar fare. It was neither the flatness nor poverty of the Archangel's conversation, but his energy of conception and his *charming voice*, that wearied our first Parent, and oppress'd his sense,

strain'd to th' height
In that celestial colloquy sublime.

Our attention, palled by a profusion of unceasing dainties, requires the refreshment of variety; though that variety be absurdity and dulness.

But, before my final dismissal of our accomplished countryman and his enchanting works,
let

let me be permitted to weigh his qualities in that balance, which the most elegant critic of antiquity has suspended for the adjustment of poetic merit. *Horace*, in his *Satires*, i. 4. 39. thus exhibits the criterion of a TRUE POET, in contradistinction to the simple versifier :

Primum ego me illorum, dederim quibus esse poëtis,
 Excerptam numero: neque enim concludere versum
 Dixeris esse satis; neque si quis scribat, uti nos,
 Sermoni propiora, putes hunc esse poëtam.
Ingenium cui sit, cui *mens divinior*, atque *os*
Magna sonaturum, des nominis hujus honorem.

Three essential qualifications, we see, must combine to the composition of a genuine bard :
 1. *Ingenium* ; Genius, or native Capability ; an endowment, principally displayed, as it regards the poetic character, in “ *Creation*,” or “ original discovery.”

1. Now this “ *creative*,” or “ *inventive*, Faculty” of Pope may be most commodiously asserted, and with indisputable efficiency, from his *Rape of the Lock*, and *Dunciad* ; because a comparison with the great poetical inventors, who preceded him, may be most obviously instituted from these performances. But I thus pronounce, rather in compliance with popular opinion, than in conformity to my own conception of the subject, and, as I think, to Truth itself. Those poets

after Homer, who have gained the highest reputation for creative power in antient and modern days, tread too closely in his steps for a reasonable claim of independent merit in this particular: and, as far as I can discover, no less invention, in proportion to the extent of his performance, is discoverable in our author's *Dunciad*, than in the *Paradise Lost* itself, and much more than Virgil's poem can assert. Now, in my judgment, as much original ingenuity, as novel and extensive a creation of excursive fancy, is exhibited in the *Moral Essays* of Pope, and most of his other pieces, as in the poetry of any artist that could be mentioned. His invention is only less conspicuous in actual display than that of others, from the paucity of his original productions; a paucity, not assignable to the poverty of a barren or exhausted intellect, but to an incidental misemployment of his talents on the works of Shakspeare, and to the devotion of so long a time to *translation* only:

And Pope's *ten years* to comment and translate,

2. The *second* quality specified by Horace is, the *mens divinior*, "a mind of diviner constitution." By this I understand that enthusiastic rapture, to which glowing conceptions and ecstatic visions are congenial; which kindles into transport,

transport, or melts with sensibility, at the contemplation of Nature in her attire of sublimity and beauty. This divine glow of soul is by Aristotle, in his Poetics, denominated a *prophetic* impulse; as productive to the poet's fancy of those wild emotions, those thrilling energies, which agitated the heathen prophets under the supposed operation of an inspiring and in-dwelling deity. As long as the *Messiah*, the *Windfor-Forest*, the *Elegy on an Unfortunate Lady*, the *Eloisa to Abelard*, and the *Prologue to the Satires*, shall survive, to pronounce their testimony; so long will the title of Pope remain undisputed through the realms of Wit, to the finest phrenzies and most delicate agitations of intellectual sensibility.

3. With respect to the remaining qualification required by the Roman poet, from whose judgement on this subject, as a preceptor and practitioner of equal excellence, lies no appeal, the *os magna sonaturum*, or “a vigour and magnificence of sonorous phrase;”—from the *Temple of Fame*, the *Essay on Man*, and the *Imitations* of the Epistles in the second book of Horace, (not to instance in any of the works alledged under the former heads) specimens of poetry, as noble and as numerous, for the grand embellishment of gorgeous phraseology, and the glowing emblazonry of splendid metaphor, may be selected, as from

Virgil himself, and, perhaps, from *Milton*; poets, pre-eminent, beyond all controversy, for brilliancy and pomp of diction.

But, as in mathematical investigations, to arrive at truth by different and independent processes, not only produces an agreeable impression, from unexpected concert, on the mind, but gives powerful corroboration to the proposition so ascertained; let us now apply the poetry of Pope to the touchstone of excellence, proposed by *Longinus*, in his Five Sources of the Sublime in Composition.

1. Το περι τας νοησεις ἀδρεπηβολον. "Boldness of Conception, Enterprize of Sentiment," or "adventurous Imagination." This source nearly corresponds with the *first* qualification, or the *ingenium*, of Horace: and the entire machinery of the Sylphs, with all the concomitant descriptions of these aerial existences, in *the Rape of the Lock*, to seek no further exemplification of the point before us, displays a boldness and felicity of Fancy to which nothing superiour can be produced from the collective monuments of human wit.

2. Το σφοδρον και ενθεσιαστικον παθος. "A vehement and enthusiastic sensibility." This source of the

the sublime most nearly coincides with the *second* requisite, the *mens divini*or, of the Roman poet: and, if I am competent to pronounce an opinion on this subject, more consummate exhibitions of this energetic feeling must not be expected from the powers of mortality, than are found in the whole of our poet's *Eloisa*, the conclusion of *the Temple of Fame*, from ver. 146. to ver. 169. of the third *Essay on Man*, the conclusion of his *Prologue to the Satires*, and from ver. 46 to ver. 55. of the *Epistle to Mr. Jervas*; for I mean to specify superlative excellence alone.

3. Ἡ ποία τῶν σχημάτων πλασις. "A certain con-
formation of figures;" by which the rhetorician means only, those conversions of construction from the consecutive preciseness of grammar rules, and those varieties of composition, whether they relate to the thoughts or language, which prevent a stagnant and insipid uniformity of character. Now, of all the poetical productions within my knowledge, none are so happily diversified with these fallies of technical vivacity as the satiric dialogues of Pope, and various passages in the *Dunciad*. But perspicuity may seem to require a particular illustration of this subject by examples. Take one from his *Prologue to the Satires*, ver. 121.

Say for my comfort, *languishing* in bed,
"Just so immortal Maro held his head!"

Here

Here the participle *languishing* is referable to no specific substantive, but respects the personal pronoun included in the adjunct *my*. This form of construction is very frequent in the antient poets, and is illustrated in my note on the *Trachinæ* of *Sophocles*, ver. 260. and hereafter on *Lucretius*, i. 347.

Sometimes indeed, a desire of brevity, and that condensation of thought, characteristic of Pope, led him to vacuities of construction, scarcely venial, nor vindicable by any legitimate specimens of ellipses in approved authors. To pass over various instances in his *Essay on Man*, and his *Moral Epistles*, I shall adduce one example from the same *Prologue to the Satires*, ver. 354.

Abuse on all he lov'd, or lov'd him, spread ;
A friend in exile, or a father dead.

To the former example, the following passage of Sallust furnishes an exact parallel: Jugurth. 85. 28. edit. Cort. *Vestra consilia accusantur, qui mihi summum laborem et maxumum negotium imposuistis.*

Again: Imitations of Horace, Epist. ii. 1. 386.

*The hero William, and the martyr Charles,
One knighted Blackmore, and one pension'd Quarles.*

As

As Virgil, for example, *Æn.* xii. 161.

Interea *reges*, ingenti mole *Latinus*

Quadrijugo *vehitur* curru; ———

————— *bigis it Turnus* in albis.

For another specimen I shall content myself with referring the reader to my note on verse 259 of the *Prologue to the Satires*, to avoid too much prolixity on a subject without limits, and in the opinion of some, perhaps, of but inferior importance.

4. Ἡ γενναία φρασίς. “A generous character of “*diction* :” that is a style, not only purged from all vulgarity of expression, but enriched by an accession of metaphorical embellishment. But in this liberality of phraseology, this graceful urbanity of language, this chastised and ornamental form of writing, remote from meanness, and rusticity, and tasteless affectation, no poet, equally voluminous, can rival the bard of Twickenham, *Virgil* alone excepted.

5. Ἡ ἐν ἀξιώματι καὶ διαρρεῖ συνθεσίς. “A dignified “and elevated composition :” which seems to differ from the former source rather in *degree* than *kind* ; and to comprehend all that pomp of decoration, superadded to a faultless and polished phraseology, which energetic and splendid
diction,

diction, glowing metaphors, and vivid imagery,
 can contribute, as a sumptuous robe, to envelop
 and dignify the thoughts. For apposite exam-
 ples of this excellence, let me refer to the *Mef-
 siah*, ver. 37—49. 66—85. 90—105. *Windfor
 Forest*, ver. 382—421. *Essay on Criticism*, ver. 696
 —709. *Eloisa*, ver. 128—149. 154—171. 206—
 223. 248—277. 289—343. *Essay on Man*, i.
 ver. 1—17. 130—141. 192—205. iv. ver. 280—
 309. *Prologue to the Satires*, ver. 337—358. 391
 —404. *Epilogue to the Satires*, Dial. ii. ver. 211
 —248. *Dunciad*, iv. ver. 1—45. 628 to the end.

But in the following observations on Pope I
 must previously advertise the reader what I have
 proposed to attain, that he may not raise his ex-
 pectations too high, and from disappointment
 censure me for the absence of what constituted
 no part of my intention. My sole aim and desire
 has been to illustrate Pope, as an elegant English
 classic, by opening the sources of his imitation,
 by noticing his beauties of sentiment and ex-
 pression, and occasionally his improprieties in
 both; but in these latter specifications I have
 been abundantly more concise, than I design-
 ed, had the charge of publishing his works de-
 volved on me. With the general plan and
 conduct of his poems, where so much scope is
 left for the sportive conjectures of imagination,
 and

and where the rules themselves, by which such criticisms are adjusted, are often the mere whimsical positions of arbitrary critics, without any foundation in Truth and Nature, and in which respect Warburton has analysed Pope, whether conformably to the original conceptions of the poet or no, with a sagacity yet unrivalled, and abundantly beyond my powers; with this department of the critic, I say, I have not presumed to interfere. If the predominant effect of a poem, without gross incongruities and palpable want of artifice in it's construction, be impressive, and enchain the soul with a continuity of strength and elegance; all enquiry into the particular adjustment of the parts, and it's general constitution, may seem but a visionary and preposterous occupation. Had Homer made a very different distribution of events in his poems, the complaisant dexterity of criticism would soon have proved it the very best that human ingenuity could devise.

In conclusion, Gratitude and Justice call upon me to acknowledge my obligations to the continued friendship of *Dr. William Bennet*, Bishop of Cloyne, for some communications respecting the concealed characters of the Moral and Satiric Poems: to *George Steevens*, Esq. for a variety of pertinent passages, which his multifarious reading, far beyond my excursions, enabled him

him to supply: these, and some similar contributions from Mr. *Holt White*, of the Temple, are confined to the compass of my former volume.

HACKNEY,
December 20th, 1795.

Some verses of my friend Mr. *W. Toulmin*, bantering a mistake, committed by me at page 326 of my former volume, will form an agreeable termination of this Preface:

By a Person of no Quality, on reading Mr. Wakefield's Criticisms, on Pope's Song,

“Flutt’ring spread thy purple pinions.”

I.

Watchful Wakefield late and early
Slumb’ring o’er the page of Pope!
Wit has catch’d her Critic, fairly
Twisting sand into a rope.

II.

Ovid sings of purple Cupid,
Pope still haunts the Roman springs!
Classic light breaks on the stupid,
Milton too has “purple wings.”

III. Gentle

III.

Gentle Scholiast, tell me truly,
When you rip the woof of rhyme,
Don't your candle oft burn bluely?
Winking eyes must yield to time!

IV.

Learned Johnson, darkly peeping,
Found out truth in Lauder's well;
Him brave Douglas, silent creeping,
Smote, and sent his soul to hell.

V

Luna now, like Moses horned,
Marches mid her silver lights;
Faithful love, too frequent scorned,
In the valley's gloom delights.

VI.

Thus when Pallas' bird sits moping,
Opes and shuts her filmy eyes,
Bacchanalians frantic, toping,
Sacred myst'ries solemnize.

VII.

May the Muses' purple pinions,
Fanning, cool the Critic's head,
Foremost found among their minions,
Lit by Cupid's torch to bed.

OBSERVATIONS

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ON THE PASTORALS.

OF the merit of these poems I can scarcely deem myself an impartial judge. The *Pastorals* of *Pope* were among the very first writings that engaged the notice of my infancy: and, if the reader will excuse this circumstance of egotism, I read them with facility, with perseverance, and delight, at an earlier period than any one, whom I have ever known or heard of. They have left upon my mind the fading traces of a transport inexpressible. Still-disenchanted after a lapse of so many years, I feel like Agamemnon in the poet, just waking from the dream of Jove:

Εγπετο δ' ἐξ ὑπνῶ, θεῖν δὲ μιν ἀμπεχούτ' ὀμφη :

In Fancy's eye still scenes of rapture shine ;

Still vibrates on her ear the voice divine.

PASTORAL I.

Ver. 1. First in these fields I try the sylvan strains,

Nor blush to sport on Windfor's blissful plains.

Our poet seems to have consulted *Dryden's* version of the place imitated here, *Virg. Ecl. vi. 1.*

I first transferr'd to Rome Sicilian strains :

Nor blush'd the Doric Muse to dwell on Mantuan
plains.

Roscommon also, a terse, judicious, unaffected, and moral writer, justly esteemed and celebrated by Pope, may be agreeably compared on this occasion :

*I first of Romans stoop'd to rural strains,
Nor blush'd to dwell among Sicilian swains.*

Ver. 5. Let vernal airs through trembling osiers play.

A beautiful passage of this kind occurs in *Paradise Regain'd*, ii. 26.

Then on the bank of Jordan, by a creek,
Where winds with reeds and osiers whisp'ring play—

Ver. 7. ————— too good for pow'r.

A passage in *Lucan*, viii. 493. is very apposite to this sentiment :

————— exeat aulâ,
Qui vult esse pius. Virtus et summa potestas
Non coeunt.

He, who would spotless live, from courts must go :
No union power supreme and virtue know.

Ver. 16. And all th' ærial audience clap their wings.

Prior's Solomon.

And clapp'd their wings, recording what we said. S.

Ver. 23. Hear how the birds, on every bloomy spray,
With joyous music wake the dawning day !

Surry, in his Sonnet on Spring :

Somer is come, for every spray now springes.
Milton, *Paradise Regain'd*, iv. 437. in most delicate strains
of the Doric Muse :

————— the birds—

Clear'd up their choicest notes in bush and spray,
To gratulate the sweet return of morn.

And

And in his first sonnet, which *Pope* certainly had in view:

O! *Nightingale*, that on yon bloomy spray
Warblest at eve!

Some lines in *Broome's* Paraphrase of Job xxxix. on a congenial subject, will be acceptable to the reader, who delights in the fragrance of these blossoms of the Muses:

By thy command does fair *Aurora* rise,
And gild with purple beams the blushing skies?
The warbling lark salutes her chearful ray,
And welcomes with his song the rising day.

[Ver. 25. Why sit we mute, when early linnets sing;
When warbling *Philomel* salutes the spring?

He is indebted here to *Waller's* *Chloris* and *Hylas*; a passage, pointed out also by Mr. *White*;

Hylas, oh *Hylas*! why sit we mute,
Now that each bird saluteth the spring?

Ver. 31. This verse stood thus in the first edition:
Here on green banks the blushing vi'lets glow.

Ver. 32. Here Western winds on breathing roses blow.
Pope rarely mentions flowers without being guilty of some mistake as to the seasons they blow in. Who ever saw roses, crocusses, and violets in bloom at the same time? In the *Dunciad*, he calls the carnation, which never exhibits its blossoms before the end of July, "The daughter of the Spring." And this verse resembles *Shakspeare's* Twelfth Night:

————— like the sweet South
That breathes upon a bank of violets. S.

Ver. 35. ————— where wanton ivy twines,
And swelling clusters bend the curling vines.

Dryden, in his *State of Innocence*, Act iii. Scene 1.

And creeping 'twixt 'em all, the mantling vine

Does round their trunks her purple clusters twine.

Ver. 37. Four figures rising from the work appear.

So *Dryden*, *Æn.* viii. 830.

And Roman triumphs rising on the gold.

Ver. 57. The sprightly Sylvia trips along the green;

She runs, but hopes she does not run unseen;

While a kind glance at her pursuer flies.

He probably consulted *Creech's* translation of the original passage in Virgil :

Sly Galatea drives me o'er the green,

And apples throws, then hides, yet would be seen.

But some lines in *Dryden's* *Don Sebastian*, pointed out by Mr. *Steevens*, were certainly present to our poet's recollection :

A brisk Arabian girl came tripping by:

Passing, she cast at him a sidelong glance,

And look'd behind, in hopes to be pursued.

Ver. 62. And trees weep amber on the banks of Po.

This sweet line is indebted, perhaps, to *Milton*, *Par. Lost*, iv. 248.

Groves, whose rich trees wept odorous gums and balm.

Thus *Hopkins* in his *History of Love* :

With precious gums distill'd from weeping trees.

The classical reader will thank me for producing some elegant verses of *Marius Victor*, an author but little known, from his description of Paradise :

—— quod Medus redolet, vel crine soluto

Fragrat Achæmenius, quod molli dives amomo

Assyrius, messisque rubens Mareotica nardo,

Quod Tarteſſiaci frutices, quod virga Sabæi,
Quodque Palæſtinus lacero ſlet vulnere ramus.

Ver. 67. If Windſor-ſhades delight the matchleſs maid,
Cynthus and Hybla yield to Windſor-ſhade.

It is ſurpriſing, that correſpondence, which would have been attended by a much more elegant conſtruction, ſhould not have led him to write Windſor-ſhade in the former verſe alſo. But I find no variation in any of the editions. Perhaps, the ſimilar ſound in the ſame line might deter him.

Ver. 73. All nature laughs; the groves are freſh and fair.

It ſtood in the firſt edition, and, I think, as well :

All nature laughs ; the groves freſh *honours wear*.

It is probable, that our author had in view ſome lines of true Doric delicacy and moſt unaffected tenderneſs in Dryden's State of Innocence, Act v. Scene 1. where Adam thus addreſſes Eve :

What joy, without your ſight, has earth in ſtore ?

While you were abſent, Eden was no more.

Winds murmur'd through the leaves your long delay,

And fountains o'er the pebbles chid your ſtay.

But, with your preſence cheer'd, they ceaſe to mourn,

And walks wear freſher green at your return.

Ver. 75. If Sylvia ſmiles, new glories gild the ſhore,
And vanquiſh'd Nature ſeems to charm no more.

This, in my opinion, is as fine a couplet of it's kind as ever was written.

Ver. 79. I prefer much the reading of the firſt edition :

B 3

But.

But Delia always: *forc'd* from Delia's fight.—

Ver. 84. But, blest'd with her, 'tis spring throughout year.

Dryden, in his King Arthur, Act iii. Scene 1.

But, when Clorinda comes in fight,

She makes the summer's day more bright,

And, when she goes away, 'tis night.

Waller, in his battle of the Summer Islands, Canto i.

For the kind *Spring*, which but salutes us here,

Inhabits there, and courts them *all the year*.

PASTORAL II.

Ver. 4. And verdant alders form'd a quiv'ring shade.

Titus Andronicus:

The green leaves *quiver* with the cooling wind. S.

Ver. 6. The flocks around a dumb compassion show.

Milton's Comus:

That *dumb things* shall be mov'd to *sympathise*. S.

Ver. 15. ——— nor to the deaf I sing;
The woods shall answer, and their echo ring.

Much like Ogilby's translation of the verse in Virgil:

Nor *to the deaf* do we our numbers *sing*,

Since *woods* in *answering* us with *echoes* ring.

And Roscommon's:

Thee only, Varus, our glad swains shall sing;

And every grove, and every echo, ring.

Ver. 23. Where stray ye, Muses, in what lawn or grove,
While your Alexis pines in hopeless love?

Here also it is probable he consulted Ogilby's translation:

Say, Naiades, where were you, *in what grove*,

Or *lawn*, when Gallus fell by ill-match'd love?

As

As *Lauderdale* had done before him :

Say, sacred Nymphs, in what close copse or grove,
Were you, when Gallus was undone by love ?

Ver. 25. In those fair fields where sacred *Isis* glides,
Or else where *Cam* his winding vales divides ?

He certainly should have written,

Or else where winding *Cam* his vales divides :
and this change of the *cæsura* would have added a lingering stateliness to the verse, highly suitable to the subject.
Or, as *else* is but an inefficient word, better, perhaps, thus :

Or where *slow*-winding *Cam* his vales divides.
But our poet was led into this structure of his verse by a couplet in *Addison's Campaign* :

Or where the *Seine* her flow'ry fields divides,
Or where the *Loire* through winding vineyards
glides.

Ver. 29. But since those graces please thy eyes no more.

The sound of *thy eyes* is peculiarly harsh and disagreeable : it should always be written, I think, *thine eyes*, on this account. I prefer, therefore, the reading of the first edition :

But since those graces please thy *fight* no more.

Ver. 45. Oh ! were I made, by some transforming pow'r,
The captive bird that sings within thy bow'r'

Romeo & Juliet :

I would I were thy bird. S.

A similar wish occurs in *Ovid*, Met. viii. 51.

O ! ego ter felix, si pennis lapsa per auras

Gnossiaci possim castris insistere regis.

Oh ! had I wings to glide along the air !

To his dear tent I'd fly, and settle there.

Croxall.

Ver. 65. When weary reapers quit the sultry field.

This is formed from *Virgil*, Ecl. ii. 10.

—— rapido fessis messoribus æstu :

—— the reapers, tir'd with sultry heats. *Ogilby*.

Ver. 69. Here bees from blossoms sip the rosy dew.

Milton, in his *Penferoso* :

And every herb, that sips the dew.

Ver. 71. Stood thus in the first edition :

Some God conduct you to these blissful seats :

which he doubtless, afterwards, thought of too heathenish an aspect.

Ver. 80. And winds shall waft it to the pow'rs above.

Tate's King Lear :

——— winds catch the sound,

And waft it on your rosy wings to heaven. S.

Ver. 83. The moving mountains hear the powerful call,
And headlong streams hang list'ning in their fall.

The seeds of this beauty he found in *Virgil*, Ecl. viii. 4.

Et mutata fuos requierunt flumina cursus.

The rivers stood on heaps, and stopp'd the running flood. *Dryden*.

Hence *Congreve*, in the Tears of *Amaryllis* :

And rapid rivers listen'd at their source.

And *Andrew Marvel* :

Hark how music then prepares

For thy stay these charming airs ;

Which the posting winds recall,

And suspend the river's fall.

But no man has exceeded *Milton* on this topic, *Comus*, ver. 494.

Thyrsis ? whose artful strains have oft delay'd

The

The huddling brook to hear his madrigal,
 And sweeten'd every muskrose of the dale:
 who probably had in view *Lucan*, vi. 473. as well as
Virgil:

————— de rupe pependit

Abscissâ fixus torrens; amnisque cucurrit

Non quâ pronus erat.

Streams have run back at murmurs of her tongue,

And torrents from the rock suspended hung. *Rowe*.

For this passage of *Lucan* I am indebted to Mr.
Steevens.

PASTORAL III.

Ver. 4. And Delia's name and Doris fill'd the grove:
 as *Virgil*, *Geo.* iv. 515.

————— miseris late loca questibus implet.

And with sad passion fills the neighb'ring plains.

Lauderdale.

Again in his *Windfor Forest*, ver. 298.

Fair Geraldine, bright object of his vow,

Then fill'd the groves, as heav'nly Mira now.

From *Dryden's* version of *Virgil*, *Ecl.* i. 5.

While stretch'd at ease, you sing your happy loves,

And *Amaryllis* fills the shady groves.

Ver. 9. There is a tenderness and simplicity in his
 original exhibition of this passage, which pleases me be-
 yond the present modification of it:

Whose sense instructs us, and whose humour charms,

Whose judgment sways us, and whose rapture
 warms!

Attend the Muse, tho' low her numbers be;

She sings of friendship, and she sings to thee.

The word *rapture* as significative of inspired phrenzy,

or

or poetical enthusiasm, is incomparably more appropriate than *spirit*, which will sufficiently appear by *Butler's* representation of the *widow's* influence on *Hudibras* :

And, if imprison'd air escap't her,

It puff'd him with poetic *rapture*.

And in the first edition the name of *Thyrsis*, the *friend*, appeared in the place of *Delia* the *mistress*.

Ver. 15. When tuneful Hylas, with melodious moan,
Taught rocks to weep, and made the mountains
groan.

Ogilby has excellently rendered the passage in *Virgil*, which was the object of our poet's imitation :

And there in these unpolish'd lines, alone,

To woods, in vain, and mountains made his mone.

But *Pope* had *Waller's* *Thyrsis* and *Galatea* in his memory :

Made the wide country echo to your *moan* ;

The listening trees and savage *mountains* groan :

or *Carew's* poem to my Lord Admiral ; which is exactly similar :

Eurydice, for whom his numerous *moan*

Makes *list'ning trees* and *savage mountains* groan.

And on this occasion I will stop to exemplify from this elegant poet a word in *Macbeth*, not paralleled even by the most learned annotator on the passage, to whom this work and it's author is bound by many obligations :

————— No : this my hand will rather

The multitudinous seas *incarnadine*.

Obsequies to the Lady Anne Hay :

One shall ensphere thine eyes ; another shall

Impearl thy teeth ; a third, thy white and small

Hand

Hand shall besnow ; a fourth, *incarnadine*
Thy rosy cheek.

Ver. 30. Say, is not absence death to those who love?

This whole passage is imitated from *Sir Philip Sydney's*
Arcadia, Book iii. p. 712. 8vo. edition :

Earth, brook, *flow'rs*, pipe, lamb, dove,

Say all, and I with them,

Absence is death, or worse, to them that love.

Ver. 37. Let op'ning roses knotted oaks adorn,
And liquid amber drop from every thorn.

Bowles, in his translation of *Theocritus*, *Idyll. v.* assisted
our bard :

On brambles now let violets be born,

And op'ning roses blush on every thorn.

Ogilby's line at the original passage in *Virgil*, is very
pleasing and melodious :

And purest amber flow from every tree.

And in answer to the objection of my former note to an
expression of *Dryden's*, it is suggested by *Mr. Steevens*
that *fat* in *Dryden's* time was a common epithet to *amber*.
So in *Congreve's* *Old Bachelor*, Act iv. Scene 8. "A *fat*
amber necklace.

Ver. 43. Not bubbling fountains to the thirsty swain,
Not balmy sleep to lab'ers faint with pain,
Not show'rs to larks, or sun-shine to the bee,
Are half so charming as thy sight to me.

With these polished lines a passage in *Drummond's*
Wandering Muses (pointed out also by *Mr. Steevens*)
may be very agreeably compared :

To virgins, flow'rs; to sun-burnt earth, the rain;

To mariners, fair winds, amidst the main;

Cool

Cool shades to pilgrims, whom hot glances burn,
Are not so pleasing as thy blest return.

That phrase *hot glances* is the finest representation of the Greek expression *ῥίπας ἑλκε*, that I know in our language. *Milton* comes near it, *Comus*, ver. 80.

Swift, as the sparkle of a glancing star,
I shoot from heaven.

See my note on *Lucretius*, ii. 1046. and the passages there referred to.

Ver. 52. In the first edition, conformably to the original plan of the Pastoral, this passage stood thus :

Do lovers dream, or is my *shepherd* kind ?

He comes, my *shepherd* comes !

The hint was undoubtedly taken from the second eclogue of *Virgil*, and the possibility of an indelicate interpretation from that circumstance gave rise, it is highly probable, to the change of character and person throughout this part of the poem.

Ver. 61. While lab'ring oxen, spent with toil and heat,
In their loose traces from the field retreat.

This imagery is borrowed from *Milton's Comus*, ver. 290.

Two such I saw, what time the labour'd ox

In his loose traces from the furrow came :

a passage suggested also by Mr. *Steevens* and Mr. *White*.

Ver. 67. Oft on the rind I carv'd her am'rous vows.

So in *Shakspeare's As You Like It* :

Run, run, Orlando ; carve on every tree

The fair, the chaste, the unexpressive she.

Cooper, in his translation of *Ænone* to Paris :

Upon the trees your sickle carv'd my name,

And every *beech* is conscious of your flame.

Ver. 89.

Ver. 89. I know thee, Love! on foreign mountains bred;
Wolves gave thee suck, and savage tigers fed.

Not unlike *Stafford's* version of the original in *Dryden's* Miscellanies,

*I know thee, Love! on mountains thou wast bred,
And Thracian rocks thy infant fury fed.*

The passage ran thus in our poet's first edition:

I know thee, Love! wild as the raging main;
More fell than tigers on the Lybian plain.

Ver. 100. And the low sun had lengthen'd every shade.

Dryden's *Œdipus*:

When the sun sets, shadows, that shew'd at noon
But small, appear most long and terrible.

Our poet in his *Windfor Forest*:

His shadow lengthen'd by the setting sun. S.

Milton's *Lycidas*, ver. 190. in a more expressive simplicity of English phrase:

And now the sun had stretch'd out all the hills.

PASTORAL IV.

Ver. 1. Thyrsis, the music of that murm'ring spring
Is not so mournful as the strains you sing.
Nor rivers, winding through the vales below,
So sweetly warble, or so smoothly flow.

The former couplet was constructed from *Creech's* translation of the first Idyllium of Theocritus:

And, sheapherd, sweeter notes thy pipe do fill
Than murmuring springs that roul from yonder hill:
as the second was suggested by *Virgil*, Ecl. v. 83.

————— nec quæ

Saxofas inter decurrunt flumina valles:

Nor

Nor *winding streams* that *through the vallies* glide.

Dryden

Ver. 20. And with fresh bays her rural shrine adorn.

Rowe's Ambitious Step-Mother :

And with fresh roses strew thy virgin urn. S.

Ver. 22. Let Nymphs and Sylvans cypress garlands bring :
Ye weeping Loves, the stream with myrtles hide.

Our poet unfortunately followed *Dryden's* turn of the original phrase in *Virgil* :

With *cypress* boughs the *crystal* fountains hide.

Lauderdale is much more judicious :

Ye swains, spread all the ground with sacred flow'rs,
And o'er your fountains raise sweet shady bow'rs.

Ver. 27. Let Nature change, let Heav'n and Earth deplore :
Fair *Daphne's* dead, and Love is now no more.

This is imitated from the anonymous author of the Pastoral Eclogue, on the death of the same lady, *Mrs. Tempest*, in *Dryden's* Miscellanies, v. p. 323.

Now, shepherds ! now lament, and now deplore !

Delia is dead, and beauty is no more :

and from *Sedley's* Elegy on the same subject :

Nature herself laments thy early death.

Ver. 31. Now hung with pearls the *dropping* trees appear.

Midsummer's Night's dream :

And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear. S.

And I have presumed in my edition of these poems, that our author originally wrote *drooping* trees ; nor can I doubt the justice of this correction. Thus in his Spring, ver. 70. a similar passage :

All nature mourns : the skies relent in show'rs ;

Hush'd are the birds, and clos'd the *drooping* flow'rs.

Milton,

Milton, in *Par. Reg.* iv. 434. leaves the solution doubtful:

And now the sun with more effectual beams
Had chear'd the face of earth, and dry'd the wet
From *drooping plant*, or *dropping tree*:
but in his *Samf. Agon.* ver. 727. countenances my conjecture:

———— but now, with head declin'd,

Like a fair *flow'r furcharg'd with dew*, she weeps.
The same typographical error appears in the first edition of the *Iliad*, xix. 166.

Shrunk with dry famine, and with toils declin'd,
The *dropping* body will desert the mind;
very properly altered to *drooping* in the subsequent impressions.

Ver. 38. The thirsty heifers shun the gliding flood.

The change of construction in the first edition makes the verse more agreeable, than the present uniformity, to my taste:

Nor thirsty heifers *seek* the gliding flood.

Ver. 39. The silver swans her hapless fate bemoan,
In notes more sad than when they sing their own.

The hint of this turn was derived from a verse in *Philips's Pastorals*, where the circumstances of the case render it ridiculous:

Ye brighter maids, faint emblems of my fair,
With looks cast down, and with dishevel'd hair,
In bitter anguish beat your breasts, and moan
Her death untimely as it were your own.

The strictures of *Martinus Scriblerus* occasioned a correction of the passage in future editions.

Ver. 41. In hollow caves sweet Echo silent lies.

Romeo and Juliet :

—— the *cave* where *Echo* lies. S.

This couplet was thus originally varied :

Echo no more the rural song rebounds ;

Her name alone the mournful Echo sounds.

Ver. 49. The balmy Zephyrs, silent since her death,
Lament the ceasing of a sweeter breath.

In a strain not unlike *Carew*, in the Comparison :

And when thou breath'st, the winds are ready straight

To filch it from thee ; and do therefore wait

Cloſe at thy lips ; and, snatching it from thence,

Bear it to heaven, where 'tis Jove's frankincense.

But our poet had *Sedley*, I presume, before him, in the poem on the ſame ſubject, quoted above :

Here ſportive Zephyrs ceaſe their ſelfiſh play,

Deſpairing now to fetch perfumes away.

And a few lines before :

No fragrant odours now the ſmell conveys :

Behind thy roſie breath, what ſweetneſs ſtays ?

Ver. 55. Thus originally :

No more the *nightingales* repeat her lays.

Ver. 58. A ſweeter muſic than their own to hear.

Sedley, as above :

And ſoſteſt muſic with thy voice did flee.

Ver. 65. The ſilver flood, ſo lately calm, appears

Swell'd with new paſſion, and o'erflows with
tears.

Sedley, in his Paſtoral Dialogue :

Swell'd with thy tears, why does the neighbouring *brook*
Bear to the ocean, what ſhe never took ?

And

And *Duke*, in his version of Virgil's fifth eclogue:

Witness, you floods, swollen with their weeping eyes.
So too *Fenton*, in his Pastoral on the Marquis of *Blandford*'s death:

And, *swoln with tears*, to floods the riv'lets rise.
There is, however, to my taste, an extravagant puerility in the thought.

Ver. 72. Fields *ever* fresh, and groves *for ever* green.
The structure of both clauses should have been uniform.
Thus?

Fields *ever* fresh, and *foliage* *ever* green.

Ver. 89. Adieu, ye vales, ye mountains, streams, and
groves;

Adieu, ye shepherds' rural lays, and loves;

Adieu, my flocks; farewell, ye sylvan crew;

Daphne, farewell; and all the world adieu!

There is a pretty passage resembling this in *Walsh*'s third eclogue:

Adieu, ye flocks, no more shall I pursue!

Adieu, ye groves; a long, a long adieu!

And you, coy nymph, who all my vows disdain,

Take this last present from a dying swain.

And *Hopkins*, whom our poet has imitated more than once, has a passage of the same kind at the end of his History of Love, which will gratify the reader:

Farewell, ye charming choristers, that dwell

In sacred groves; ye warbling birds, farewell.

Adieu, ye nymphs, adieu, ye fellow swains;

Ye silver streams, sweet swans, and flow'ry plains.

Farewell, all happy days, and smiling hours,

Refreshing valleys, and delightful bow'rs:

Adieu to ev'ry grotto, ev'ry grove,

Adieu to poetry, adieu to love!

THE MESSIAH.

VER. 5. ————— O thou my voice inspire,
Who *touch'd* Ifaiah's hallow'd lips with fire !

I meet with a similar impropriety in a very beautiful song by Mrs. *Barbould* :

Come here, fond youth ! whoe'er *thou* be,
That *boasts* to love as well as me.

In truth, the proper orthography, in these and all such instances, is much too harsh for poetry, and should therefore be avoided altogether, either by the choice of a different word, or a change of construction. To escape a much more trivial harshness of this kind, but with needless and faulty caution, our poet originally gave ver. 220. of his *Windfor-Forest*, as follows :

Thou too, great father of the British floods,
With joyful pride *survey* our lofty woods.

Milton had already made the same allusion to *Esaiah*, vi. 7. at the close of his Hymn on the Nativity :

And join thy voice unto the angel quire,
From out his sacred altar *touch'd with hallow'd fire*.

Cowley also, David. i. 25. admits comparison :

Ev'n thou my breast with such blest rage inspire,
As mov'd the tuneful strings of David's lyre.

But a noble passage in *Milton's Reason of Church-Government* is still more apposite ; " By devout prayer to
" that

The Messiah

“ that Eternal Spirit, who can enrich with all utterance
“ and knowledge, and sends out his Seraphim, with the
“ hallow’d fire of his altar, to touch and purify the lips
“ of whom he pleases.”

Ver. 14. And in soft silence shed the kindly show’r.

Dryden’s Don Sebastian :

But shed from Nature like a kindly shower. S.

Ver. 21. ———— rise, th’ expected morn :

imitated from a charming verse of *Virgil*, Ecl. viii. 17.

Nascere, præque diem veniens, age, Lucifer ! alnum :
Rise, star of morning ! and lead on the day.

Ver. 22. Oh spring to light, auspicious babe ! be born.

This seems a palpable imitation of *Callimachus*, but
where our poet fell upon it, I cannot discover : Hymn.
Del. 214.

ΓΕΙΝΕΟ, γεινεο, κἄρε· καὶ ἡπιῶ· ἐξίθι κολπῷ.

Ver. 24. With all the incense of the breathing spring.

Hence, perhaps, *Gray*; as Mr. *Steevens* also observed :
The breezy call of incense-breathing morn.

Drayton, very beautifully, *Idea* 53.

Where sweet myrrhe-breathing Zephir in the spring
Gently distils his nectar-dropping showers.

Fairfax’s Tasso, iv. 75.

When the fair morn first blusheth from her cell,
And breatheth balm from opened Paradise.

And *Samson Agonistes*, ver. 10.

The breath of heav’n fresh blowing, pure and sweet,
With day-spring born.

Ver. 36. Be smooth, ye rocks ! ye rapid floods ! give way.

There are two fine verses in the same strain in *Tate's* version of Ovid's *Epistles*, *Hero to Leander*:

Be hush'd, ye winds! ye raging billows! sleep,
And yield my love safe passage through the deep.

But our poet seems to have had in his eye *Cromwell's* translation of the passage from Ovid quoted in my note, p. 122. of his own *Miscellany*:

Then, as you pass, let mountains *homage pay*,
And bow their tow'ring heads to smooth your way.

Ver. 39. He from thick films shall purge the visual ray.

Thus *Milton*, *Par. Lost*, iii. 620.

————— and th' air,

No where so clear, sharpen'd his *visual ray*

To objects distant far:

and in his *Samson Agonistes*, ver. 162.

For inward light alas!

Puts forth no *visual beam*.

Ver. 42. And bid new music charm th' unfolding ear.

The epithet *unfolding* is extremely happy, and physically appropriate. A line in *Sandys' Christ's Passion*, Act iii. may be put into competition with the verse before us in this respect:

Shut up the *winding entry* of thine ear.

Ver. 46. From ev'ry face he wipes off ev'ry tear.

Milton had before sanctified English poetry with the passage from *Esaiah* and the *Apocalypse*, in his *Lycidas*, ver. 181.

And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.

Ver. 48. And hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound.

Æternumque daret matri sub pectore vulnus:

Lucretius, ii. 638. and *Cowley*, *David*. i. 15.

Whilst

Whilst *hell's black tyrant* trembled to behold
The glorious light he forfeited of old.

Ver. 58. Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes.

King Henry IV, Part i. Scene i.

————— those opposed eyes. S.

where I can perceive no occasion of apology for the writer. What is more common in poetry, than a substitution of a part of a man for the man himself? See to this purpose my note on Soph. Trachin. 528. and hereafter on Lucret. v. 24.

Ver. 60. The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more.

Mr. Steevens aptly quotes *Virgil*, *Æn.* vi.

Ære ciere viros :

With breathing *brass* to kindle fierce alarms. *Dryden.*

Ver. 66. And the same hand, that sow'd, shall reap the field.

So *Callimachus*, Hymn. Cer. fin.

Φερθε και ειραναι, ιν', ος αροσε, κεινται αματη :

And foster peace; that he, who sow'd, may reap.

Ver. 84. This verse was originally written thus :

And with their forked tongue *and pointless sting* shall play :
an error still continuing in his mind from the vulgar representations of these creatures with *stings* in their tails. The alteration was made, therefore, to banish a superfluity of expression.

Ver. 94. And heap'd with products of Sabæan springs.

Dryden, in his *Aureng-Zebe* :

What sweets foe'er *Sabæan springs* disclose,

Our Indian jasmine, or the Syrian rose. S.

So above, ver. 24.

With all the incense of the breathing spring.

———— Nabathæi munera veris,
as Dr. *Johnson* properly translates.

Ver. 97. See heav'n its sparkling portals wide display.
Of this verse, I presume, Mr. *Mason* was not unmindful
in the epitaph on his wife :

Heaven holds its everlasting *portals* high :
with the improvement of a more dignified epithet from
Psalm, xxiv. 7.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates ;
And be ye lifted up, ye *everlasting* doors ;
And the king of glory will come in.

Ver. 98. And break upon thee in a flood of day.

A magnificent verse ; but susceptible of improvement,
perhaps, by the substitution of a more forcible expression ;

And *burst* upon thee in a flood of day.
Compare Essay on Criticism, ver. 630.

Waller, to the king :

With such a *flood of light* invade our eyes.
Pope's Miscellanies, p. 104. from *Broome* :

The fiery courfers and the coach display
A stream of glory and a *flood of day*.

As in the *Eloisa* :

From op'ning skies may *streams of glory* shine.
Dryden's State of Innocence, Act iv. Scene 1.

Their glory shoots upon my aching sight ;
Thou stronger may'st endure *the flood of light*.

From which passage the reader will recollect *Gray* to
have plucked a flower for his bard :

Visions of *glory* ! spare my aching sight.
The Victim, a tragedy by *C. Johnson*, one of *Pope's*
Dunces : it was acted in 1714.

Or her pale beams are lost in *floods of day*.

This

This passage was furnished by Mr. *Steevens*, who was not unmindful of that from *Dryden* also.

Our poet in his *Essay on Criticism*, ver. 212. nearly repeats the verse before us :

Truth breaks upon us with resistless day.

Ver. 99. No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,
Nor ev'ning Cynthia fill her silver horn.

There is a general resemblance in these charming lines to the beginning of *Ovid's Metamorphoses*, and *Sandys's* excellent translation there :

Nullus adhuc mundo præbebat lumina Titan,
Nec nova crescendo reparabat cornua Phœbe.
No Titan yet the world with light adorns,
Nor waxing Phœbe fill'd her wained horns.

Our poet's attachment to *Sandys* from early intimacy is well known.

Ver. 101. But, lost, dissolv'd, in thy superior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze,
O'erflow thy courts.

The construction is : " But one tide of glory shall overflow thy courts, the sun and moon being dissolved and "lost in thy rays." In the same language *Dryden*, *Religio Laici* :

So pale grows Reason at Religion's sight ;
So dies, and so *dissolves* in supernat'ral light.

This exquisitely beautiful and sublime metaphor I have attempted to illustrate above at ver. 98. and I shall touch further upon it at a most enchanting passage in *Dunciad*, ii. 11. The reader, who delights in these classic flowers, will find more to regale his senses in my notes on *Lucretius*, ii. 147. v. 282. which I hope to present to the public speedily.

Ver. 104. The reference of our poet above to the diurnal office of the sun rendered his change, of *Dryden's eternal year* into *eternal day*, exceedingly proper and judicious.

Ver. 106. Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away. So Nahum, i. 5. "The *mountains* quake at him, and the *hills melt*."

WINDSOR FOREST.

AN anonymous author, in *Tonson's Miscellanies*, elegantly compliments our author, in allusion to this poem :

When Pope's harmonious Muse with pleasure roves
Amidst the plains, the murm'ring streams, and groves,
Attentive Echo, pleas'd to hear his songs,
Thro' the glad shade each warbling note prolongs.

Ver. 1. Thy forest, Windsor, and thy green retreats,
At once the monarch's and the Muse's seats,
Invite my lays.

Thus *Hopkins*, in his *History of Love*, published in the same year at least, if not earlier, than the poem before us :

Ye woods and wilds, serene and blest retreats,
At once the lovers and the Muses seats,
To you I fly.

Ver. 5. ——— your aid, O! Muses, bring :
What Muse for Grenville can refuse to sing ?

modelled from *Dryden's* version of *Virgil's* tenth eclogue :

Thy sacred succour, Arethusa, bring
To crown my labour : 'tis the last I sing :

and from *Ogilby*, at the same place :

And who for Gallus will refuse to write ?

Milton

Milton had preceded him in this imitation, *Lycidas*,
ver. 10.

Who would not sing for *Lycidas*?

Ver. 7. The groves of Eden, vanish'd now so long,
Live in description, and look green in song:
These, were my breast inspir'd with equal flame,
Like them in beauty, should be like in fame.

Evidently an adumbration of the introductory lines to
Waller's poem on St. James' Park:

Of the first Paradise there's nothing found;
Plants, set by Heav'n, are vanish'd, and the ground:
Yet the description lasts. Who knows the fate
Of lines that shall this Paradise relate? W.

Ver. 9. — were my breast inspir'd with equal flame.

The word *inspir'd* seems to break the continuity of the
figure. I should prefer:

— were my bosom warm'd with equal flame.

Ver. 13. Not chaos-like, together crush'd and bruise'd,
But, as the world, harmoniously confus'd.

Addison, in his *Cato*:

Or where the regular confusion ends. S.

This is from *Waller*, on the lady passing through a croud:

As in old chaos, heaven with earth confus'd,
And stars with rocks together crush'd and bruise'd.

Ver. 17. Here waving groves a chequer'd scene display.

Titus Andronicus:

And made a chequer'd shadow on the ground.

Milton's Allegro:

To many a youth, and many a maid,
Dancing in the chequer'd shade. S.

Ver. 27. ——— crown'd with tufted trees.

Milton's Allegro, ver. 78.

Bosom'd high in *tufted trees*.

Ver. 30. The weeping amber:

see note on *Pastoral*, i. 62.

Ver. 38. Here blushing Flora paints th' enamel'd ground.

So *Milton*, *Par. Lost*, iv. 149. applies the word to natural objects:

Blossoms and fruits at once, of golden hue,

Appear'd, with gay *enamel'd* colours mix'd:

a passage not improbably indebted to *Waller*, *Summer Islands*, canto 1.

Ripe fruits and blossoms on the same trees live:

At once they promise, what at once they give:

as both had in view the gardens of *Alcinous*.

Ver. 45. To savage beasts and savage laws a prey,
And kings more furious and severe than they.

This is an imitation of *Waller*, on the Death of Lady Rich:

Prove all a desert! and none there make stay

But *savage beasts, or men as wild as they*.

Ver. 48. The lonely lords of empty wilds and woods.

Young's Busris:

Like death, a solitary king I'll reign,

O'er silent subjects and a desert plain. S.

Ver. 55. The swain with tears his frustrate labour yields,
And famish'd dies amidst his ripen'd fields.

This passage is not unlike *Addison's* description of the fertility and oppressions of Italy: particularly the following:

Joyless he sees the growing oils and wines,

And in the myrtle's fragrant shade repines;

Starves

Starves, in the midst of Nature's bounty curst,
 And in the loaden vineyard dies for thirst.
 Letter from Italy to Lord Hallifax. W.

Ver. 68. The hollow winds through naked temples roar.
Fenton, in his *Mariamne*, Act ii. Scene 5.

————— These roofs shall only sound
 With mournful accents, sad as murm'ring winds,
 Which through the clefts of ruin'd cloisters roar.
 And our poet again, as Mr. *Steevens* observes, in his
Satires :

Invite the winds through long arcades to roar.

Ver. 72. And savage howlings fill the sacred quires.
 So in the *History of Loretto*, lib. ii. ch. 7. p. 147.—
 "Four of them, being driven out one after another,
 "filled the sacred house with great roaring." S.
 This entire passage is beautifully picturesque, and conceived in genuine sublimity. What a contrast between these notes,

And savage howlings fill the sacred quires—
 and those divine harmonies, which had erst resounded
 through the dome!

There let the pealing organ blow
 To the full-voic'd quire below,

In service high, and anthems clear :

ideas undoubtedly instilled, as, I think, *Peck* observes, into *Milton's* mind from the music in that magnificent Cathedral of Old St. Paul's: where he probably often used to walk, when a school-boy. And it is extremely probable, also, that to the impressions of King's College Chapel, the most calculated of all places for such an effect, and the most correspondent to the description in view, we are indebted for that wonderful effort of *Gray's* elegy:

Where,

Where, through *the long-drawn isle* and *fretted vault*,
 The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.
 With such scenery and such description, RAPTURE her-
 self might sit entranced;
 And angels lean from heaven to hear!

Ver. 82. At once the chafer, and at once the prey.
 He has constructed in the same manner another verse
 from the beautiful model of *Denham*, at *Iliad* xi. 314.
 No more the youth shall join his consort's side,
 At once a virgin, and at once a bride.

Ver. 90. And secret transport touch'd the conscious swain.
 So in his *Iliad*, viii. 696.

The *conscious swain*, rejoicing at the fight:
 in which fine passage, the verse—

And tip with silver ev'ry mountain's head,
 is indebted to *Crashaw*, p. 17.

As ever *silver tipt the side* of shady mountain. S.

Ver. 96. Wind the *shrill horn*.

Gray, in his *Elegy*:

The cock's *shrill* clarion, or the echoing *horn*:
 where the poet might have in his memory *Spenser*,
Faery Queene, i. 2. 1.

And cheerful *chanticlere* with his note *shrill*.

Ver. 101. But, when the tainted gales the game betray.
 Again in the same strain, most beautifully, *Essay on Man*,
 i. 214.

And hound sagacious on the tainted green:
 as *Young*, *Satire* i. 262.

And Ringwood opens on the *tainted ground*.

Ver. 102. Couch'd close he lies, and meditates the prey.

Dryden:

Dryden :

——— like a lion that unheeded lay,
Dissembling sleep, and watchful to *betray*,
With inward rage he *meditates his prey*. W.

Ver. 108. Near and more near the closing lines invest.

——— sentit,
Jam propior propiorque, *caffes*. Ital. Poët. S.

Ver. 111. ——— the whirring pheasant.

So in Pericles, prince of Tyre :

——— a storm,
Whirring me from my friends. S.

Ver. 118. "His painted wings;" as *Virgil*, Geo. iii. 243.
Piſſæque volucres; and *Dryden*, in the Flower and Leaf:
The *painted birds*, companions of the spring. S.

Ver. 127. Where doves in flocks the leafless trees o'er-
shade.

The doves, alighting on the trees, supply the place of
leaves, and thus overshadow. So, in *Hughes's* Siege of
Damascus, Caled says, that the *vultures* before evening
comes shall

Shadow this valley with a living cloud. S.
But by settling on the *ground*, I apprehend, and not by
perching in the trees, and furnishing *them* with a shade.

Ver. 140. And eyes the dancing cork:

Hall's Satires :

And watch a sinking cork upon the shore. S.

Ver. 144. The yellow carp, in scales bedropt with gold.
There is a most exquisite beauty of this kind in *Waller*,
in his "Apology for having loved before:"

To man, that was in th' ev'ning made,
Stars gave the first delight;

Admiring,

Admiring, in the gloomy shade,

Those little *drops of light*.

But our poet dipt his urn in the fount of *Milton*, *Par. Lost*, vii. 406.

———— or, sporting with quick glance,

Show to the sun their wav'd coats *dropt with gold*.

An admirable effort! to which *Gray* has acknowledged his obligation:

Some shew their gaily-gilded train,

Quick-glancing to the sun.

This part of the poem much resembles the *Mosella* of *Ausonius*, where, if I mistake not, a very apposite verse in every respect, ver. 88. should thus be written:

Purpureisque Salar stillatus tergora guttis.

Compare *Virg. Geo. iv. 99.* where *Lauderdale* thus elegantly renders:

And are bedropp'd with gold, all shining bright;

And all their limbs are flash'd with stars of light.

Ver. 173. This transformation of *Lodona* into a river is formed upon the fable of *Arethusa* in *Ovid*: and a similar fable is related by *Claudian*, *Rapt. Prof. iii. 251.* And with the *long oblivion* of our poet, *Mr. Steevens* compares *Virgil, Æn. vi.*

Securos latices et longa oblivia potant:

where *Pitt's* version is highly dignified and sonorous:

To yon dark streams the gliding ghosts repair,

And quaff deep draughts of *long oblivion* there.

Ver. 179. A painted quiver on her shoulder sounds.

Imitated, perhaps, from *Virgil, Æn. xi. 652.*

Aureus ex humero sonat arcus, et arma Dianæ:

Diana's arms upon her shoulder sound.

Dryden.

Ver. 192 and 197. may be compared with *Manwaring's* version of the passage imitated in *Ovid*:

Who

Who felt *his breath pant on my braided hair,*
And heard *his sounding tread*, and knew him to be near.

Sandys renders thus:

How-ere *his sounding steps*, and *thick-drawn breath*,
That *fann'd my haire*, affrighted me to death:
whom our bard manifestly consulted.

Ver. 206. For ever murmurs, and for ever weeps.

Thomson, in his *Summer*, has a parallel verse of equal beauty:

So, faint resemblance! on the marble tomb,
The well-dissembled mourner stooping stands,
For ever silent, and for ever sad!

Ver. 211. Oft, in her glass, the musing shepherd spies
The headlong mountains, and the downward
skies.

The description is at once physically correct and poetically rich. Perhaps, *Dryden*, at *Virg. Ecl. ii. 33.* might assist him:

Nor am I so deform'd; for late I stood
Upon the margin of the briny flood:
The winds were still; and, if the *glass* be true,
With *Daphnis* I may vie, though judg'd by you.
We are reminded also of a passage in *Gray's Elegy*:
His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that bubbles by.

Ver. 212. The headlong mountains, and the downward
skies:

The wat'ry landscape of the pendent woods.

Eve, looking into the fountain, in *Dryden's State of Innocence*, Act ii.

What's here? another *firmament below*,
Spread wide, and other *trees* that *downward* grow. S.
From *Paradise Lost*, iv. 459.

————— I laid me down
On the green bank, to look into the clear
Smooth stream, that to me seem'd *another sky*.
So *Addison*, too, in his *Cato*:

Reflects each flow'r that on the border grows;
And a *new heav'n* in its fair bosom shows.

Parnell, in his *Hermit*:

Down bend the banks, the *trees depending* grow;
And *skies* beneath with answ'ring colours glow.

Ver. 214. Rather, perhaps:

Inverted trees, that tremble in the floods.

Ver. 223. This line is obscure, and much more the
expression *her streams*. Excepting that *floods* had re-
cently occurred, the passage stood better, I think, in the
first impression:

Where tow'ring oaks their *spreading* honours rear,
And future navies on thy *banks* appear.

Not Neptune's self from all his *floods* receives

A wealthier tribute, than to thine he gives.

No seas so rich, so full no *streams* appear.

So *Milton*:

Beneath the *spreading* favour of these pines:

and *Gray*:

Where'er the *oak's* thick branches stretch

A broader browner shade.

Ver. 227. The original readings were beyond all
competition preferable, both in strength and beauty:

Not *fabled* Po more swells the poet's lays,

While *thro'* the skies his *shining* current strays.

The *fabulosus* Hydaspes of *Horace*.

Ver. 231. It may be doubted how far our poet's
corrections have improved these verses also. They stood
thus in the *Miscellanies*, and the first edition:

Nor

Nor all his stars a *brighter* lustre show;
 Than the *fair nymphs* that gild thy *shore* below.
 Here Jove *himself*, subdu'd by *beauty* still,
 Might change Olympus for a nobler hill.

The six following lines are much beneath the general excellence of *Pope*.

Ver. 244. And draws the aromatic souls of flow'rs.

This is a most happy specimen of true poetry, but derived probably from the conclusion of *Dryden's State of Innocence* :

Farewel, you *Flow'rs* ! whose buds, with early care,
 I watch'd, and to the cheerful sun did rear.
 Who now shall bind your stems ? or, when you fall,
 With fountain streams your *fading* souls recall ?

A most ingenious variation from his great original, whom every reader will delight to see contrasted here, *Par. Lost*, xi. 273.

————— O flowers,
 That never will in other climate grow,
 My early visitation, and my last
 At even ; which I bred up with tender hand,
 From the first opening bud, and gave ye names ;
 Who now shall rear ye to the sun, or rank
 Your tribes, and water from th' ambrosial fount ?
 a passage never exceeded in tenderness and grace.

Ver. 247. Of ancient writ unlocks the learned store.

Gray has invested this thought with new dignity of his own :

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
 Rich with the spoils of Time, did ne'er unroll.

Ver. 260. Whose raptures fire me, and whose visions bless.

D

A noble

A noble verse! nor is *Collins* less delicious on this subject:
 With him, sweet bard! may FANCY die,
 And Joy desert the blooming year.

Ver. 289. To sing those honours you deserve to wear.

Philips:

And paint those honours thou art sure to wear. S.

Ver. 303. With Edward's acts adorn the shining page:

alluding to the illuminated manuscripts of our fathers;
 as again more obviously in his Moral Essays:

To Cato Virgil paid one honest line:

Oh! may my country's friends illumine mine:
 to which Mr. *Mason* has confessed his obligation:

When St. John's name illumines Glory's page.

Ver. 310. And bleed for ever under Britain's spear.

Pope had in his head this couplet of *Hallifax*:

The wounded arm would furnish all their rooms,
 And bleed for ever scarlet in the looms.

See *Dunciad*, ii. 155. and the note. W.

Ver. 311. And palms eternal flourish round his urn.

A very appropriate specification, as emblems of religious sanctity in a state of triumph. "After this, I beheld,
 "and lo! a great multitude—before the throne and
 "before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms
 "in their hands:" Revelations, vii. 9. And our poet,
 with characteristic beauty, in his epistle to Addison:

Beneath her palm here sad *Judæa* weeps.

Ver. 316. From old Belerium to the northern main.

Cape Cornwall is called by geographers Promontorium
Bolericum, but by *Diodorus Siculus*, v. 21. *Belerium*.
 The same place is intended in *Milton's Lycidas*, ver. 160.

Sleep't

Sleep't by the fable of *Bellerus* old :
as Mr. *Steevens* also observed.

Ver. 317. The grave unites.

An awful truth, and a solemn lesson against every feeling
of animosity and resentment. *Propertius* touches on this
topic with equal beauty, and in similar strains, iii. 3. 35.

Haud ullas porrabis opes Acherontis ad undas :

Nudus ab infernâ, stulte, vehere rate.

Victor cum victis paritèr miscebitur Indis ;

Consule cum Mario, capte Jugurtha, sedes.

Thou, stripp'd of wealth, to Death's dark realm shalt go ;

A naked pilgrim through the vale below !

Victors and vanquish'd cross the Stygian tide :

Jugurtha sits with Marius at his side.

Ver. 318. *Opprest*. The proper forms of this, and all
verbs with similar termination, I conceive to be, in the
present tense, *oppress* ; in the past, *opprest* ; and in the
participle, *oppressed*. Our poet, therefore, is irregular in
this place, but accurate in the Rape of the Lock, iv. 1.

But anxious cares the pensive nymph *oppress*.

Ver. 319. Make sacred Charles's tomb for ever known.

He seems to have had in memory here Dr. *Chetwood's*
verses to *Roscommon* on his Essay :

Make warlike James's peaceful virtues known,

The second hope and genius of the throne.

Ver. 320. Obscure the place, and uninscrib'd the stone.

Clarendon relates at some length, that, after the Restora-
tion, search was made to discover the spot in the chapel of
Windfor Castle, where the royal corpse had been inter-
red ; but that all inquiry proved fruitless. See the con-
tinuation of the life of Edward Earl of Clarendon, vol. ii.
p. 191. 8vo. W.

Ver. 322. Heav'ns! what new wounds! and how her old
have bled!

Denham's version of *Virg. Æn. ii.* the beginning:

Madam, when you command us to review

Our fate, you make *our old wounds bleed anew.*

Ver. 324. Her sacred domes involv'd in rolling fire.

So *Virgil, Æn. iv.* 671.

————— flammæque furentes

Culmina perque hominum volvuntur perque deorum. S.

The rolling ruin, with their lov'd abodes,

Involv'd the blazing temples of their gods.

Dryden's version.

Ver. 329. In that blest moment from his oozy bed

Old father Thames advanc'd his reverend head.

An admirable passage of *Dryden, Annus Mirabilis*, stanza

232 supplied, I presume, it's assistance here:

Old father Thames rais'd up his rev'rend head,

But fear'd the fate of Simois would return:

Deep in *his ooze* he fought his sedgey bed,

And shrunk his waters back into his urn.

And again, at the conclusion of his *Threnodia Augustalis*:

Whilst, starting from *his oozy bed,*

Th' asserted Ocean rears *his rev'rend head.*

And compare with this couplet the *Essay on Criticism*,
ver. 700.

Ver. 331. His tresses dropt with dews, and o'er the stream

His shining horns diffus'd a golden gleam.

I follow the correct orthography of the *Miscellanies*: the
later editions viciously give *dropp'd*. In the same manner,
Virgil has given *golden horns* to the Po, *Geo. iv.* 371.

Et gemina auratus taurino cornua vultu

Eridanus.

Two golden horns on his large front he wears. *Dryden*.
 And on the subject of these horns assigned to rivers by
 the ancients, the learned reader may consult my note on
 the Trachiniæ of *Sophocles*, ver. 518. *Spenser* has a fine
 passage like this before us, *Faery Queene*, iv. 11. 25.

But Thame was stronger, and of better stay,
 Yet seem'd full aged by his outward sight,

With head all hoary, and his beard all gray,
 Dewed with silver drops that trickled downe away.

But our poet seems to have imitated the first verses of a
 parallel representation in *Claudian*, de VI. Conf. Honor.
 ver. 160. wrought with the customary richness of that
 author. The entire passage is well worthy of perusal;
 replete with ornament; and that ornament appropriate
 and original: to which I refer the reader. He is speaking
 of the Po:

— Ille caput placidis sublime fluentis
 Extulit; et, totis lucem spargentia ripis,
 Aurea roranti micuerunt cornua vultu.
 He spake: the Flood rears up his towering head
 O'er the smooth surface of his swelling bed.
 His horned front, through streams of glistening dew,
 Round the wide banks a golden radiance threw.

The reader will be pleased also with some lines of
Milton's Lycidas, ver. 105.

Next Camus, reverend sire, went footing slow,
 His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,
 Inwrought with figures dim.

Where that truly classical phrase, *footing slow*, will be
 properly illustrated by a verse from *Lucretius*, v. 272.

— inde super terras fluit agmine dulci,

Quâ via secta semè! liquido pede detulit undas:
 where my note will furnish a copious illustration of this

circumstance from other poets. The *figures dim*, which so much divides the commentators, must be interpreted, beyond doubt, by the state of MOURNING, in which the river then was, characterised by *squalid gloominess*: to which circumstance also the no less puzzling accompaniment of the *hairy mantle* must be referred, in allusion to a garb of *sackcloth*. And the phrase *golden gleam*, as Mr. Steevens observes, Gray has borrowed:

Thro' richest purple to the view

Betray'd a golden gleam:

where the language is peculiarly happy. Our poet, in his Temple of Fame, ver. 253.

And lucid amber casts a golden gleam.

Ver. 340. The reader will be gratified by the same subject in the hands of Spenser, F. Q. iv. 11. 29.

And round about him many a pretty page

Attended, duely ready to obey;

All little rivers, which owe vassallage

To him, as to their lord, and tribute pay—:

The chaulky Kenet, and the Thetis gray,

The morish Cole, and the soft flyding Breare,

The wanton Lee, that oft doth loose his way,

And the still Darent, in whose waters cleare

Ten thousand fishes play, and decke his pleasant streame.

Ver. 347. And fullen Mole, that hides his diving flood.

Drayton, in his Poly-Olbion, song 17.

Mole digs herself a path, by working day and night;

According to her name, to shew herself aright.

And Milton, whom our poet follows:

Or fullen Mole, that runneth underneath.

Ver. 354. And the hush'd waves glide softly to the shore.

Dryden, in his Annus Mirabilis, stanza 98.

And

And weary waves, withdrawing from the fight,

Lie lull'd and panting on the silent shore.

Our poet in his *Iliad*, xiv. 280.

And his hush'd waves lie silent on the main.

And *Dryden*, in some other place, suggested by Mr. *Steevens* :

———— the waves more faintly roar,

And roll themselves asleep upon the shore.

Ver. 359. From heav'n itself though sev'n-fold Nilus flows,

And harvests on a hundred realms bestows.

An undoubted imitation, I think, of Dr. *Bathurst's* verses on *Selden* :

As when old *Nilus*, who with bounteous *flowes*

Waters an hundred nations as he goes,

Scattering rich *harvests*, keeps his sacred head

Amidst the clouds still undiscovered.

Homer denominates the Nile ποταμός διήκτης, a river that falls from Jupiter, or *Heaven*: emphatically; as owing it's great increase, and consequent celebrity, to the rains or snows of *Æthiopia*. Compare *Barthius* on *Statius*, filv. ii. 7. 33. And our countryman calls it *seven-fold*, as *Ovid* before him *septemfluus*, and *Catullus* still earlier *septemgeminus*, from the *seven mouths* by which it's waters are discharged into the Mediterranean sea.

Ver. 366. This fine panegyric on *peace*, in opposition to the horrors and devastations of war, was in part occasioned, I presume, by our author's politics; by his hostility to the name of *Marlborough*, and an uneasiness at the glory of his victories.

Ver. 371. The shady empire shall retain no trace

Of war or blood, but in the sylvan chace.

And certainly sufficient ferocity is displayed even in these amusements, without bathing in the blood of fellow-creatures. *Cowley*, essay 4.

And all his malice, all his craft, is shewn

In innocent wars, on beasts and birds alone.

Where his reverend commentator thus remarks, in a most amiable spirit, that does honour to his sensibility, and endears him to the reader: "*Innocent*, he means, in "comparison with wars on his own kind." We have only to regret, that the poets should not have made the qualification, dictated by Humanity, for themselves. *Cicero*, in some part of his works, with a self-applause becoming his virtues and the occasion, thus glories in his abstinence from such recreations, when the calamities of those disastrous times had driven him into solitude: *Neque otio me ignavo dedidi, nec rursus indignis homine docto voluptatibus*: "I neither surrendered myself "to inactivity and indolence; nor, on the other hand, to "pleasures unbecoming a man of letters."

Ver. 375. Behold! th' ascending villas on my side.

As *Drayton*, in his *Poly-Olbion*, song 17.

From where brave Windfor stood, on tiptoe to behold
The fair and goodly Thames, so far as ere he could,
With kingly houses crown'd, of more than earthly pride,
Upon his either banks, as he along doth glide.

Ver. 379. I see, I see, where two fair cities bend

Their ample bow, a new Whitehall ascend.

This seems imitated from *Hopkins'* Court-Prospect in *Dryden's* Miscellanies, ii. p. 385.

As far as fair *Augusta's* buildings reach,
Bent, like a bow, along a peaceful beach.

Ver. 384

Ver. 384. "*Once more*," as in the renowned reign of *Elizabeth*: with a particular allusion to the United States, soliciting the alliance of Elizabeth in their struggles to maintain their liberties against Philip. W.

Ver. 389. Tempt icy seas.

Dryden's Iliad:

What now remains,

But that once more we tempt the wat'ry plains?
with less propriety on that occasion, than our poet; who thus otherwise expresses the notion in his *St. Cecilia*:

So, when the first bold vessel dar'd the seas.

Ver. 391. Or under southern skies exalt their sails,
Led by new stars; and borne by spicy gales.

Exalt is but an inefficient and prosaic word for a passage of such elegance and grandeur: even *expand* were preferable. The *spicy gales* are such as *Milton* speaks of in that sublime description, *Par. Lost*, iv. 161.

—— off at sea north-east winds blow

Sabea odours from the spicy shore

Of Araby the blest:

a description which, probably, owes part of its beauty to some very excellent verses in *Waller's Night-Piece*:

So we th' Arabian coast do know

At distance, when the spices blow;

By the rich odour taught to steer,

Though neither day nor stars appear.

Compare my note at *Gray's Ode on Spring*, ver. 8.

Ver. 393. "The balm shall bleed:" that is, from the wound inflicted on the bark to draw off the juices of the tree.

Ver. 397. The time shall come, when, free as seas or wind,
Unbounded Thames shall flow for all mankind.

This was suggested by a smooth couplet of *Denham's* on the same subject, in his *Cooper's Hill* :

Nor are his blessings to his banks confin'd,
But *free* and common, *as the sea or wind*.

Ver. 400. And seas but join the nations they divide.

This resembles *Waller*, in his panegyric on *Cromwell* :

While by your valour, and your bounteous mind,
Nations, divided by the sea, are join'd.

Our poet's verse appears in a very unadorned state in the *Miscellanies* :

And *Oceans* join *whom they did first* divide :
with the addition of a conceit, not wholly avoided in the first edition :

And seas but join the *regions* they divide :
in the present form, I think, so softened by *but* and the substitution of the *people* for the *countries*, as to lie beyond exception.

Ver. 405. And naked youths.

Better in the first edition : "*Whose* naked youth :" and in the *Miscellanies* better still, as to the first word : "*While* naked youth."

Ver. 410. Reap their own fruits :

as in those happy times of renovated man, depicted in his *Messiah*, ver. 66.

And the same hand, that sow'd, shall reap the field :
where the reader may compare my remarks.

Ver. 431: Ev'n I more sweetly pass my careless days.

Pleas'd in the silent shade with empty praise.

These verses scarcely rise to mediocrity, and seem modelled from *Dryden's* version of the passage imitated :

While I at Naples pass my peaceful days,
Affecting studies of less noisy praise.

ODE ON ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

VER. 4. And sweep the sounding lyre.

Milton's Lycidas, ver. 17.

Begin, and somewhat loudly *sweep* the string.

Ver. 5. See my note on our poet's *Odyssey*, x. 471.

Ver. 7. Let the loud trumpet sound,

Till the roofs all around

The shrill echoes rebound.

Dryden's translation of Lucretius, book ii.

If well-tun'd harps, nor the more pleasing *sound*

Of voices, from *the vaulted roofs rebound.*

Ver. 11. The deep, majestic, solemn organs blow.

Milton, in his Hymn on the Nativity, ver. 130.

And let the base of heav'n's *deep organ blow.*

Ver. 17. In broken air, trembling, the wild music floats.

Comus, ver. 249. with peculiar elegance :

How sweetly did they *flote* upon the wings

Of silence, through the empty-vaulted night,

At every *fall* smoothing the raven down

Of darkness till it smil'd :

as our poet just below :

In a dying, dying *fall.*

And our poet's verses are nearly repeated by himself in
his Temple of Fame, ver. 372.

She said : *in air the trembling music floats,*

And *on the winds triumphant swell the notes.*

Ver. 19.

Ver. 19. The strains decay,
And melt away
In a dying, dying fall.

Dryden's Flower and Leaf:

It seem'd the music *melted* in the throat.

Twelfth Night:

That *strain* again:—it had a *dying fall*.

Dryden's Virgin Martyr:

And musick *dying* in remoter founds. S.

The passage from *Shakspeare* was pointed out also by
Mr. White.

Ver. 29. Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds.

Dryden's Threnodia Augustalis, stanza x.

For all the healing balm thy mercy *pour'd*
Into the nation's bleeding wound.

Ver. 30. This conclusion of the stanza stood originally
as follows:

At musick, Melancholy lifts her head;

Dull Morpheus rowzes from his bed;

Sloath from its lethargy awakes,

And list'ning Envy drops her snakes:

Intestine war no more our passions wage;

Ev'n giddy factions hear away their rage.

Ver. 46. And half unsheath'd the shining blade.

Dryden, Æn. vi. 404.

The chief unsheath'd his shining steel.

Ver. 49. ——— through all th' infernal bounds,

Which flaming Phlegeton furrounds.

Dryden, Æn. vi. 200.

————— Th' infernal bounds

Cocytus with his fable waves furrounds:

and

and ver. 741. of the same book:

With treble walls, which Phlegeton *surrounds*
Whose *fiery flood* the burning empire *bounds*.

Ver. 51. Love, strong as death.

Sandys:

For *death* is not more *strong* than love. S.
And the passage stood in the first impression thus:
Sad Orpheus sought his consort lost;
Th' inexorable gates were barr'd,
And nought was seen, and nought was heard,
Around the dreary coast,
But dreadful gleams.

Ver. 69. The Furies sink upon their iron beds.

Dryden, Virg. *Æn.* vi. 392.

The Furies' iron beds.

Ver. 82. Oh! take the husband, or return the wife.

William Alexander in his tragedy of *Cræsus*:

Fierce tyrant Death! that in thy wrath didst take
One half of me, and left a half behind,
Take this to thee, or give me t'other back;
Be altogether cruel, or all kind.

Ver. 96. No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to love.

Dryden's translation of *Dido* to *Æneas*:

Who know no crime, but too much love of thee:
and afterwards in the same epistle:

Some pity let a suppliant princess move,
Whose only fault was an excess of love.

Ver. 130. And angels lean from heav'n to hear.

He seems to have had in view the conclusion of *Milton's*
Comus:

Mortals,

Mortals, that would follow me,
 Love Virtue: she alone is free:
 She can teach you how to climb
 Higher than the sphery chime:
 Or, if Virtue feeble were,
 Heav'n itself would stoop to hear.

The *sphery chime* is the *musical spheres* upon the Pythagorean notion. *Bishop Hurd* objects to the propriety of the expression; but on what grounds I cannot discover. *Mr. Steevens* has pointed out a very apposite passage from *Dryden* also, *Palamon* and *Arcite*, Book iii.

The Gods came downwards to behold the wars,
 Sharp'ning their fights, and leaning from their stars.

FIRST CHORUS TO THE TRAGEDY OF BRUTUS.

VER. 2. Where heav'nly visions Plato fir'd,
 And Epicurus lay inspir'd.

This is an imitation of some verses by *J. A.* of King's College, Cambridge, to *Creech* on his *Lucretius*:

I thought indeed, before I heard your fame,
 No laurels grew but on the banks of Cam;
 Where Chaucer was by sacred fury fir'd,
 And everlasting Cowley lay inspir'd;
 Where Milton first his wond'rous vision saw,
 And Marvel taught the painter how to draw.
 For the second verse *Pope* originally gave,
 And godlike Zeno lay inspir'd.

Ver. 25. Ye Gods! what justice rules the ball?

So in his Elegy:

Thus, if eternal Justice rules the ball.

SECOND CHORUS.

VER. 21. appeared thus in the first edition:

But Hymen's flames, *like fiars*, unite:

and ver. 38. *False oaths*, false tears. —

Ver. 34. What home-felt raptures move.

Milton's Comus:

But such a sacred and *homefelt* delight,

Such sober certainty of waking blifs,

I never heard till now. S.

Agreably to the well known sentence of *Lord Bacon*,

“ Things that come *home* to men's business and *bosoms*.”

There are several inaccuracies in this chorus; as ver. 5. *soft* immediately after *soften*; and ver. 27. *joys* as soon upon *joy*.

ODE ON SOLITUDE.

VER. 1. Happy the man, whose wish and care

A few paternal acres bound;

Content to breathe his native air

In his own ground.

So *Cowley's* version of *Claudian's* poem:

Happy the man, who his whole time doth bound

Within th' inclosure of *his little ground*.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

VER. 5. Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife;
And let me languish into life.

Virgil, *Æn.* iv. 695.

Quæ luctantem animam nexosque resolveret artus.

Where *Denham* renders loosely:

Nature and Death continue long their fray.

Ogilby is good:

————— sent Iris from the pole,

To loose life's bonds, and free her struggling soul:

Lauderdale excellent:

To free her body from the bonds of life,

And ease her anxious soul's convulsive strife:

whom *Dryden* has improved:

Sent Iris down, to free her from the strife

Of labouring Nature, and dissolve her life.

To these add *Bowles*, *Dryden's* *Miscellanies*, ii. 232. in
a translation from *Catullus*:

Ev'n fainting Nature scarce maintains the strife

Betwixt prevailing death and yielding life.

ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

VER. 15. Let such teach others, who themselves excel;
And censure freely, who have written well.

This is more ingenious and lively, than reasonable and
correct. Such severe restriction would silence criticism
altogether.

altogether. How many have taste and learning qualified for this office, who are by no means equal to original productions comparable in any degree to those, which they are able to illustrate and criticise with elegance and propriety? To this purpose I shall quote a lively passage from *Boswell's Life of Johnson*, vol. i. p. 373. 8vo.

D. "We have hardly a right to abuse this tragedy; for, bad as it is, how vain should either of us be to write one not near so good!"

J. "Why so, Sir? this is not just reasoning. You may abuse a tragedy, though you cannot write one. You may scold a carpenter, who has made you a table, though you cannot make a table. It is not your trade to make tables."

Ver. 30. This couplet ran thus in the first edition, with less neatness, precision, and perspicuity:

Those hate as rivals all that write; and others

But envy wits as eunuchs envy lovers.

The inaccuracy of the rhymes excited him to alteration, which incurred a fresh inconvenience; that of similar rhymes to those much too near, in the next couplet but one below.

Ver. 68. First, follow Nature.

Dryden, in his *Art of Poetry*, on the *Epic*:

To study Nature be your only care.

Ver. 70. Unerring Nature, still divinely bright,

One clear, unchang'd, and universal light.

This noble couplet may possibly be indebted to *Roscommon's Essay*:

Truth *still* is one: Truth is *divinely bright*;

No cloudy doubts obscure her native *light*.

And a little before:

E

A pure,

A pure, an active, an auspicious flame :
And bright as heav'n, from whence the blessing came.

Ver. 74. This couplet is polished to great perfection from the rudeness of the first effort :

That art is best, which most resembles her ;
Which still presides, yet never does appear.

Ver. 76. He first gave " the *sprightly* soul ;" then " the *secret* soul," which rendered useless ver. 79. quoted below. Still, perhaps, the two clauses of ver. 77.

With spirits feeds, with vigour fills the whole ;
are neither sufficiently distinct, nor correspondent to the present epithet *informing*. Thus ?

In some fair body thus the *sprightly* soul
Informs, invigorates, and feeds the whole.

Ver. 79. Itself unseen, but in th' effects remains.

The passage from *Ovid* is thus prettily rendered by *Addison* :

The cause is secret, but th' effect is known :
and thus expressed by *Cowley*, *David*. ii. 25.

The manner how lies hid, th' effect we see.

Ver. 85. Restrain his fury, than provoke his speed.

B. Jonson's Epigram to the Earl of *Newcastle* :

When first, my lord, I saw you back your horse,
Provoke his mettle, and command his force :
and *Waller* in his Panegyric, nearly in the same words :
Provoke their courage, and command their rage.

Ver. 90. He wrote originally :

Nature, like *monarchy* :
which he judiciously changed for *liberty* ; because to a limited monarch laws are prescribed by *others*, and not imposed on *itself*.

Ver. 96.

Ver. 96. Held from afar, aloft, th' immortal prize,
And urg'd the rest by equal steps to rise.

The writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews has an inimitably fine passage of this kind in chap. xii. ver. 1—3. on which I have descanted at large in my *Silva Critica*, tom. v. pp. 150, 151. And our poet follows *Dryden* at the end of his Art of Poetry :

And *afar* off *hold* up the glorious prize.

Ver. 98. It stood originally :

From great examples useful rules were given :
which, as it breaks in some measure the continuity of the construction was well supplanted, I think, by the present reading.

Ver. 100. This entire passage seems to be constructed on some remarks of *Dryden*, in his Dedication to *Ovid* :
“ Formerly the critics were quite another species of men.
“ They were defenders of poets, and commentators on
“ their works; to illustrate obscure beauties, to place
“ some passages in a better light, to redeem others from
“ malicious interpretations; to help out an author's
“ modesty, who is not ostentatious of his wit; and, in
“ short, to shield him from the ill-nature of those fellows,
“ who were then called *Zoili* and *Momi*, and now take
“ upon themselves the venerable name of *Censors*.—Are
“ our auxiliary forces turned our enemies?—Are these
“ become rebels of slaves, and usurpers of subjects; or,
“ to speak in the most honourable terms of them, are
“ they from our seconds become principals against us?”

Ver. 102. Then criticism the Muse's handmaid prov'd,
To dress her charms.

Montaigne somewhere observes, with his usual quaintness, that “ critics are the brushers of authors' cloaths.” W.

Ver. 105. After this verse followed another, to complete the triplet, in the first impressions :

Set up themselves, and drove a sep'rate trade :
which seems to me not unfuitable to the familiar illustrations of a didactic poem, nor of superior levity and playfulness to many other specimens in this Essay ; and yet, I presume, a suspicion of this nature occasioned it's suppression.

Ver. 118. This address is in the spirit of *Boileau*, l'Art Poet. i. 7.

O vous donc, qui brulant d'une ardeur périlleuse—

Ver. 127. And trace the Muses upward to their spring.

Dryden, Virg. Geo. iv. 408.

And upward follow Fame's immortal spring.

Ver. 142. For there's a happiness as well as care.

The Epilogue to *Dryden's Aureng-Zebe*:

But, after all, a poet must confess

His art's, like physick, but a happy guess.

Ver. 144. — nameless graces, which no methods teach.

A writer in *Dryden's Miscellanies*, ii. p. 343.

Ah! where *the nameless graces*, that were seen

In all thy motions, and thy mien?

Ver. 150. In what edition Dr. *Warton* found this couplet immediately precede ver. 154, 155, so as to give occasion to his censure, I have not been able to discover. All, that have fallen under my notice, from the earliest to the latest, exhibit the present arrangement of the passage, except the very last of all, which accompanies the life by Dr. *Johnson*.

Ver. 152. Great wits sometimes may gloriously offend.

So

So *Dryden*, in *Aureng-Zebe* :

Mean soul ! and dar'st not *gloriously offend* ? S.

Ver. 154. From vulgar bounds with brave disorder part,
And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art.

This ingenious and lively couplet, as well as the preceding, not inferior in merit, are a considerable improvement on some lines of *Dryden* in his *Art of Poetry*, Canto iv.

'Tis he will tell you to what noble height
A generous Muse may sometimes take her flight ;
When, too much fetter'd with the rules of art,
May from her stricter bounds and limits part.

Ver. 160. Another couplet originally followed here ; and the propriety of suppressing it may, perhaps, be reasonably doubted :

But care in poetry must still be had :
It asks discretion ev'n in running mad :
which is the *insanire cum ratione*, taken from *Terence* by *Horace*, at Sat. ii. 3. 271.

Ver. 179. Those oft are stratagems, which errors seem.
Agreeably to a remark of *Roscommon's* in his *Essay* :
For I mistake, or far the greatest part
Of what some call neglect, was study'd art.

Ver. 182. Still green with bays each ancient altar stands,
Above the reach of sacrilegious hands.
So *Roscommon's* epilogue to *Alexander the Great* :
Secur'd by higher pow'rs exalted stands
Above the reach of sacrilegious hands.

Ver. 184. I like the original verse better :
Destructive war, and all-devouring age :
as in a metaphor much more perspicuous and specific.

Ver. 188. And fill the general chorus of mankind.

Thus in a poem of dubious authority on the Fear of Death, ascribed to the *Duke of Wharton*:

——— There rival chiefs combine
To fill the gen'ral chorus of her reign.

Ver. 193. Nations unborn your mighty names shall sound,
And worlds applaud that must not yet be found!

An imitation of *Cowley*, David. ii. 833.

Round the whole earth his dreaded name shall sound,
And reach to worlds that must not yet be found.

The reader will be reminded also of *Gray's Ode on the Installation*:

Here sit the fainted sage, the bard divine,
The few, whom Genius gave to shine
Through every unborn age, and undiscovered clime.

Ver. 195. O may some spark of your celestial fire
The last, the meanest, of your sons inspire.

Not unlike *Dryden*, Virg. *Æn.* vii. 52.

Now, Erato, thy poet's mind inspire,
And fill his soul with thy celestial fire.

Ver. 219. Fir'd at first sight with what the Muse imparts.

The original state of this verse shews among other instances with what care our correct author banisht from his works the feeble forms of expression, which occur so often in the poetry of his predecessors and contemporaries.

Fir'd with the charms fair Science does impart.

And yet less is gain'd than we could wish: for, though *does* is removed, with *what* is abundantly less dignified and graceful than the former reading, with the charms. Compare the variation below, at ver. 498.

Ver. 220.

Ver. 220. In fearless youth we tempt the heights of arts.

Dryden, in the State of Innocence, Act i. Scene 1.

Nor need *we tempt* those heights, which Angels keep.

Ver. 230. The passage of *Silius Italicus*, pointed out as resembling this, is thus translated by *Addison* in his Travels :

From steep to steep the troops advanced with pain,

In hopes at last the topmost cliff to gain :

But still by new ascents the mountain grew,

And a fresh toil presented to their view. W.

Ver. 240. Correctly cold, and regularly low.

Verses on the Death of *Oldham*, in *Dryden's Miscellanies*, ii. p. 282.

Yet art he us'd, where art could useful be,

And sweated not to be *correctly dull*.

And, in the same spirit, the prologue to the Royal Martyr :

And he, who fervilely creeps after sense,

Is safe, but ne'er will reach an excellence.

Ver. 243. In wit, as nature, what affects our hearts,

Is not th' exactness of peculiar parts ;

'Tis not a lip, or eye, we beauty call,

But the joint force and full result of all.

This seems an improvement on some lines in *Dryden's Art of Poetry*, Canto i.

'Tis not enough, when swarming faults are writ,

That here and there are scattered sparks of wit ;

Each object must be fix'd in the due place,

And differing parts have corresponding grace :

Till, by a curious art dispos'd, we find

One perfect whole, of all the pieces join'd.

Compare our author's imitations of *Horace*, Epist. ii. 1. 111.

Ver. 254. Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.
Ovid, Met. xv. 445.

Quanta nec est, nec erit, nec visa prioribus annis.
Greater than what e'er was, or is, or e'er shall be.

Dryden. W.

Ver. 283. So vast a throng the stage can ne'er contain.
The words were differently arranged in the first impressions, thus :

The stage can ne'er so vast a throng contain.
But the most powerful cæsure of the verse was very judiciously transposed to a more efficient term, for repose.

Ver. 299. Something, whose truth, convinc'd at sight,
we find;

That gives us back the image of our mind.

" In the character of his Elegy, I rejoice to concur with
" the common reader: for by the common sense of
" readers, uncorrupted with literary prejudices, after all
" the refinements of subtlety and the dogmatism of
" learning, must be finally decided all claim to poetical
" honours. The *Church-yard* abounds with images,
" which find a mirror in every mind; and with senti-
" ments, to which every bosom returns an echo. The
" four stanzas beginning, *yet ev'n these bones*, are to me
" original: I have never seen the notions in any other
" place: yet he, that reads them here, persuades him-
" self that he has always felt them." *Johnson's Life of Gray*.

Ver. 303. For works may have more wit than does 'em
good,

As bodies perish thro' excess of blood.

The

The thought is in Hamlet:

For goodness, growing to a pleurisy,

Dies in his own too much.

In the edition of Shakspeare, published in 1793, I observe that Afcham has a thought very similar to Pope's.

"Twenty to one offend more in writing too much,
"then to litle: even as twenty fall into sicknesse,
"rather by over much fulnes, then by any lacke or
"emptinesse." The Schole-Master, 4to. Bl. L. fol. 43.

In a copy of our poet's works which once belonged to the late Mr. Cole, I find the succeeding remark appended to this couplet. "The 90th Article of the Memoires
"of Trevoux, for August, 1717, p. 1244. is an abridge-
"ment of a book intituled in French, Essai sur la Cri-
"tique, imité de l'Anglois de Mr. Pope, some part of
"which is pretty enough, especially where he gives the
"different characters of ourselves, and some of our
"neighbours in these words, p. 1253.

"Le dirai-je en deux mots, sans être fatyrique,

"Le Batave est grossier, l'Espagnol hydropique,

"Le François un squelette orné de beaux habits,

"L'Italien brillant n'offre que des rubis,

"L'Allemand fait toujours un compilateur fade,

"Et de trop d'embonpoint l'Anglois seul est malade ;

"L'excès d'esprit le rend à soi même inegal :

"Ainsi le trop de sang est souvent un grand mal." W.

Ver. 350 Where'er you find "the cooling Western
breeze,"

In the next line, "it whispers thro' the trees."

If chrystal streams "with pleasing murmurs
creep,"

The reader's threaten'd, not in vain, with "sleep."

Thus Garth, in the earlier editions of the Dispensary :

Soon

Soon as with gentle sighs *the ev'ning breeze*

Begun to *whisper thro' the murm'ring trees.*

These verses were afterwards rejected, probably on account of *Pope's* farcasm. W.

Hopkins' translation of *Ovid's Metamorphoses*, book xi.

No tame nor savage beast dwells there ; no breeze

Shakes the still boughs, or *whispers thro' the trees :*

Yet from the rock a silver spring flows down,

Which, purling o'er the stones, glides gently on :

Here easie *streams with pleasing murmurs creep,*

At once inviting, and assisting *sleep.*

Ver. 357. That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.

Dryden, in his *Annus Mirabilis*, stanza 123.

So glides the trodden serpent on the grass,

And long behind his wounded volume trails.

Ver. 365. The sound must seem an echo to the sense.

This is varied from *Roscommon*, in his *Essay :*

Sublime or low, unbended or intense,

The sound is still a comment to the sense.

Ver. 378. Now his fierce eyes with sparkling fury glow.

The master saw the madness rise ;

His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes. *Dryden.*

Ver. 379. Now sighs steal out, and tears begin to flow,

And, now and then, a sigh he stole,

And tears began to flow. Dryden.

pointed out also by Mr. *White.*

Ver. 381. And the world's victor stood subdued by sound,

Dryden, in the same Ode :

The *vanquish'd victor* sunk upon her breast.

Ver. 393.

Ver. 393. Dulriels is ever apt to magnify.

Hence our poet, of this Goddess, in *Dunciad*, i. 262.

A veil of fogs *dilates* her awful face. S.

Ver. 399. And force that sun but on a part to shine.

A beauty derived from that glorious passage in *Matthew's* Gospel, v. 45. "That ye may be the children of your father, which is in heaven: for *he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good*, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust." To which text there is an allusion also in the *Rape of the Lock*, ii. 14.

And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.

Where he should have written "as the sun," both for correspondence to the preceding verse, and because of the same word immediately following in the same line.

Ver. 418. What woful stuff this madrigal would be,
In some starv'd hackney sonneteer or me?

Our own days have furnished a very delectable and curious example of the justice of this remark. When Dr. *Horsley*, the present Bishop of *Rochester*, kindly took upon himself the office of publisher to the sermons of his deceased friend Mr. *Maty*, (who was not uninfected with heretical pravity) he very benevolently apologized to the public for the theological exertations of his friend as the *venial* performances of a young divine. Now it so fortunately, that several sermons of Archbishop *Secker* were included in the volume: a prelate, beyond all controversy, one of the most meritorious of his countrymen in this species of composition! Whether our right reverend editor were regardless of his friend and the public, or defective in his discriminative powers, it is not for me, one of the *profane vulgar*, to determine.

Ver. 445.

Ver. 445. Amidst their kindred cobwebs in Duck-lane: that is, *cobwebs* allied to those, which formerly envelopt the *brains* of these misty theologians. *Butler*, part i. canto 1.

For he a rope of sand could twist
As tough as learned Sorbonist,
And weave fine *cobwebs*, fit for *scull*
That's empty when the moon is full.

Ver. 455. When we but praise ourselves in other men.

Dryden's *Œdipus*, Act i. Scene 1.

That thoughtless sex is caught by outward form,
And empty noise; and loves itself in man. S.

Ver. 461. For rising merit will buoy up at last.
The epithet *rising* with the word *buoy* is feeble and redundant. Though a much more poetical turn might be given to the line, I should prefer even *genuine* merit to the present reading.

Ver. 462. Might he return, and bless once more our eyes.
Dryden himself, *Virg. Geo.* iv. 729.

But she *return'd* no more, to *bless* his longing eyes:
by which model I would reform our poet's verse, and banish the superfluity of expression, thus:

Might he return, to bless our *longing* eyes.

Ver. 463. New Blackmores and new Milbourns must arise.
In the first impression, the verse stood thus:

New S——s and new M——ns must arise:
that is, new *Shadwells*. The great poet's invective on the two present possessors of the line, in his preface to *Chaucer's Tales*, p. xlv. is most whimsically ingenious and sarcastically bitter. If it divert the reader, as it
has

has diverted me, I shall think myself recompensed for the dreadful tediousness of transcription.

“ Milbourn, who is in orders, pretends amongst the
 “ rest this quarrel to me, that I have fallen foul on
 “ priesthood. If I have, I am only to ask pardon of
 “ good priests; and am afraid his part of the reparation
 “ will come to little. I condemn him too much to enter
 “ into competition with him. His own translations of
 “ Virgil have answered his criticisms on mine. It looks
 “ as if I had desired him underhand to write so ill against
 “ me: but, upon my honest word, I have not bribed
 “ him to do me this service, and am wholly guiltless of
 “ his pamphlet. ’Tis true, I should be glad, if I could
 “ persuade him to continue his good offices: for I find
 “ by experience he has a great stroke with the reader,
 “ when he condemns any of my poems, to make the
 “ world have a better opinion of them. His account of
 “ my manners and my principles is of a piece with his
 “ cavils and his poetry: and so I have done with him
 “ for ever.”

“ As for the City-Bard, or Knight Physician, I hear
 “ his quarrel to me is, that I was the author of Absalom
 “ and Achitophel; which he thinks is a little hard on
 “ his fanatic patrons in London. But I will deal the
 “ more civilly with his two poems, because nothing ill is
 “ to be spoken of the dead: and, therefore, peace be to
 “ the manes of his Arthurs!”

The following ludicrous, but satirical account of Sir Richard was given by Dr. Drake; which the reader, who keeps his mind disengaged from the merits of these unimportant bickerings, will see with pleasure.

By nature form'd, by want a pedant made,
 Blackmore at first fet up the whipping trade.

Next

Next quack commenc'd: then, fierce with pride, he
swore,

That tooth-ach, gout, and corns, should be no more.

In vain his drugs, as well as birch, he tried:

His boys grew blockheads, and his patients died.

Ver. 479. When patriarch wits surviv'd a thousand years.

A very elegant and pleasing allusion to the longevity of
the Antediluvians, as recorded in the book of Genesis.

Ver. 498. Like some fair flow'r the early spring supplies,
That gaily blooms, but ev'n in blooming dies.

Dryden's elegy on the death of *Amyntas*:

E'er mortals all his beauties could survey,

Just like the flow'r that buds and withers in a day. S.

Ver. 503. And still, the more we give, the more requir'd.

He complains of this infelicity of wit with respect to him-
self, in his Prologue to the Satires, ver. 271.

Why am I ask'd, what next shall see the light?

Heav'ns! was I born for nothing but to write?

Has life_____

Ver. 529. Nor fear a dearth in these flagitious times.

Juvenal, sat. i. 87.

Et quandò uberior vitiorum copia?

And when did Vice more plenteous crops produce?

Ver. 530. No pardon vile obscenity should find,

Though wit and art conspire to move your mind.

This resembles *Waller*, in his verses to *Roscommon*:

Chaste moral writing we may learn from hence,

Neglect of which no wit can recompense.

And such a manly and ingenuous censure from a culprit
in this way, as in the case of *Pope*, is entitled to great
praise;

praise; and finely illustrates the confession of Medea in *Euripides*:

Και μανθανω μεν οια τολμισω κακα,

Θυμῷ δὲ κρείσσων των εμων βελευματων:

——— video meliora, proboque;

Deteriora sequor. *Ovid. Met.*

I see the right, and I approve it too;

Condemn the wrong, and yet the wrong pursue. *Tate.*

Ver. 544. And virgins smil'd at what they blush'd before.

There is a defect of construction in this line, of which numerous examples may be found in our best writers, not aware of the necessity of repeating the *preposition*:

"And virgins smiled *at* what they blushed *at* before."

Thus?

And virgins smil'd, *where* virgins blusht before.

Ver. 545. ——— bold Socinus.

This appears to be a standing epithet with versemen and profemen for *Socinus* and his followers: whether justly in the former application I cannot pronounce, as no man can know much less of the *Polish* heresiarch than myself. Thus *Blackwall*, in his *Sacred Classics*, vol. i. p. 299. "Bold and conceited Socinians:" and "Enjedin, a bold Socinian," occurs in the index to the same verbose performance of that blustering and pedantic coxcomb, which may be aptly characterised in the words of *Butler*:

That, like a wen, looks big and swells,

Is senseless, and just nothing else.

The two lines, here omitted, stood thus in the *Miscellanies*:

Then first the Belgian morals were extoll'd;

We their religion had, and they our gold.

Ver. 546. Then unbelieving priests reform'd the nation.

He had *Burnet* in view; and in the next line, *Kennet*; who was accused of having said, in a funeral sermon on some nobleman, that "finners, if they were men of
" parts, repented more speedily and effectually than dull
" rascals." *Dr. Fortin.*

Ver. 547. And taught more pleasant methods of salvation. One of these *pleasant* methods seems to have prevailed in times somewhat earlier, if *South's* testimony of the republican devotees in *Oliver's* days may be accepted: vol. v. ferm. 1. "*Women*, running in whole shoals to
" conventicles, to seek Christ forsooth! but to find some
" body else."

Ver. 551. These severe reflexions might be in part provoked by the zeal of a Popish recusant for his church against the controversialists in King William's days, so formidable to the Catholic supremacy: and some irritability might naturally be expected from men so "taxed
" and fined for hereditary right," as he elsewhere expresses it, in that reign.

Ver. 559. As all looks yellow to the jaundic'd eye. So *Dryden*, in his dedication to *Ovid*: "There is too
" often a *jaundice* in the eyes of great men: they see not
" those, whom they raise, in the same colours with
" other men. All, whom they affect, look golden to
" them; when the gilding is only in their own distem-
" pered sight."

Ver. 571. And make each day a critique on the past.

Dryden's Art of Poetry, canto i.

The public censure for your writings fear,
And to yourself be critic most severe.

Ver. 572

Ver. 572—578. Much delicacy and refinement of feeling, blended with equal kindness and humanity, are discoverable in these six verses; suggested by generosity of soul and a deep insight into the human character.

Ver. 583. Those best can bear reproof who merit praise.

The reader, if he please, may see this just maxim exemplified in *Hippocrates* and others, in Remark xxx. of my *Evidences of Christianity*, 2d edition.

Ver. 607. Ev'n to the dregs and squeezings of the brain.

Dryden's Aureng-Zebe:

The dregs and droppings of enervate love. S.

Ver. 609. And rhyme with all the rage of impotence.

Virgil, Geo. iii. 99. pointed out also by Mr. *White*:

Ut quondam in stipulis magnus sine viribus ignis

Incaustum furit.

Like kindled straw, with great, but harmless, flame.

Lauderdale.

Ver. 623. Nor is Paul's church more safe than Paul's church-yard.

The propriety of the specification in this proverbial remark is founded on a circumstance no longer existing in our poet's time, and derived therefore by him from older writers. "In the reigns of James I. and Charles I. (says *Pennant* in his *London*, p. 382.) the body of St. Paul's cathedral was the common resort of the politicians, the news-mongers, and idle in general. It was called *Paul's walk*, and the frequenters known by the name of *Paul's walkers*: &c."

"England need fear no outward enemies. The lusty lads verily be in England. I have seen on a Sunday

F

" more

" more likely *men walking in St. Paul's church*, than I
 " ever yet saw in Augusta." *Ascham's Letters*.

Ver. 627. It still looks home, and short excursions makes.
 As *Virgil*, *Geo.* iv. 194.

Excursusque breves tentant — :

Nor forage far, but *short excursions make*. *Dryden*.
 Below, ver. 738. our poet comes still closer to *Virgil's*
 words :

But in low numbers *short excursions tries*.

Ver. 637. Who to a friend his faults can freely shew.

Dryden, in his *Art of Poetry*, canto i.

A faithful friend is careful of your fame,
 And freely will your heedless errors blame.

Ver. 652. ——— and stood convinc'd 'twas fit,
 Who conquer'd Nature, should preside o'er wit.

Much in the same strain *Carew* of *Donne* :

Here lies a king, that rul'd as he thought fit
 The universal monarchy of wit.

Ver. 673. This couplet is much polished from the
 rudeness of the original draught in the *Miscellanies*, as
 follows :

Nor thus alone the curious eye to please,
 But to be found, when need requires, with ease.

Ver. 679. Whose own example strengthens all his laws,
 And is himself that great sublime he draws.

This couplet seems indebted also to the Prologue of
Dryden's Tempest, speaking of *Shakspeare* :

He, monarch-like, gave those his subjects *law* ;
 And is that Nature, which they paint and draw.

Ver. 691.

Ver. 691. A second deluge learning thus o'er run,
 And the Monks finish'd what the Goths begun.
 A couplet, modelled, perhaps, from one in *Roscommon's*
 essay :

And, by succession of unlearned times,
 As Bards began, so Monks rung on the chimes.

Ver. 679. ——— in Leo's golden days.

" The bishops Jovius and Vida; not to mention an
 " endless number of ingenious ecclesiastics, who flou-
 " rished on the other side of the Alps, in *the golden age*
 " (as the Italians call it) of *Leo* the Tenth; and wrote,
 " both in their own language and the Latin, after the best
 " models of antiquity." Minute Philosopher, dial. v.

Ver. 698. Starts from her trance, and trims her wither'd
 bays.

The Prologue to *Dryden's Troilus and Cressida*:
 About whose wreaths the vulgar poets strive,
 And with a touch *their wither'd bays revive*.

Ver. 702. Stones leap'd to form. ———

Dryden, in his *Religio Laici*:
 Or various atoms, interfering dance,
 Leap'd into form; the noble work of chance:
 as our poet above, in ver. 486. of this essay:

Where a new world *leaps* out at his command.
 The term owes it's origin, I presume, to the fabled effects
 of the music of *Amphion* on the *stones* of Thebes.

Ver. 705. Immortal Vida! on whose honour'd brow
 The poet's bays and critic's ivy grow.

Waller to my Lord of Falkland,
 ——— ——— ——— ——— ——— ——— ——— ——— ——— ———
 ——— ——— ——— ——— ——— ——— ——— ——— ——— ———
 long to twist
 Bays with that ivy, which so early kist
 Thy youthful temples.

In both passages there subsists a general resemblance to *Virgil*, Ecl. viii. 12. whence they derive their origin:

———— atque hanc sine tempora circum

Inter victrices ederam tibi serpere lauros.

Amidst thy laurels let this ivy twine.

Ver. 708. As next in place to Mantua, next in fame.

Cooper's Hill:

Like him in birth, thou should'st be like in fame.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

CANTO I.

VER. 3. ——— This verse to Caryl, Muse, is due.

Of this Sir *John Caryl*, who translated also one of *Ovid's* epistles and the first eclogue of *Virgil*, some account is given in *Nichols's* Select Collection of Poems, vol. ii. p. 1.

Ver. 5. Slight is the subject, but not so the praise,
If she inspire, and he approve my lays.

Sedley's version of the passage imitated in *Virgil* runs thus:

*The subject's humble, but not so the praise,
If any Muse assist the poet's lays.*

Ver. 13. Sol through white curtains shot a tim'rous ray.

He seems to have thought on *Crasshaw*, who thus begins a hymn to *Mary* in strains of Insipidity herself:

Hail! most high, most humble one!

Above the world, below thy son!

Whose blush the moon beautifully marres,

And stains the timorous light of stars.

Ver. 26.

Ver. 26. And thus in whispers said, or seem'd to say.

After the manner of *Virgil*, *Æn.* vi. 454.

Aut videt, aut vidisse putat, per nubila lunam :

As one, who sees, or thinks he saw, the moon.

Ver. 31. Of airy elves by moon-light shadows seen,

The silver token, and the circled green.

Dryden, in his *Hind and Panther*, part i.

As, where in fields *the fairy rounds* are seen,

A rank four herbage rises on the green ;

So, springing where those *midnight elves* advance,

Rebellion prints the footsteps of the dance.

Drayton, in his *Nymphidia* :

And in their courses make that round,

In meadows and in marshes found,

Of them so call'd the Fairy ground.

Ver. 44. ————— hover round the ring :

that is, the *ring* in *Hyde-Park*. So *canto iv.* ver. 117.

Sooner shall grafs in *Hyde-Park circus* grow. S.

Ver. 51. Think not, when woman's transient breath is fled,

That all her vanities at once are dead.

Epilogue to *Dryden's Tyrannick Love* :

For, after death, we sprites have just such natures

We had, for all the world, when human creatures. S.

Ver. 66. ————— in the fields of air,

Drummond, i. sonnet 5.

In *air's large fields* of light.

Ver. 68. This is congenial with an incomparable passage in *Comus*, ver. 453. strongly symptomatic of the purity of it's author's mind :

So dear to heav'n is faintly chastity,
 That when a soul is found sincerely so,
 A thousand liveried angels lackey her,
 Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt;
 And in clear dream and solemn vision,
 Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear;
 Till oft converse with heavenly habitants
 Begin to cast a beam on th' outward shape,
 The unpolluted temple of the mind,
 And turns it by degrees to the soul's essence,
 Till all be made immortal.

Ver. 77. 'Tis but their Sylph, the wise celestials know,
 Though Honour is the word with men below.

Dryden, Hind and Panther, 3d part:

Immortal pow'rs the term of Conscience *know*,
 But Int'rest is her name *with men below*. W.

And *Iliad* i.

So call'd in heav'n, but mortal *men below*
 By his terrestrial name *Ægeon know*.

Ver. 95. What tender maid but must a victim fall
 To one man's treat, but for another's ball?

Lady Montague, in her epistle to Lord B——:

Your Chloe's bloom had made you certain prize,
 But for a side-long glance from Celia's eyes.

Ver. 112. Warn'd by thy Sylph, oh pious maid! beware.

Dryden's State of Innocence, Act iv. Scene 1.

————— Thus *warn'd by us, beware*,

And guide her frailty by thy timely care:
 constructed on *Par. Lost*, viii. 638.

Ver. 113. This to disclose is all thy guardian can:
 from *Virgil*, *Æn.* iii. 461.

Hæc sunt, quæ nostrâ liceat te voce moneri.

This is what Heaven allows me to relate. *Dryden.*

Ver. 122. Each silver vase in mystic order laid.

That epithet *mystic* prepares the reader, with most happy introduction, to slide with imperceptible gradation into the religious imagery of the subsequent description.

Ver. 125. A heav'nly image in the glass appears,

To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears.

In the same elegant strain, Lady *Montague's* Town Eclogue for Friday, by some attributed to *Gay*:

Nor at the window all her morning pass,

Or at the dumb devotion of her glass.

Ver. 134. And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.

Lucian, Amor. sect. 39. ὅποσαις δὲ ἀρκεῖν ἡ μελαινα χεῖρ νομιζέται, τὸν γεγαμηκότων πλεον εἰς ταύτην ἀναλίσκωσιν, ὅλην Ἀραβίαν σχεδὸν ἐκ τῶν τριχῶν ἀποπνεύσαι. "But those
"women, that are contented with their own black hair,
"consume all their husbands' wealth upon it, breathing
"almost all Arabia from their locks."

CANTO II.

Ver. 1. In reference to this passage Mr. *Warton* says in his Pleasures of Melancholy:

— when the fated fair
Upon the bosom bright of silver Thames
Launches in all the lustre of brocade,
Amid the splendors of the laughing fun,
The gay description palls upon the sense,
And coldly strikes the mind with feeble bliss.

Who can wonder at such a judgement from one, that could endure to murder the genius of *Pope* in such vile despicable sing-song as this?

Ver. 3. ————— the rival of his beams.

Cartwright in an elegant song :

Whilst early light springs from the skies,
A fairer from your bride does rise:
A brighter day doth thence appear,
And make a second morning there.

Ver. 4. The first edition, prior to the insertion of the machinery, thus connected this verse with ver. 18. of the preceding canto :

Belinda rose; and, 'midst attending dames,
Launch'd on the bosom of the silver Thames.

Ver. 14. And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.

Quintilian, i. 2. *Ut sol, universis idem lucis calorisque largitur.* And *Shakspeare*:

A largess universal, like the sun,
His liberal eye doth give to every one. W.

Ver. 16. ————— if belles had faults to hide.

This exception is in that true style of elegance and urbanity, which characterises this exquisite performance ; and from a spirit, imbibed at the pure sources of classical antiquity. So *Virgil*, *Geo.* iv. 489.

Ignoscenda quidem, scirent si ignoscere manes :
and others, in a variety of examples.

Ver. 27. Fair tresses man's imperial race insnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair.

Sandys' Paraphrase of the Song of Solomon, 1641.

Struck with one glance of thy bright eyes !

One hair of thine in fetters ties. S.

So *Milton* in his Latin Elegies, i. 60. which, for genius, originality, and simplicity, approximate to the character of antiquity beyond any modern compositions within my knowledge :

Et

Et decus eximium frontis, tremulosque capillos,

Aurea quæ fallax retia tendit Amor.

Her comely forehead, and the waving snare

By Cupid woven in her golden hair.

Waller too in his verses to *Mrs. Braughton*:

A thousand Cupids in those curls do fit,

Those curious nets thy slender fingers knit.

Sidney in his *Arcadia*, book ii.

Her hair fine threads of finest gold,

In curled knots man's thought to hold.

Paulus Silentarius has a pretty epigram, that turns entirely upon this thought, in *Brunck's Analec'ta*, ii. p. 78.

Epig. xxiii. to which the classical reader is referred.

Ver. 38. After this verse, the first edition ran thus, more fully:

There lay the sword-knot Sylvia's hands had sewn,

With Flavia's busk that oft had rapp'd his own:

A fan, a garter, half a pair of gloves.—

Ver. 45. The pow'rs gave ear, and granted half his pray'r;

The rest, the winds dispers'd in empty air.

So *Dryden's* version of *Ceyx* and *Alcyone*, *Ovid. Met. x.*

This last petition heard of all her pray'r;

The rest, dispers'd by winds, were lost in air.

Ver. 47. But now secure the painted vessel glides,

The sun-beams trembling on the floating tides,

He might have *Dryden's* version of *Virg. Geo. iv. 409.* in his recollection. Every line of that great master of English verse seems to have been treasured in our poet's memory; and the more so, as his ignorance of the learned languages, or at least his incompetency to read them with suitable facility, circumscribed his excursions in the regions of poetic fancy.

And

And where in pomp the sun-burnt people ride,
 On painted barges, o'er the teeming tide.
 At least, it cannot be doubted, whether the original of
 these lines furnish'd the hint for that most majestic pas-
 sage in *Gray's* fragment of an *Ethic Essay* :

What wonder, in the sultry climes, that spread,
 Where Nile, redundant o'er his summer-bed,
 From his broad bosom life and verdure flings,
 And broods o'er Ægypt with his wat'ry wings,
 If with advent'rous oar and ready sail

The dusky people drive before the gale?

Every reader of true taste will agree in their opinion of
 this description with the illustrious biographer of it's
 author. Perhaps, the sublime image in the fourth verse
 might be suggested by a couplet of *Denham's* in the
Cooper's-Hill, speaking of the *Thames* :

O'er which he kindly spreads his spacious wing,
 And hatches plenty for th' ensuing spring.

Upon the latter of *Pope's* two verses quoted above, *Mr.*
White pertinently refers to *Virgil*, *Æn.* vii. 9.

—— splendet tremulo sub lumine pontus.

And the sea trembled with her silver light. *Dryden.*

Ver. 50. And soften'd sounds along the waters die.

Dryden's *Virgin Martyr* :

And musick dying in remoter sounds. S.

Ver. 53. All but the Sylph :—

a parody on the beginning of the second and tenth books
 of the *Iliad*.

Ver. 56. ——— lucid squadrons :

Fulgentes ære catervas. *Virg. Æn.* viii. 593.

Ver. 59. Some to the sun their insect wings unfold.

Gray,

Gray, whose correct judgement and fine fancy must have been regaled beyond measure with such perfection of imagery and language, profited by this description also, in his Ode on Spring :

Some shew their gayly-gilded train,
Quick-glancing to the sun.

See the note on Windsor-Forest, ver. 144.

Ver. 61. Transparent forms, too fine for mortal sight.

He was thinking, perhaps, of *Milton's* *Penferoso*, ver. 14.

Whose faintly visage is too bright

To hit the sense of human sight :

where our sublime bard palpably imitates, or rather translates, a well known verse of *Horace* :

Et vultus nimium lubricus aspici.

So *Shakspeare* in his *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act ii.

Scene 2. "She is *too bright to be look'd against*." Dr.

Chetwynd also has a couplet in his verses to *Roscommon*, which the reader will see with pleasure :

Her beauties are too heav'nly and refin'd

For the gross senses of a vulgar mind.

The notion was derived from the Platonists. Thus one of that sect, *Apuleius*, in his treatise *De Deo Socratis*,

speaking of the bodies of the Dæmons, with a luscious luxuriance of phrase peculiar to that writer : "Dæmo-

"num corpora—sunt—ex illo purissimi aëris liquido et

"sereno elemento coalita, eoque nulli hominum temerè

"visibilia :—quod nulla in illis terrena soliditas locum

"luminis occupârit, quæ nostris oculis possit obistere,

"quâ soliditate necessariò offensa acies immoretur : sed

"sila possident corporum rara et splendida et tenuia,

"usque adeò ut radios omnes nostri tuoris et raritate

"transmittant, et splendore reverberent, et subtilitate

"frustrentur."

Ver. 65.

Ver. 65. Dipt in the richest tincture of the skies.

Cowley, in his Discourse on the government of *Oliver Cromwell*, has a delicate couplet, which may properly appear in this place :

His coat and flowing mantle were so bright,
They seem'd both made of woven silver light.

Ver. 68. Colours that change whene'er they wave their wings.

Lucretius, ii. 800.

Pluma columbarum quo pacto in sole videtur;
Quæ sita cervices circum, collumque coronat :—
Caudaque pavonis, largâ cum luce repleta est,
Consimili mutat ratione obversa colores.
See on a pigeon's neck the plumage gleam
With varying radiance to the solar beam.
See in a peacock's tail the spangled eyes
Each moment glance their ever-changing dyes.

Ver. 69. Amid the circle, on the gilded mast,
Superior by the head, was Ariel plac'd.

This couplet is formed from two passages of *Virgil* :

Musæum ante omnes : medium nam plurima turba
Hunc habet, atque humeris exstantem suspicit altis.

Æn. vi. 667.

Ipse inter primos præstanti corpore Turnus
Vertitur arma tenens, et toto vertice supra est.

Æn. vii. 783.

Ver. 77. ——— the fields of æther.

Æris in campis : *Virg.* *Æn.* vi. 888.

Ver. 78. And bask and whiten in the blaze of day.

Dryden's State of Innocence, Act iii.

— and,

———— and, by *the sun* refin'd,
Bask in his beams, and bleach me in the wind.
 The thought originally came from *Virgil*, *Æn.* vi. 740.

———— *Alia panduntur inanes*
Suspensæ ad ventos : aliis sub gurgite vasto
Infectum eluitur scelus, aut exurit igni.

Ver. 82. The verse was written thus in the first edition :

Hover and catch the shooting stars by night.

Ver. 84. Or dip their pinions in the painted bow.
 There is a stroke of enthusiastic fancy, not much inferior to this before us, in *Brown's Destruction of Jerusalem* :

And this once blessed house, where *Angels came*

To bathe their airy wings in holy flame;

Like a swift vision or a flash of light,

All wrapt in fire, shall vanish in thy fight :

alluding, perhaps, to *Judges*, xiii. 20. Compare my note at ver. 278. book i. of the *Essay on Man*.

Ver. 113. The drops to thee, *Brillante*, we consign :
 that is, her *ear-drops* set with *brilliants*.

Ver. 115. Do thou, *Crispissâ*, tend her fav'rite lock.
 To *crisp* in our earlier writers is a common word for *curl*, from the Latin *crispa*.

Ver. 127. Or plung'd in lakes of bitter washes lie,
 Or wedg'd whole ages in a bodkin's eye.
 His own *Iliad*, v. 1090.

Or pierc'd with Grecians' darts for ages lie,
 Condemn'd to pain, tho' fated not to die.

Ver. 132. Shrink his thin essence like a rivell'd flow'r.

Modern editions read *shrivell'd*: but *Pope* took his epithet, now obsolete, from *Dryden*, *The Flower and the Leaf*:

Then droop'd the fading flow'rs, (their beauty fled)
And clos'd their sickly eyes, and hung the head,
And, *rivel'd* up with heat, lay dying in their bed. W.

Ver. 134. ——— the whirling wheel.

See my notes on Eurip. Herc. Fur. 1301. and Soph. Phil. 679.

Ver. 136. And tremble at the sea that froths below.

He should have completed the ludicrous magnificence of his imagery by writing,

And tremble at the sea that *foams* below.

The anonymous translator of *Ariadne* to *Theseus*:

Fix'd to some rock as if I there did grow,
And trembling at the waves which roll below.

Ver. 139. Some thrid the mazy ringlets of her hair.

So *Virgil*, *Æn.* vii. 353. of *Alecto's* snake: *Innectitque comas*, "And entwines her hair." S.

CANTO III.

VER. 8. Dost sometimes counsel take—and sometimes tea.

This association, of serious and comic subjects with the same verb, is one of the most diverting ingredients of comic poetry. Thus in *Canto ii.* ver. 107.

Or stain her honour—or her new brocade.

Phædrus, v. 2. 8.

Nunc conde ferrum—et linguam pariter futilem,

Put up your weapon—and your blustering tongue:

a passage,

a passage, which *Butler*, the grand exemplar of this species of festivity, seems to have had in view at Part ii. Canto 2. ver. 660.

The knight transported, and the squire,
Put up their weapons—and their ire.

Ver. 9. He gave originally :

Hither our nymphs and heroes *did* resort.

Compare the note on the Art of Criticism, ver. 219.

Ver. 21. The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,
And wretches hang, that jurymen may dine.

A lively stroke of satiric humour ! like that of his friend *Gay* in fable 36, part i. from *Garth's* Dispensary :

For petty rogues submit to fate

That great ones may enjoy their state.

Anacharsis, the Scythian philosopher, laugh heartily at Solon the Athenian, as *Plutarch* tells us in his Life of Numa, for expecting to repress the injustice and mutual depredations of the citizens by laws : “ which, says he, “ are like spiders’ webs ; they hold fast the slender and “ feeble, but let the powerful and rich escape.”

Stobæus also relates a merry passage of Democritus, who cried out, as he saw a thief carried to execution, “ Poor “ blockhead ! to steal such trifles ! Hadst thou had the “ wit to become a robber on a large scale, thou wouldst “ have sent others to execution instead of being carried “ thither thyself.” Whence *Juvenal*, i. 73.

Aude aliquid brevibus Gyaris et carcere dignum,

Si vis esse aliquis.

Dare treasons, murders ! if thou wish to fit

With credit on the treasury-bench, like —

In the same strain our poet himself originally wrote at his his Essay on Man, ii. 226.

The

The thief damns judges, and the knaves of state;
And dying, mourns small villains hang'd by great.

Ver. 41. Four knaves in garbs fuccinct.

The servants, or *knaves* (from *gnavus*, I apprehend) of the ancients, when bent on expedition and activity, were accustomed to fasten their flowing garments higher on the body with their girdles: See *Horace*, Sat. ii. 8. 10. Luke xvii. 8.

Ver. 92. Just in the jaws of ruin, and Codille.

Virgil, *Æn.* vi. 273. referred to by Mr. *White*, also:

Vestibulum ante ipsum, primisque in faucibus orci.

Just in the gate and in the jaws of hell. Dryden.

Ver. 99. The nymph exulting fills with shouts the sky;
The walls, the woods, and long canals reply.

Virgil, *Geo.* iii. 222.

urgentur cornua vasto

Cum gemitu: reboant silvæque, et longus Olympus.

With roarings loud they give the mutual wound;

While woods, and long Olympus, bellow to the sound.

Ver. 125. There seems no improvement here from the original reading of the couplet:

But, when to mischief mortals bend their *mind*,

How soon fit instruments of ill they find!

Ver. 153. Thus, in the Miscellanies:

One fatal stroke the fatal hair *doth* sever.

For the reason of alteration see the note on ver. 9. of this Canto.

Ver. 155. He wrote first, with less vigour and vivacity:

The living *fires* come *flashing* from her eyes.

A writer

A writer in the Miscellanies has a good couplet to our purpose :

His wondrous pencil, dipt in heav'nly dyes,

Gave beauty to the face, and *lightning to the eyes*.

Compare our poet, Canto i. ver. 144. and v. 76.

Ver. 158. When husbands, or when lap-dogs, breathe their last.

This lingering suspension of the verb is a capital improvement upon the original verse, which stands thus in the Miscellanies :

When husbands *die*, or lap-dogs breathe their last.

Ver. 160. In glitt'ring dust and painted fragments lie.

Parnell, in his Hermit :

And *glimmering fragments* of a broken sun.

A very unpolished verse ! What wonder, if a *broken sun* have *fragments* ?

Ver. 170. So long my honour, name, and praise shall live.

Lauderdale's version of Virg. Æn. i. 609. borrowed by Dryden, is :

Your *honour, name, and praise*, shall never die !

Ogilby thus renders the verse in Virg. Ecl. v.

So long thy honor'd name and praise shall last.

Compare our author's Pastorals, iv. 84.

Ver. 172. And monuments, like men, submit to fate.

So Juvenal exactly, x. 146.

Quandoquidem data sunt ipsis quoque fata sepulchris.

Ver. 178. ——— unresisted steel :

that is, never ye tresisted with success, and, therefore, by

G

probable

probable inference, *irresistible*, as the passage requires.
Dryden, *Æn.* vi. 387.

Want, Fear, and Famine's *unresisted* rage

CANTO IV.

VER. 5. There is less uniformity in the reading of the first edition ; which, for that reason, pleases me better :

Not ardent *lover* robb'd of all *his* bliss,

Not ancient lady when refus'd a kiss.

Ver. 27. Here stood Ill-Nature, like an ancient maid——

With store of pray'rs :

as he remarks elsewhere :

And beads and pray'r-books are the toys of age.

So an elegant modern author in the *Illusions of Fancy* :

Shield me from puritanic cant

Of faded maids, who matins haunt ;

And, lowering o'er each lonely pew,

At once their fins and wrinkles rue !

Ver. 33. Practis'd to lisp, and hang the head aside ;

Faints into airs, and languishes with pride.

Mr. *Neville* has made a dextrous use of this passage in his imitation of *Juvenal's* fourteenth Satire.

Perissa's daughter wed : you'll feel too late

You've chosen no *Lucretia* for your mate :

The miss, who, ere twelve winters she could tell,

Knew, with resistless airs, to act the belle ;

To lisp, to languish, heave the practis'd sigh,

And dart sweet mischief from the melting eye.

Ver. 39. A constant vapour o'er the palace flies ;

Strange phantoms rising, as the mists arise.

The

The epithet *rising* is not elegant, as *arise* follows; at least the words should have been of the same formation: and from the difficulty of amendment in most of these cases, it is clear to me, that he had been sensible of impropriety himself. I should have liked better:

Strange phantoms *floating*, as the mists arise:
or, with the couplet differently modelled in this form:

A *mist* perpetual o'er the palace flies;
Strange phantoms rising, as the *vapours* rise.

Ver. 53. Men prove with child as pow'rful fancy works.

The fanciful person, here alluded to, was Dr. *Edward Pelling*, chaplain to several successive monarchs. Having studied himself into that disorder of mind vulgarly called the hyp, between the age of forty and fifty he imagined himself to be pregnant; and forbore all manner of exercise, lest motion should prove injurious to his ideal burden. Nor did the whim evaporate till his wife assured him, that she was really in his supposed condition. This lady was masculine and large-boned in the extreme; and our merry monarch Charles, being told of the strange conceit adopted by his chaplain, desired to see her. As she quitted his presence, he exclaimed with a good round oath, that "If any woman could get her husband with child, it must be Mrs. *Pelling*."

I received this narrative from one of the Doctor's granddaughters, who is still alive; and remembers, that this line of *Pope* was always supposed to have reference to this story. S. See the Supplement to Shakspeare, vol. ii. p. 660.

Ver. 54. And maids, turn'd bottles, call aloud for corks.

This merriment is adopted from the Loyal Subject of *Baumont* and *Fletcher*:

G 2

— Are

————— Are *women* now
O' the nature of *bottles*, to be stop'd with *corks*? S.

Ver. 57. ————— Hail, wayward queen!
Who rule the sex——

Grammar demanded,

Who *ruſſ* the sex:

and this impropriety runs through the passage: see the note on his Messiah, ver. 6.

Ver. 67. Compare *Virgil*, *Æn.* ix. 404—410.

Ver. 94. And fierce Thaleſtris fans the riſing fire.

Dryden, *Virg.* *Æn.* iv. 4.

The hero's valour, acts, and birth, inspire
Her ſoul with love, and fan the ſecret fire.

Ver. 96. While Hampton's echoes, *Wretched maid!* reply'd.

There is an epigram of *Gauradas* in the Greek Anthologia, which gave riſe, I preſume, to this playfulness of modern poets.

Drayton, in his *Queſt of Cynthia*:

Long wand'ring in the wood, ſaid I,

“O whither's *Cynthia* gone?”

When ſoon the Echo doth reply

To my laſt word,—“Go on.”

Ver. 98. Originally thus:

Combs, bodkins, *leads*, *pomatums*, to prepare?

The ſubſequent inſertion of verr. 101, 102. occaſioned the alteration; whoſe place the concluding couplet of this canto, with trivial variation, occupied in the *Miscellanies*.

Ver. 111. The repetition of *then* in this couplet is deſtitute of beauty and force. I ſhould prefer,

Ah!

Ah! how shall I your helpless fame defend?

Ver. 117. A parody of *Virgil*, *Ecl.* 1. 60.

Ver. 133. But by this lock, this sacred lock, I swear,
Which never more shall join its parted hair.

Dryden's version of *Iliad* i.

*But, by this scepter solemnly I swear,
Which never more green leaf or growing branch shall
bear.*

Ver. 140. The long-contended honours of her head.

Borrowed from *Dryden's* *Epistle to Mr. Granville* :

The long-contended honors of the field. W.

Ver. 144. Another line, making a triplet with the
following verses, was originally inserted here :

Now livid pale her cheeks, now glowing red.

Ver. 149. Happy ! ah ten times happy ! had I been
If Hampton-court these eyes had never seen

A parody of *Virgil*, *Æn.* iv. 657.

*Felix ! heu nimium felix ! si litora tantum
Nunquam Dardaniæ tetigissent nostra carinæ !*

Happy, alas ! too happy I had liv'd,

Had not the Trojan on my coast arriv'd ! *Denham.*

And there is a general resemblance of this passage to
Mrs. Behn's translation of *Cænone* to Paris :

I might some humble shepherd's choice have been,
Had I that tongue ne'er heard, those eyes ne'er seen :

and to *Hopkins* in *Dryden's* *Miscellanies*, v. p. 31.

*In distant climes let me my fate deplore,
In some lone island, on a desert shore,
Where I may see your fatal charms no more.* }

Ver. 158. Like roses, that in deserts bloom and die.

Waller's Song : Go, lovely rose !

Tell her that's young
 And shuns to have her graces spy'd,
 That, hadst thou sprung
In deserts, where no men abide,
 Thou must have uncommended dy'd. W.

Ver. 161. Originally,
 'Twas this the morning omens *did foretell*:
 See the note on Canto iii. ver. 153.

Ver. 167. See the poor remnants of these slighted hairs!
My hands shall rend what ev'n thy rapine spares.
 The anonymous translator of Ariadne to Theseus:
 See these few hairs yet spar'd by grief and rage!
 Some pity let these flowing tears engage.

Ver. 172. And in it's fellow's fate foresees it's own.
William Bowles on the Death of Charles II.

————— Three kingdoms groan
And in their ruler's fate bewail their own.

CANTO V.

VER. 10. The wise man's passion, and the vain man's toast.
Dryden's Absalom and Achitophel:
 The young men's vision, and the old men's dream.

Ver. 11. Why deck'd with all that land and sea afford?
 Why angels call'd, and angel-like ador'd?

Denham, in his version of the speech of Homer, parodied
 by our poet:

Why all the tributes land and sea affords?—
As gods behold us, and as gods adore?

Ver. 31. And trust me, dear! good humour can prevail,
 When airs, and flights, and screams, and scold-
 ing fail.

The

The anonymous translator of Ovid's *Art of Beauty* :

But, if good humour to the last remain,
Ev'n age may please, and Love his force retain.

Ver. 34. Charms strike the fight, but merit wins the soul.

B. *Jonson* in his *Silent Woman*, Act i. Scene 1. has some pretty lines to this sentiment :

Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace ;
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free :
Such sweet neglect more taketh me,
Than all th' adulteries of art :
They strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

Ver. 61. ———— a living death I bear.

Paradise Lost, x. 788.

————— then in the grove,
Or in some other dismal place, who knows
But I shall die a living death ?

Sir Philip Sidney's Astrophel and Stella, stanza 6.

Some lovers speak, when they their Muses entertain—
Of living deaths.

Drummond, part ii. sonnet 4.

O ! woful life ! Life ? no : but living death :
Frail boat of chrystal in a rocky sea.

Ver. 65. Thus on Mæander's flow'ry margin lies
Th' expiring swan, and as he sings he dies.

Dryden's translation of the original passage has greater simplicity, and, in my judgement, more merit :

So, on Mæander's banks, when death is nigh,
The mournful swan sings her own elegy.

Ver. 78. Who fought no more than on his foe to die.
Most generous and manly ! But with a tacit proviso, I
G 4 should

should presume, for that exception of the consolatory word of undertakers, so perpetually exhibited on hatchments, *Resurgam!*

Ver. 103. Restore the lock! she cries; and all around,
Restore the lock! the vaulted roofs rebound.

Dryden's *Alexander's Feast*:

A present deity! they shout around:

A present deity! the vaulted roofs rebound. S.

Our poet in his *St. Cecilia*:

Till the roofs all around

The shrill echoes rebound.

See the note on Canto iv. ver. 96.

Ver. 119. The courtier's promises, and sick man's pray'rs,
The smiles of harlots, and the tears of heirs.

Dryden's *Ædipus*, Act ii.

The smiles of courtiers, and the harlot's tears,

The tradesman's oaths, and mourning of an heir,

Are truths, to what priests tell. W.

Ver. 124. Though mark'd by none but quick poetic eyes.

Denham, in *Cooper's Hill*, gave him a hint:

'Tis still the same, although their airy shape

All but a quick poetic sight escape.

Ver. 127. A sudden star it shot through liquid air,

And drew behind a radiant trail of hair:

The heav'ns bespangling with dishevell'd light.

Ogilby's version of *Virgil*, Geo. i. 367.

Shall see bright stars shoot headlong through the skies,

Leaving behind them a long train of light,

Gilding a tract through fable shades of night.

Dryden, at the same passage, very elegantly:

And, shooting through the darknefs, gild the night

With sweeping glories and long trails of light.

And

As at *Æneid*, v. 1092.

Descends, and *draws behind a trail* of light.

Dishevell'd light: that is, *jubar*, a bunch of *hair*, or a beam of *light*.

And *Swift* says, very humorously, indeed, on the sup-
posed death of *Partridge*:

No meteor, no eclipse appear'd,

No comet with a flaming beard.

And in the same strain with what immediately follows in
our poet:

Triumphant star! some pity shew

To coblers militant below;

Whom roguish boys in stormy nights

Torment by p——g out their lights:

Or through a chink convey their smoak,

Inclos'd artificers to choak.

Ver. 133. Our author, from an unreasonable aversion
to a triplet, expunged a line which originally followed
this:

As through the moon-light shade they nightly stray.

Ver. 136. "Rosamonda's lake." The pond in St. James's
Park.

Ver. 142. Which adds new glory to the shining sphere.

Rowe in his *Delia*, addressed to his wife:

Late, very late, ascend the well-known way,

And add new glories to the realms of day.

Ver. 147. When those fair suns shall set, as set they must.

Sidney's Arcadia, book ii.

And saw those eyes, *those suns*, such showers to show.

ELEGY

TO THE

MEMORY OF AN UNFORTUNATE LADY.

VER. 1. What beck'ning ghost, along the moon-light
shade—

Milton's Comus, ver. 207.

Of calling shapes, and *beck'ning shadows* dire.

And I observe no variations, in the future impressions of this elegy, from the original edition. Perhaps his interest in the subject rendered the poem too affecting for his own perusal.

Ver. 5. Oh ever beauteous ! ever friendly ! tell,
Is it a crime in heav'n to love too well ?

This was suggested, perhaps, by a couplet in the third elegy of *Crafshaw* ; as was remarked also by *Mr. Steevens*.

And I, what is my crime, I cannot tell,

Unless it be *a crime t' have lov'd too well.*

Ver. 10. Both the subject and the sentiment seem to demand an alteration of one word :

For those, who greatly think, *and* bravely die ?

Ver. 25. As into air the purer spirits flow.

This thought is very happily employed by *General Burgoyne*, in verses on the death of a young lady :

As the pure air in crystal prison pent,

Burst through its fair but brittle tenement,

While in the dust the glitt'ring fragments lie,

The purer æther seeks it's native sky.

Ver. 34. And those love-darting eyes must roll no more.

So

So *Milton, Comus*, ver. 753.

Love-darting eyes, or tresses like the morn.

Sir Charles Sedley, on the death of Mrs. Tempest:

Clos'd are those eyes, that furnish'd Love with darts,
When rebels dar'd to boast unfetter'd hearts.

Ver. 40. While the long fun'ral's blacken all the way.

"*Domus corporibus exanimis, itinera funeribus, complebantur*:" says *Tacitus*, *Annal.* xvi. 13. describing a pestilence in Rome. W.

Ver. 41. Lo! the e were they, whose souls the Furies
steel'd,
And curs'd with hearts unknowing how to
yield.

Our poet seems to have been fond of these two verses: for he has repeated them, with trivial variation, in his *Iliad*, ix. 749. xxii. 447. *Homer* has in *Il.* Ω. 205. σιδηρεϊον νυ τοι ητορ: "O! heart of *steel*!" as himself renders the words.

Ver. 45. So perish all, whose breast ne'er learn'd to glow
For others' good, or melt at others' woe.

From a fragment of *Sir Edward Hungerford*, according to a writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, for 1764.

The soul by pure religion taught to glow
At others' good, or melt at others' woe.

Ver. 51. By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd.

The anonymous translator of *Ariadne* to *Theseus*:

Poor *Ariadne*! thou must perish here,
Breathe out thy soul in *strange* and hated air,
Nor see thy pitying mother shed one tear;

}
Want

Want a kind *hand*, which *thy fix'd eyes may close*,
And *thy stiff limbs may decently compose*.

Ver. 62. Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb.

Dryden as irreverently speaks of another rite of the Christian church in his *Don Sebastian* :

I heard the hooded father *mumbling* charms

To make the misbelievers man and wife.

Again, in his *Sigismonda* and *Guiscardo* :

And *mutter'd* fast the matrimony o'er. S.

Ver. 65. There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow.

As *Dryden* in his *Albion and Albanus* :

The rosy-finger'd *morn* appears,

And from her mantle shakes her *tears*,

In promise of a glorious day.

Ver. 67. ——— Angels with their silver wings—

Tasso, in his description of an *angel*, i. 14.

Of *silver wings* he took a shining pair,

Fringed with gold. *Fairfax*.

Ver. 75. Poets themselves must fall like those they sung.

Flatman, on the death of Mr. Pelham Humfries :

For you yourselves, that sing this mournful song,

Alas! e're it be long,

Shall, like *Amintas*, breathless be,

Though more forgotten in the grave than he.

PROLOGUE TO CATO.

VER. 4. Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold.

Jasper Mayne to the memory of Ben Jonson :

That we both safely saw and *liv'd thy scene*.

Ver. 8.

Ver. 8. And foes to virtue wonder'd how they wept.

"The *Pheræan* tyrant, who had never wept over any of
 "those murders he had caused among his own citizens,
 "wept when he saw a tragedy but acted in the theatre.
 "The reason was, his attention was caught here; and
 "he more observed the sufferings of *Hector* and *Andro-*
 "*mache*, than ever he had those of the *Pheræans*, and
 "more impartially; being no otherwise concerned in
 "them but as a common spectator. Upon this occa-
 "sion, the principle of compassion, implanted in human
 "nature, appeared; overcame his habits of cruelty, broke
 "through his petrification, and would shew that it could
 "not be totally eradicated."

Wollaston's Religion of Nature, sect. vi. prop. 17.

Ver. 17. Virtue confess'd in human shape he draws,

What Plato thought, and godlike Cato was:

that is, virtue visibly and substantially exhibited in the
 form of Cato. *Waller* upon Ben Jonson:

But virtue too, as well as vice, is clad

In flesh and blood so well, that Plato had

Beheld, what his high fancy once embrac'd,

Virtue with colours, speech, and motion grac'd.

Prologue to *Dryden's Troilus and Cressida*:

See, my lov'd Britons! see your Shakspeare rise,

An awful ghost confess'd to human eyes.

Compare our poet's *Moral Essays*, i. ver. 179. Indeed,
 the expression itself seems to have been derived from
 Virgil, *Æn.* ii.

Alma parens, confessa deam.

With respect to the notion of Plato, here alluded to by
 our poet, *Cicero* says, *De Off.* i. 5. "*Quæ (honesti forma)*
 "si oculis cerneretur, mirabiles amores, ut ait Plato,
 "excitaret

“excitaret sapientiæ:” The form of virtue, if it were distinguishable by the corporeal eye, would excite, as Plato says, a wonderful love of wisdom.

See Davies’ note on Cic. de Finn. ii. 16.

Ver. 22. And greatly falling with a falling state.

Dryden, on the death of the Earl of Dundee :

Farewell ! who dying did’st support the state,
And could’st not fall but with thy country’s fate.

Ver. 31. As her dead father’s rev’rend image past.

Dryden, Virg. *Æn.* vi. 171. of the father of *Æneas* :

Oft, since he breath’d his last, in dead of night,
His rev’rend image stood before my sight.

Ver. 44. Be justly warm’d with your own native rage.

Thus *Drayton*, speaking of *Shakspeare* :

As strong conception, and as clear a *rage*
As any one that traffick’d with the stage.

Thus also *Gray* :

Chill Penury reprefs’d their noble *rage*. S.

Rage is empassion’d fancy, poetic fury, enthusiastic rapture. *Cicero*, de *Divin.* i. 37. Negat enim sine furore Democritus quenquam poëtam magnum esse posse : quod idem dicit Plato. “For Democritus contends, (and “Plato coincides with his opinion) that no poet can be “great without a degree of *phrenzy*.” And this sense of the term *rage* is very common in English poetry.

Ver. 46. As Cato’s self had not disdain’d to hear.

Hence *Martial*, *Epig.* ix. 29. in an epitaph on *Latinus*, makes that celebrated actor say thus of himself, in allusion to the story of Cato’s quitting the theatre, more clearly intimated by the same poet in his epistle prefixed to the first book of epigrams :

Qui spectatorem potui fecisse Catonem :
Me, whom e'en Cato had not blush'd to view.

EPILOGUE TO JANE SHORE.

VER. 30. Stern Cato's self was no relentless spouse.

Cato of Utica : and concerning this transfer of his wife, the reader may consult also the scholiast and commentators on *Lucan*, ii. 339.

ELOISA TO ABELARD.

A very different, and, I apprehend, a much more authentic story, than that which our poet followed, is given in *Mr. Berington's* account of *Abeillard* and *Heloisa*. The reader, who wishes a full information of these singular and unfortunate characters, will find a circumstantial detail in that ingenious, but too loquacious, narrative. It seems, however, not improbable to me, that *Pope* might voluntarily deviate from the line of authenticity in pursuit of circumstances, that would enhance the pathos of his poem : particularly in concealing the true character of *Abelard*.

Ver. 8. And Eloisa yet must kiss the name,

Dryden's Don Sebastian :

And when I say, Sebastian, dear Sebastian !

I kiss the name I speak.

Again,

Again, in his Aureng-Zebe :

I that lov'd name did, as some god, invoke,
And printed kisses on it, while I spoke. S.

Ver. 9. Dear fatal name !

See my note on our poet's Iliad, xxii. 422.

Ver. 10. Nor pass these lips in holy silence seal'd.

Milton, in Samson Agonistes, ver. 49.

Under the seal of silence could not keep.

Ver. 12. ——— his lov'd idea— :

that is, a lively representation of his countenance, person,
and gestures, was retained in her mind. Tasso, i. 48.

Her sweet idea wander'd through his thought :

Her shape, her gesture, and her place, in mind

He kept. Fairfax.

Virgil's line, ecl. i.

Quàm nostro illius labatur pectore vultus :

is thus rendered by Ogilby :

E're his idea shall this breast forsake.

Compare Lauderdale at that passage, and our poet at Iliad
xxii. 485.

Ver. 13. O write it not, my hand !—the name appears
Already written.

Claudian, de Nupt. Honor. et Mar. ver. 8.

———quoties incanduit ore

Confessus secreta rubor, nomenque beatum

Injustæ scripsere manus !

Oft o'er her cheek the conscious blush would float ;

Oft his dear name her hand unbidden wrote.

And Mr. White observes, that the thought is derived, per-
haps, from Drayton's Heroical Epistle of Rosamond to

Henry ;

Henry; for it appears from *Pope's* letters that he had read *Drayton*:

My hapless name with Henric's name I found—

Then do I strive to *wash it out with tears*,

But then the same more evident *appears*.

Compare too with the first of the lines, *verr. 30. 33.*

Ver. 18. Repentant sighs, and voluntary pains.

Rocheſter's Satyr againſt Mankind:

With *voluntary pains* works his diſtreſs.

Ver. 19. Ye rugged rocks! which holy knees have worn.

An immoderate exaggeration! the late erection of the building could have allowed no time for this effect in ſuch a ſequeſtered place. See the note on *ver. 142.*

Ver. 21. Shrines, where their vigils pale-ey'd virgins keep,
And pitying ſaints, whoſe ſtatues learn to weep.

A puerile conceit, from the dew, which runs down ſtone and metals in damp weather. *Virgil, Geo. i. 480.*

Et mœſtum illacrimat templis ebur, æraque ſudant:

The *weeping ſtatues* did the wars foretell,

And holy ſweat from brazen idols fell.

A ſuſpected poem of *Duke Wharton's* on the fear of death:

Where feeble tapers ſhed a gloomy ray,

And *ſtatues* *pity feign*;

Where *pale-ey'd* griefs *their waſting vigils keep*.

Ver. 25. Much improved from the original verſe of the firſt edition:

Heav'n claims me *all* in vain, *while* he has part.

Ver. 26. Still rebel nature holds out half my heart.

Sedley, to a devout young gentlewoman:

Phillis, this early zeal aſſuage:

You overact your part:

The martyrs, at your tender age,
Gave heaven but half their heart.

Ver. 28. Nor tears for ages taught to flow in vain.

An obscure line. If the meaning be, that, "from the
"first establishment of monastic institutions, their soli-
"tude and rigid discipline have been unable to controul
"the power of nature," the remark is not sufficiently
pertinent and appropriate: and, if the term *for ages* be an
exaggeration similar to the *univorsum triduum* of the
lover in the comedy, it seems too forced and affected for
the occasion.

! Ver. 35. Line after line my gushing eyes o'erflow.

She says in her first letter: *Quæ cum siccis oculis ne-
minem vel legere vel audire posse æstimem*: "Which, I
"should think, none, *with dry eyes*, could read or hear."

Ver. 36. Led through a sad variety of woe.

Dryden's State of Innocence, at the beginning:

In liquid burnings, or on dry, to dwell,

Is all the *sad variety* of hell:

which passage Mr. *Steevens* also pointed out.

Ver. 37. Now warm in love, now withering in my bloom.

The original verse in *Chaucer* is more pathetic than either
line of his illustrious imitators:

Now with his love, now in his coldè grave. W.

Ver. 41. Yet write, oh write me all, that I may join
Griefs to thy griefs, and echo sighs to thine.

Mrs. *Rowe's* elegy on the death of her husband:

And all, that knew the charming youth, will join
Their friendly sighs and pious tears to mine.

Ver. 45. Tears still are mine, and those I need not spare.

Dryden, in his *Abfalom* and *Achitophel* :

Take then my tears : (with that he wip'd his eyes)

'Tis all the aid my present power supplies.

Ver. 49. Then share thy pain—

She says in her first letter : “*Ancillulas ipsius et tuas de
his, in quibus adhuc fluctuas, naufragiis certificare dig-
neris ; ut nos saltèm, quæ tibi solæ remansimus, doloris
vel gaudii participes habeas.*”

Ver. 58. And waft a sigh from Indus to the pole.

Otway's translation of *Phædra* to *Hippolytus* :

Thus secrets safe to farthest shores may move :

By letters foes converse, and learn to love.

Ver. 62. Some emanation of th' all-beauteous mind :

that is, the Divinity himself, denominated in the *Essay on Man*, ii. 24. in conformity to the same Platonic speculation,

——the first good, first perfect, and first fair :
where see my remark.

Ver. 66. And truths divine came mended from that
tongue.

Mrs. Rowe's elegy :

For he could talk—'Twas extacy to hear ;

'Twas joy ! 'twas harmony to every ear.

Eternal music dwelt upon his tongue,

Soft and transporting as the Muses' song.

Ver. 62. Back through the paths of pleasing sense I ran,
Nor wish'd an angel whom I lov'd a man.

“Thy holy precepts and the sanctity of thy character
“had made me conceive of thee as of a being more ve-
“nerable than man, and approaching the nature of su-

“perior existences. But thy personal allurements soon
 “inspired those tender feelings, which gradually con-
 “ducted me from a *veneration* of the *angel* to a less pure
 “and dignified sensation, *love* for the *man*.” I esteem
 this paragraph, so happily descriptive of a most delicate
 operation of the mind, among the very noblest efforts of
 English poetry.

Ver. 75. Love, free as air, at sight of human ties,
 Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.

So in *Dryden's Aureng-Zebe* :

'Tis true, of marriage bands I'm weary grown,
Love scorns all ties but those that are his own. S.

Ver. 87. Not Cæsar's empress would I deign to prove.

This is the paltry stile of an inferior writer. So, to give
 a single instance, Mrs. *Wharton* in her *Penelope* to
Ulysses :

The homely duties of a wife I *prove*,

But never knew to fix a wand'ring love.

The thoughts themselves are in *Heloisa's* first letter :

“Si me *Augustus*, universo præsidens mundo, matrimonii
 “honore dignaretur, charius mihi et dignius videretur,
 “tua dici meretrix, quàm illius imperatrix.—Et si uxoris
 “nomen sanctius et validius videtur, dulcius mihi semper
 “extitit amicæ vocabulum; aut, si non indigneris, con-
 “cubinæ, vel scorti.”

Ver. 99. Alas! how chang'd! what sudden horrors rise!

A naked lover bound and bleeding lies.

Mrs. *Rowe*, in her elegy, with equal sensibility :

The smiling vision takes its hasty flight,
 And scenes of horror swim before my sight :
 Grief and despair in all their terrors rise ;
A dying lover pale and gasping lies !

Ver. 100.

Ver. 100. Then came originally the following couplet:

Cut from the roots my perish'd joys I see,
And love's warm tide for ever stopp'd in thee.

Ver. 104. The crime was common, common be the pain.
Like a verse of *Drummond's* under his article in the *Biographia*; as Mr. *Steevens* also observed:

The grief was common, common were the cries.

And, says Mr. *White*, careless readers may misapprehend the sense. Pain here means *punishment*, *pœna*.

Ver. 106. Let tears and burning blushes speak the rest.

Lady Montague's Eclogue, Wednesday:

When I with *burning blushes* own I love.

Eusden's translation of *Musæus*:

And sighs and dying murmurs told the rest.

Creech's *Lucretia*, from *Ovid's* *Fast.* ii.

—————her *blushes* spoke the rest.

Mrs. *Behn's* version of *Cœnone* to Paris:

Whilst sighs, and looks all dying, spoke the rest.

Let me be permitted to quote here Mrs. *Cockburn's* most beautiful and tender sonnet, entitled *Caution*, for the admonition of "all that cheers and softens life," my readers of the fair sex:

I.

Soft kisses may be innocent;
But ah! too easy maid! beware,
Though that is all thy kindness meant,
'Tis Love's delusive, fatal snare.

II.

No virgin e'er at first design'd
Through all the maze of love to stray:
But each new path allures her mind;
'Till, wand'ring on, she lose her way.

III.

'Tis easy, e'er set out, to stay;
 But who the useful art can teach,
 When sliding down a slippery way,
 To stop before the end we reach?

IV.

Keep ever something in thy power,
 Beyond what would thy honour stain:
 He will not dare to aim at more,
 Who for small favors sighs in vain.

Ver. 122. Still drink delicious poison from thy eye.

Concanen's Match at Football, Canto iii.

Till once our leader chanc'd the nymph to spy,
 And drank in poison from her lovely eye.

Lady Montague's Eclogue, Tuesday:

Drinking delicious poison from her face,

Ogilby, Virg. Æn. iv.

Desires to hear Troy's war once more, then sips
 Again sweet poyson from th' inchanter's lips.

Mr. Steevens quotes Shakspeare's Anthony and Cleopatra,
 Act i. Scene 5.

————— Now I feed myself
 With most delicious poison.

Ver. 129. Ah! think at least thy flock deserves thy care;
 Plants of thy hand, and children of thy pray'r.

"If thou can'st forget me, think at least upon thy flock."
 To her for five long years he had not written a single
 line. *Berington's History*, p. 213. The simile itself is
 found in her first letter: "Tua itaque, verè tua, hæc est
 "proprie novella plantatio; cujus adhuc teneris maximè
 "plantis frequens, ut proficiant, necessaria est irrigatio"

Ver. 132,

Ver. 132. By thee to mountains, wilds, and deserts led.

You rais'd these hallow'd walls.

"It was a small sequestered vale, says Mr. *Berington*,
"surrounded by a wood, not far distant from Nogent sur
"Seine; and a rivulet ran near its side. It did not ap-
"pear, that the foot of any mortal had hitherto disturbed
"its solitude."

As the word *wild* recurs in ver. 134, and for variety,
our poet should have written:

By thee to mountains, *woods*, and deserts led.

Again Mr. *Berington*. "Without loss of time, *Abeillard*
"then and his companion planned the new building, and
"with the same hands began to erect it. Having com-
"pleted what they called their oratory, they constructed
"a second building, which was to be their own dwelling."
She says in her first letter: In *ipsis cubilibus ferarum*, in
ipsis latibulis latronum, *divinum erexisti tabernaculum*:
"You erected the divine tabernacle in the very dens of
wild beasts, and the lurking places of robbers."

Ver. 136. Our shrines irradiate, or emblaze the floors.

Milton's Comus, ver. 732.

————— th' unsought diamonds

Would so *imblaze* the forehead of the deep.

Rowe's Lucan, ix. 884.

Yet no proud domes are rais'd, no gems are seen

To *blaze* upon his *shrines* with costly *shewn*;

But plain and poor—

"Nihil ad hoc ædificandum ex regum vel principum
"opibus intulisti, cum plurima posses et maxima; ut
"quicquid fieret, tibi soli posset ascribi." *Heloïsa's* first
letter.

Ver. 140. And only vocal with the maker's praise.

That is, "only *one* founder and benefactor was cele-

"brated in their hymns of praise and gratitude; and that
"founder and benefactor was yourself."

Ver. 143. Where awful arches make a noon-day night,
And the dim windows shed a solemn light.

A fine passage, worthy of comparison with this, occurs
in an anonymous copy of verses, vol. ii. p. 256. of *Dry-*
den's Miscellanies:

He came, and saw; but 'twas by such a light
As scarce distinguish'd day from night;
Such as in thick-grown shades is found,
When here and there a piercing beam
Scatters faint-spangled sunshine on the ground,
And casts about a melancholy gleam.

Ver. 146. And gleams of glory brighten'd all the day.

Mrs. *Rowe* on the Creation:

And kindling glories brighten all the skies.
In whose Pastoral the following couplet,
Let us beneath these gentle shades recite
What *Love* and what the rural *Muse* indite;
was contemplated by our poet, at Pastoral i. 18.
Two swains, whom Love kept wakeful and the Muse.

Ver. 153. Ah! let thy handmaid, sister, daughter, move,
And all those tender names in one, thy love.

The superscription of her first letter runs thus:
"Domino suo, imò patri; conjugi suo, imò fratri;
"ancilla sua, imò filia; ipsius uxor, imò soror; Abælardo
"Heloisa."

Our poet is indebted also to a translation of the Vir-
gilian Cento of Ausonius, in *Dryden's Miscellanies*, vi.
p. 143.

————— My love! my life!
And every tender name in one, my wife!

Ver. 157.

Ver. 157. The wand'ring streams that shine between the hills.

So Chapman, Iliad vi. 4.

Betwixt the floods of Symois, and Xanthus, that confin'd
All their affaires at Ilion, and round about them shin'd.
"The little river Ardusson glittered along the valley of
"the Paraclete." Annual Register, for 1768, p. 173.

Ver. 166. A death-like silence, and a dread repose.

Dryden's Astræa Redux:

A dreadful quiet felt.

Ver. 167. Her gloomy prefence saddens all the scene,
Shades ev'ry flow'r, and darkens ev'ry green.

Much after the same manner Fenton in his version of
Sappho to Phaon:

With him the caves were cool, the grove was green;
But now his absence withers all the scene.

Ver. 170. And breathes a browner horror on the woods.

Dryden's Theodore and Honoria:

With deeper brown the grove was overspread. S.
And in his Æneid, vii. 40.

The Trojan, from the main, beheld a wood,
Which thick with shades and a brown horror flood.

Paradise Lost, iv. 245.

———— the unpierc'd shade

Imbrown'd the noon-tide bow'rs:

where the sublime bard had in his eye a passage of Statius,
Theb. x. 85. and compare Fenton, Odyss. xix. 514.

———— nulli penetrabilis astro

Lucus iners:

A grove, whose shades profound no star could pierce.

Ver. 172. Sad proof how well a lover can obey!

This

This is the truly pathetic language of despondency ! In allusion to this sacrifice of herself to the horrors of a convent at his will, she says in her first letter: Solus es, qui plurimum mihi debeas, et tunc maximè, cùm universa, quæ jufferis, in tantum impleverim, ut meipsam pro jussu tuo perdere sustinerem. " You are of all mankind most abundantly indebted to me ; and particularly " for that proof of absolute submission to your commands, in thus destroying myself at your injunction."

Ver. 182. Love finds an altar for forbidden fires.

The repetition of the syllable *for* is uncommonly unacceptable to the ear. The verse, I think, would be in other respects improved also by writing,

Love finds an altar for *unhallow'd* fires.

Ver. 183. I ought to grieve, but cannot what I ought,
I mourn the lover, not lament the fault.

This couplet and it's wretched rhymes seem derived from an elegy of *Walsh* in *Dryden's* Miscellanies :

I know *I ought* to hate you for *the fault* ;
But oh ! I cannot do the thing I ought.

Ver. 186. I view my crime, but kindle at the view ;
Repent old pleasures, and solicit new.

Dryden, in his *Don Sebastian* :

For gazing thus *I kindle at thy sight* :—

——— when I behold those beauteous eyes,

Repentance lags, and Sin comes hurrying on. S.

From her letters: " Quæ cùm ingemiscere debeam de
" commissis, suspiro potiùs de amissis."

Ver. 192. And love th' offender, yet detest th' offence.

Walsh.

Walsh, in the same Elegy :

I must not love, and yet I cannot hate—

I hate the actions, but I love the face.

And the thoughts of this passage in general are from *Heloisa's* letters. “*Magis Deum ex indignatione offendendo, quàm ex pœnitentiæ satisfactione mitigo. Quomodo enim pœnitentia peccatorum dicitur, quantacunque sit corporis afflictio, si mens adhuc ipsam peccandi retinet voluntatem, et pristinis æstuat desideriis?*”

Ver. 212. The reader will be pleased with *Crashaw's* entire couplet in his “Description of a religious house and condition of life :

A hasty portion of prescribed sleep ;

Obedient slumbers that can wake and weep.

Ver. 216. And whisp'ring angels prompt her golden dreams.

In this divine passage his masterly pencil transferred some touches from *Milton's Comus*, ver. 453.

So dear to Heav'n is faintly *chastity*,

That, when a soul is found sincerely so,

A thousand liveried *angels* lacky her,

Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,

And in clear *dream*, and solemn vision,

Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear.

Ver. 220. For her white virgins hymenæals sing.

Milton, in *Lycidas*, ver. 176.

And hears the unexpressive nuptial song.

Ver. 222. And melts in visions of eternal day.

The *beatific vision* of *theologians*. And our author profited here also, I think, from a passage of equal rapture in the *Penferoso* :

There

There let *the pealing organ* blow
 To the *full-voic'd quire* below,
 In service high and *anthems clear* ;
 As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into extasies,
 And bring all heav'n before mine eyes.
 So too *Dryden*, in the State of Innocence, A& i. Scene 1.
 And all *dissolv'd in Hallelujahs* lie.
 And at the end of the same drama :
 Still quitting ground by unperceiv'd decay,
 And steal myself from life, and *melt away*.
 As our poet in his Ode on Solitude :
Steal from the world, and not a stone
 Tell where I lie.

Ver. 225. When, at the close of each sad, sorrowing day,
 Fancy restores what vengeance snatch'd away.

He has wrought up the same sentiment in his Sappho to
 Phaon, with an elegance and simplicity that nothing can
 exceed :

Oh ! night more pleasing than the brightest day,
 When fancy gives what absence takes away ;
 And dress'd in all its visionary charms,
 Restores my fair deserter to my arms.

Ver. 230. How glowing guilt exalts the keen delight.

So *Dryden's* version of Canace to Macareus :

Then with tumultuous joys my heart did beat,
And guilt, that made them anxious, made them great. S.

Ver. 238. I stretch my empty arms : it glides away

————— he was gone.

In vain I sought my soul's belov'd :

I call'd him ; O too far remov'd. *Sandys. S.*

Ver. 248.

Ver. 248. And wake to all the griefs I left behind.

Philips, in the *Splendid Shilling*, had treated the same thought with admirable humour and vivacity :

But, if a slumber haply does invade

My weary limbs, my fancy's still awake,

Thoughtful of drink ; and eager, in a dream,

Tipples imaginary pots of ale ;

In vain : awake I find the settled thirst

Still gnawing, and the pleasing phantom curse.

Ver. 253. Still as the sea ere winds were taught to blow,

Or moving spirit bade the waters flow :

Soft as the slumbers of a faint forgiv'n,

And mild as opening gleams of promis'd heav'n.

A fine improvement on a passage in *Sir William Davenant's* Address to the Queen :

Smooth as the face of waters first appear'd,

Ere tides began to strive, or winds were heard ;

Kind as the willing saints, and calmer far

Than in their sleeps forgiven hermits are.

Ver. 258. The torch of Venus burns not for the dead ;

as in the case of the lamp for the entombed vestal, in ver. 264.

Ver. 263. This passage glows with an impassioned sublimity, that beggars all panegyric. The original says,

"Quocunque loco me vertam, amantium voluptates

"dulces semper se oculis meis cum suis ingerunt desi-

"deriis. Inter ipsa Missarum solemnia, ubi purior esse

"debet oratio, obscœna earum voluptatum phantasmata

"itâ sibi penitus miserrimam captivant animam, ut tur-

"pitudinibus illis magis quàm orationi vacem."

Ver. 269. Thy voice I seem in every hymn to hear.

There

There is great propriety in this association, because she had told us before, ver. 65, that "Heav'n listen'd while
"he sung."

Ver. 270. With every bead I drop too soft a tear.

Both the image and the expression are alike incapable of improvement. In the same spirit Mrs. Rowe's Elegy:

And love still mingled with my piety.

But the peculiar ornament of our poet's verse seems borrowed from Sedley's verses on *Don Alonzo*:

The gentle nymph, long since design'd

For the proud Monsieur's bed,

Now to a holy jayle confin'd

Drops tears with every bead.

Ver. 271 — clouds of fragrance:

Sabæis nubibus: *Statius*, Silv. iv. 8. 2.

And the whole passage, both in phrase and imagery, is indebted to one in *Crafshaw*, suggested by Mr. Steevens:

Does thy *song* lull the air?

Thy tears' just cadence still keeps time:

Does thy sweet breath'd pray'r

Up in *clouds of incense* climb?

Still at each *sigh*, that is each stop,

A bead, that is a tear, doth drop. p. 4.

Ver. 272. And swelling organs lift the rising soul.

The word *rising* with *lift* seems inefficient and superfluous. Thus?

And swelling organs lift th' *enraptur'd* soul.

Ver. 274. Priests, tapers, temples, swim before my sight.

Dryden's *Tyrannick Love*:

Porphyrius, do not *swim before my sight*.

In

In his Virgil too, *Æn.* xi.

Acca, 'tis past : he *swims before my sight*,

Inexorable Death. S.

And Mrs. *Rowe*, in the Elegy quoted above :

And scenes of horror *swim before my sight*.

Ver. 284. Blot out each bright idea of the skies.

The term *blot out* does not suit well with the action of the eyes : some word is required, which at least will not disagree with the extinction of faint splendours by superior illumination. He might have written with less exception,

Efface each bright idea of the skies.

Fenton's translation of Sappho to Phaon :

Thus in my dreams the *bright ideas* play.

Ver. 289. No, fly me, fly me, far as pole from pole ;

Rise Alps between us ! and whole oceans roll !

A couplet exalted to sublimity from the materials of *Hopkins* in *Dryden's* Miscellanies, v. p. 31.

Forbid me, banish me your charming sight ;

Shut from my view those eyes that shine so bright ;

Shut your dear image from my dreams by night.

Drive 'em somewhere, as *far as pole from pole* ;

Let winds *between us* rage, and waters roll.

Ver. 297. ——— oh Virtue heav'nly fair !

Sandy's Ovid's Met. ii.

Gray Doris, and her daughters *heavenly-faire*.

And the whole passage, a glorious union of religious sanctity and poetical inspiration ! seems adumbrated, but with the glowing colours of a native imagination, from *Milton's* Comus, ver. 213.

O welcome

O welcome pure-ey'd *Faith*, white-handed *Hope*,
 Thou hovering Angel girt with golden wings :
 And thou unblemish'd form of Chastity.

Ver. 303. See in her cell sad *Eloïsa* spread,
 Propt on some tomb, a neighbour of the dead.

"It should be *near* her cell. The doors of all cells open
 "into the common cloister. In that cloister are often
 "tombs ; and she may well be supposed to have quitted
 "her cell (more especially in that warm part of *France*),
 "for air, change of place, and refreshment." Annual
 Register for 1768.

And Mr. *Steevens* observes as follows :

This is false imagery. Mr. *Pope* was never abroad.
 The cell of a nun, which is extremely narrow, could
 possibly admit of no tomb to lean upon ; and, though the
 door of her little apartment might have opened into the
 cloister, Paraclete had been too recently founded for
 monuments of the dead to be expected there. If, how-
 ever, she be supposed to have had such a melancholy ob-
 ject in view (as well as the *expiring lamps* she afterwards
 talks of) she must have left her door open.

Ver. 309. Come, sister, come ! (it said, or seem'd to say).

Fenton's translation of Sappho to Phaon :

Here, while by sorrow lull'd asleep I lay,
 Thus said the guardian nymph, or seem'd to say.

Ver. 313. But all is calm in this eternal sleep.

This is chiefly taken from *Dryden's* version of the latter
 part of the third book of *Lucretius* ; a portion of that
 great poet's works, unhappily omitted through inatten-
 tion in *Johnson's* Collection of English Poetry :

No ghosts, no goblins, that still passage keep;
But all is there serene, in that eternal sleep.

Ver. 317. The verse stood in the first edition with this variation:

I come, *ye ghosts!* prepare your roseate bowers.
 The lines of *Dryden*, lately imitated, were still in his remembrance.

Ver. 321. Thou, Abelard! the last sad office pay.

Ogilby, Virg. *Æn.* xi.

Mean time in earth our friends departed lay,
 And to the dead our *last sad duties* pay.

Ver. 322. And smoothe my passage to the realms of day.

Dryden's Virgil, *Æn.* iii. 693.

And smoothe our passage to the port assign'd.

Ver. 324. Suck my last breath, and catch my flying soul.
 So in the Sonnet of Dr. Thomas *Lodge*, Poetical Register, ii. p. 91.

If I must die, O let me chuse my death!

Suck out my soul with kisses, cruel maid!

Dryden's Virgil, *Æn.* iv. 984.

———— while I in death

Lay close my lips to her's, and catch the flying breath:
 and in his *Cleomenes*, the end of Act iv.

———— sucking in each other's latest breath.

This last passage is quoted also by Mr. *Steevens*, who adds *Shakspeare*, K. Hen. VI. Part 2.

To have thee with thy lips to stop my mouth,

So should'st thou either turn *my flying soul*—:
 and *Dryden's* Don Sebastian:

Sucking each other's souls while we expire.

Ver. 328. Teach me at once, and learn of me to die.

Mr. Rowe's Ode to Delia :

When e'er it comes, may'st thou be by,
Support my sinking frame, *and teach me how to die.*

Ver. 335. O Death all-eloquent ! you only prove
What dust we dote on, when 'tis man we love.

Crafhaw, p. 96. on Mr. *Starrinough's* death.

All daring dust and ashes ! only you
Of all interpreters read Nature true.

Ver. 341. From op'ning skies may streaming glories shine.
I wonder, that he should not have avoided the double
participle in the same verse by writing,
From op'ning skies may *streams* of glory shine.

Ver. 342. And faints embrace thee with a love like mine.
Hence Dr. *Johnson* formed his last verse on Philips the
musician, in *Boswell* i. p. 126. 8vo.

Sleep, undisturb'd, within this peaceful shrine,
'Till Angels wake thee with a note like thine.

Ver. 343. May one kind grave unite each hapless name.

He had made this request in a letter to her : " Cadaver,
" obsecro, nostrum ad cœmeterium vestrum deferri fa-
" ciatis."—" When she saw her end approaching, she
" turned to her sisters, who stood weeping round her,
" exhorted them to submission, and to the practice of
" every Christian virtue ; and then ordered that her body
" should be laid in the tomb by the side of *Abeillard*.
" Soon after she expired. It was on a Sunday, and on
" the seventeenth of May." *Berington*, p. 395.
And " each hapless name"— *Name* for *person*, as in
Revel.

Revel. iii. 4. "Thou hast a few *names* even in Sardis;" and elsewhere in the *Scriptures*.

Ver. 348. To Paraclete's white walls and silver springs.

"Now, in solemn ceremony, *Abeillard* and his disciples
"assembled. As he had entered (he said) this desert,
"sunk down with care, where the goodness of heaven
"had watched over him, and he had found *comfort*,
"could he more emphatically express his gratitude, than
"by consecrating this more august temple to that per-
"son of the Holy Triad, which more peculiarly is stiled
"the *Comforter*? We will dedicate it, said he, to the
"Paraclete." *Berington*.

Ver. 350. And drink the falling tears each other sheds:

Dryden, in his translation of Canace to Macareus:

With inward struggling I restrain'd my cries,
And drunk the tears that trickled from my eyes.

Ver. 354. And swell the pomp of dreadful sacrifice.

Dryden's Iliad:

With *sacrifice*, and gifts, and all the pomp of pray'r.

Mr. *Steevens* remarks: *Dreadful sacrifice* is the ritual term. So in the History of Loretto, 1608. ch. 20. p. 278.

"The priest, who (as the use is) assisted the cardinal in
"time of the *dreadful sacrifice*, thinking it to be some
"ordinary dove come thither by chance, assaied to drive
"her way," &c.

Ver. 355. Amid that scene, if some relenting eye—

"In the course of six hundred years, in the different
"changes, which the repair of buildings and other events
"have introduced, care has been taken not to separate
I 2 "their

“ their dust. In 1497, the tomb was moved, and again
 “ in 1630; when the bones of the lovers, if so they
 “ may be called, were found entire. They were di-
 “ stinguished by their size.” *Berington*, p. 396. But
 this ill agrees with the account in the *Annual Register* :
 “ The bodies are still entire, and deposited in a nich of
 “ the abacial vault; but, as it was by torch-light, I could
 “ ill remark more, than that *Eloisa* appeared much taller
 “ than *Abelard*. A small plinth of brick, or stone, pre-
 “ served them from being trampled on.”

Ver. 357. Devotion's self shall steal a thought from
 heaven.

A verse, illustrative of the sentiment in ver. 69.

Back through the paths of pleasing sense I ran.

Ver. 366. He best can paint 'em, who shall feel 'em most.

An echo to the concluding verse of *Addison's Campaign* :

And those, who paint 'em truest, praise 'em most.

In the year 1779, a *Latin* inscription was engraven on a
 marble stone to the memory of these lovers; of which
 take the following translation by Mr. *Berington* :

Here

Under the same stone repose

Peter Abeillard, the Founder,

And Heloisa, the first Abbess

Of this monastery.

Alike in disposition and in love,

They were once united in the same pursuits,

The same fatal marriage and the same repentance :

And now, in eternal happiness,

We trust they are not divided.

Peter Abeillard died the twenty-first of April, 1142 :

And *Heloisa* the seventeenth of May, 1163.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE TO ADDISON.

VER. 18. And give to Titus old Vespasian's due.

This is particularly proper, because the inscriptions to the honour of these emperors have great similarity, unless my memory fails me. B.

Ver. 37. ————— that the green endears:

called by Scriblerus, *Memoirs*, chap. iii. "The venerable *verdure* of so many ages:" in which chapter the reader may find more particulars of the *shield* mentioned below in ver. 41.

Ver. 38. The sacred rust of twice ten hundred years.

So in *Dryden's Indian Queen*:

You twice ten hundred deities.

Ver. 44. Sighs for an Otho, and neglects his bride.

Mr. *Bramston*, in his *Man of Taste*:

'Tis equal to her ladyship and me,

A copper Otho, or a Scotch baubec.

EPISTLE TO LORD OXFORD.

Ver. 1. Such were the notes thy once-lov'd poet sung,
Till death untimely stopp'd his tuneful tongue.

This couplet is formed from the introductory verses of
J. Talbot on the death of Waller :

*Such were the last, the sweetest notes, that hung
Upon our dying swan's melodious tongue.*

TO MR. JERVAS.

VER. 17. How oft in pleasing tasks we wear the day,
While summer suns roll unperceiv'd away.

A fine couplet ; and the latter verse truly magnificent.
So *Ovid*, Pont. ii. 4. 11. very beautifully, as on every
occasion :

Sæpe citæ longis visæ sermonibus horæ ;

Sæpè fuit brevior, quàm mea verba, dies.

Swift o'er our social hour flew Summer's sun ;

Nor ceast sweet converse, when his race was run.

And again, x. 10. 37.

Sæpè dies sermone minor fuit ; inque loquendum

Tarda per æstivos defuit hora dies.

Oft as we joy'd, in social converse met,

Night unawares came on ; a Summer's sun was set !

And Mr. *White* observes, that the phrase *wear the day* is
a Latinism. So Terence, Hec. v. 3. 17. *Totum hunc
contrivi diem.*

Ver. 39. How finish'd with illustrious toil appears

This small, well-polished gem, the work of years !

Dryden, in his *Religio Laici* :

Witness this weighty book, in which *appears*

The crabbed toil of many thoughtful years.

Ver. 48.

Ver. 48. Those tears eternal, that embalm the dead.

The word *embalm* is peculiarly happy in connection with *tears* on this occasion. *Balsamic* gums, and other exudations from trees, the principal materials employed by the ancients in their *embalments*, were called the *tears* of trees by the writers of antiquity. See the note on Pastoral i. ver. 62. Cowley in his *Davideis* i. 753. has an excellent couplet, worthy of appearing here :

Of men and ages past Seraiah read ;

Embalm'd in long-liv'd history the dead.

The epitaph on *Felton*, hanged in chains for murdering the old Duke of Buckingham, written by the late Duke :

His flesh, which oft the charitable skies

Imbalm with tears.

EPISTLE TO MISS BLOUNT.

VER. 12. Chearful, he play'd the trifle, life, away.

Dryden's Don Sebastian :

To make the *trifle*, death, a thing of moment ! S.

The following is a version, from a periodical publication, of an epitaph on *Voiture*, said to have been written by himself :

Gaily I liv'd, as ease and nature taught,

And spent my little all without a thought ;

And was amaz'd how Death, that tyrant grim,

Could think of me, who never thought of him.

Ver. 13. This couplet appears in the *Miscellanies* thus :

'Till death scarce felt did o'er his pleasures creep,

As smiling infants sport themselves to sleep.

The change was made with a view of banishing the expletive *did* in the former verse; which, however, keeps it's station, as at first, in ver. 9. of this poem.

Ver. 14. As smiling infants sport themselves to rest.

Dryden's All for Love:

As harmless infants moan themselves asleep. S.

Ver. 16. And the gay mourn'd, who never mourn'd before.

Shak speare's Taming of the Shrew:

And how she pray'd, that never pray'd before. S.

Ver. 53. ——— the ring——:

I presume *Hyde Park Circus*, Rape of the Lock, iv. 117. often mentioned under this term in our poet's works.

Ver. 72. ——— and their flame still warm.

So *Gray*, in his Elegy:

E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

In the address to this lady on her birth-day, that beautiful line at the conclusion,

Peaceful, sleep out the sabbath of the tomb,
may be compared with one in *Hudibras*, iii. 1. 1349.

Night is the *sabbath* of mankind,

To rest the body and the mind.

VERSES TO MR. THOMAS SOUTHERN.

VER. 18. Digest his thirty-thousandth dinner.

I have before called the attention of the reader to this lively method of apparent exaggeration in our poet, who
is

is uncommonly dextrous and successful in this respect. See the note on the Epistle to Mr. Addison, ver. 38. I shall make some farther remarks on a very fine instance of this kind in his Prologue to the Satires, ver. 375. *Southern* enjoyed a felicity beyond the wish of *Pope*, and lived to eat (if not to digest so many) about thirteen hundred dinners more than the number desired for him; having died May 26, 1746, in the 86th year of his age.

Ver. 19. Walk to his grave without reproach,

And scorn a rascal and a coach.

Our poet, I presume, must have written in his copy to the printer,

And scorn a rascal in a coach :

not only because the sentiment seems to require this correction, but because he appears to imitate *Dryden* in this place, at his Art of Poetry, Canto ii.

Protected humble goodness from reproach,

Shew'd worth on foot, and rascals in the coach.

VERSES TO MR. JOHN MOORE.

VER. 5. Man is a very worm by birth.

Captain *Radcliffe*, in *Dryden's* Miscellanies :

And what then? *Man's a worm* : these we glow-worms
may name :

For, as they're dark of body, have tails all of flame :
as our poet just below, ver, 15.

The nymph, whose tail is all on flame,

Is aptly term'd a glow-worm.

Ver. 12.

Ver. 12. That ancient worm the devil.
So called, because elsewhere stiled an old *serpent*. Macbeth, Act iii. Scene 4.

There the grown *serpent* lies: the *worm*, that's fled,
Hath nature, that in time will venom breed.
Milton, *Paradise Lost*, ix. 1068.

O Eve, in evil hour thou did'st give ear
To that false *worm*, of whomsoever taught
To counterfeit man's voice.
Cowley, in his *Davideis*, i. 306. where Envy is represented as assailing the breast of Saul:

————— With that she takes
One of herworst, her best-beloved *snakes*:
"Softly, dear *Worm*! soft and unseen," said she,
"Into his bosom steal."

V E R S E S

ON HIS

GROTTO AT TWICKENHAM.

Dr. *Borlase*, the celebrated Cornish antiquary, furnished our author with the greatest part of the materials for this grotto: and the *doctor's* name, composed of crystals, may be seen in it. On this occasion, *Pope* says in a letter to his benefactor: "I am much obliged to you for your valuable collection of *Cornish* diamonds. I have placed "them, where they may best represent yourself, in a "shade, but *shining*:" alluding to the obscurity of Dr. *Borlase's* situation, and the brilliancy of his talents. *Biographia Britannica*, article *Borlase*.

VER. 1. Thou, who shalt stop, where Thames' translucent wave

Shines a broad mirror through the shadowy cave:
from *Milton*, in his *Comus*, ver. 861.

Sabrina fair!

Listen where thou art sitting
Under the glassy, cool, *translucent wave*.

ON TWO LOVERS, KILLED AT HARVEST-WORK BY LIGHTNING.

VER. 2. On the same pile the faithful pair expire.

It is remarkable, that neither of the bards, employed on this short poem, should have discovered the absurdity in this line. The husband, in the case of the Eastern custom, is already dead; and is laid on the funeral pile, not to *expire*, but to *consume*. On this subject a friend made the following epigram:

These two faithful lovers, ah! dreadful mishap!
So chaste and so innocent, died of a *clap*!

E P I T A P H S.

EPITAPH I ON CHARLES, EARL OF DORSET.

VER. 5. Yet soft his nature, though severe his lay.

This praise holds eminently true of *Dorset*:

"The best good man with the worst-natur'd Muse,"
is a well known verse, descriptive of his character. And

Burnet

Burnet corroborates this testimony: "Lord Dorset was
 "a generous good-natured man. Never was so much
 "ill nature in a pen as in his, joined with so much good
 "nature as was in himself, even to excess: for he was
 "against all punishing, even of malefactors," &c. Hist.
 of his own Time, vol. i. p. 264. ed. 1724. W.

Ver. 8. As shew'd, Vice had his hate, and pity too.

Imitated from *Waller*, on the death of Lady Rich:

_____ her look and mind

At once were lofty, and at once were kind.

There dwelt the scorn of Vice, and pity too.

The second verse may be compared with ver. 82 of
Windfor-Forest, for similarity of structure:

At once the chafer, and at once the prey.

III.

ON THE HONOURABLE SIMON HARCOURT.

VER. 4. Or gave his father grief, but when he died.

This not unpleasing thought resembles a couplet of *Propertius*, iv. 11. 55.

Nec te, dulce caput, mater Scribonia, læsi:

In me mutatum quid, nisi fata, velis?

For blame, my life, dear parent! gave no room:

What could'st thou wish were chang'd, but my un-
 timely doom?

But Mr. *White* remarks as follows: This poor conceit
 was by no means original in *Pope*. "A great prince
 " (says *Reresby* in his *Miscellany*) on the death of his
 " queen, was heard to exclaim, 'Is it possible, that she
 " should be dead, and that I must lose her for ever? *She*,
 " who

"who never gave me the least trouble beside this of her death." And Hackett, ii. p. 15. quotes from Montfaucon:

LUCIA JULIA PRISCA

Vixit annis xxvi.

Nihil unquam peccavit

Nisi quod mortua est.

And on a stone in St. Mary Magdalen's, Bermondsey, 1694.

Compleat in all but days, resign'd her breath;

Who never disobey'd, but in her death.

Again, Steele says of King William, "A prince, who never did or spoke any thing, that could justly give grief to his people, but when he mentioned his succession to them." See also Spectator, No. 135.

V.

ON ROWE.

VER. 2. And near thy Shakspeare place thy honour'd bust.

Dryden, in his prologue to the Tempest:

So, from old Shakspeare's honour'd dust, this day

Springs up and buds a new-reviving play.

Ver. 9. And blest, that timely from our scene remov'd,

Thy soul enjoys the liberty it lov'd.

This couplet seems to have profited from a very beautiful and pathetic passage in J. Talbot's Dream, occasioned by the death of Lady Seymour. Dryden's Misc. iii. 52.

No longer then these pious sorrows shed,

Nor vainly think thy happy parent dead,

Whose deathless mind, from its weak prison free,

Enjoys in heav'n its native liberty.

The first of these verses resembles one in that unrivalled apostrophe of our poet in his Epistle to Mr. Jervas :

Muse ! at that name thy *sacred sorrows shed.*

VI.

ON MRS. CORBET.

VER. 10. The saint sustain'd it, but the woman dy'd.

This admirable line may have been suggested by one similar in some anonymous verses on the death of the Marquis of Blandford : Dryden's Misc. v. 39.

Tho' raging passions tore her tender mind,
She griev'd as woman, but as saint resign'd.

VIII.

ON SIR GODFREY KNELLER.

VER. 7. Living, great Nature fear'd he might outvie
Her works ; and, dying, fears herself may die.

The turn also in *Spencer's* epitaph, said to be written by himself, is much the same :

Anglica, te vivo, vixit plaussitque poësis ;
Nunc moritura timet, te moriente, mori.

X.

ON MR. ELIJAH FENTON.

VER. 1. This modest stone, what few vain marbles can,
May truly say, Here lies an honest man.

These thoughts are borrowed from *Crashaw's* Epitaph on Mr. Ashton :

The

The *modest* front of this small floor,
 Beleeve me, reader, can say more,
 Than many a braver *marble can*,
Here lies a truly honest man.

Ver. 7. Calmly he look'd on either life, and here
 Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear.

The same sentiment is found in *Martial's* Epigrams, x. 23.

Præteritosque dies, et totos respicit annos ;
 Nec metuit Lethes jam propioris aquas :
 Nulla recordanti lux est ingrata, gravisque ;
 Nulla fuit, cujus non meminisse velit.

Calm he recalls the past ; and, free from fear,
 Views Lethe's flood, deep murm'ring on his ear :
 Each day, each hour, in vision leaves impress'd
 A sweet memorial on his conscious breast.

And it may not be unseasonable to observe, that Dr. *Johnson* in his *Life of Fenton* wrongly asserts him to have left the university without a degree ; as appears both from the list of Cambridge graduates, and the matriculation book of *Jesus-College*, to which he belonged.

XI.

ON MR. GAY.

Ver. 2. In wit, a man ; simplicity, a child.

Fifteen Comforts of Matrimony, 12mo. 1721.

In shape, a man ; but in his wit, a child. S.

Ver. 11. But that the worthy and the good shall say,
 Striking their pensive bosoms, *Here lies Gay.*

This thought is originally in *Crashaw's* Epitaph on Mr. *Herrys* ; as Mr. *Steevens* and Mr. *White* also observed :
 Enough :

Enough : now, if thou canst, pass on :

For now alas ! *not in this stone,*

Passenger ! whoe're thou art,

Is he entomb'd, but in thy heart.

Mr. *White* adds farther : Hackett in his *Epitaphs*, vol. i. p. 193. remarks, however, that he found, in an old collection of Latin and Greek verses on the death of Henry Prince of Wales, two lines which it is not impossible *Pope* had seen :

Angle ! tuum tumulus sit cor, titulus fiet iste :

Henricus princeps mortuus—Hic situs est.

Mr. *White* here observes, that the following epigram, which was printed in *Pope's* own edition of his works, 1738, 12mo. vol. ii. part 2. p. 162. should not have been omitted in a collection of his minor pieces :

I am the prince's dog, at Kew :

Pray tell me, Sir, who's dog are you ?

SAPPHO TO PHAON.

VER. 1. Say, lovely youth, that dost my heart command.

This seems turned from Mrs. *Behn's* translation :

Say, lovely youth, why would'st thou thus betray

My easy faith, and lead my heart away ?

Ver. 9. I burn, I burn, as when through ripen'd corn

By driving winds the spreading flames are borne.

Our poet has not much varied here from the couplet of his predecessor Sir *Carr Scrope* :

I burn, I burn, like kindled fields of corn,

When by the driving winds the flames are borne.

Ver. 13. No more my soul a charm in music finds ;

Music has charms alone for peaceful minds,

Scrope's

Scrope's couplet exceeds this in simplicity, and to my taste, on the whole, is preferable :

My Muse and lute can now no longer please :

They are th' employments of a mind at ease.

Ver. 107. The vows, you never will return, receive ;

And take at least the love you will not give.

Scrope is pleasing here :

Oh ! let me once more see those eyes of thine !

Thy love I ask not : do but suffer mine.

Ver. 149. Then round your neck in wanton wreaths I
twine ;

Then you, methinks, as fondly circle mine.

Here, I presume, he consulted *Fenton's* execution of the passage :

Around my neck thy fond embraces twine ;

Anon, methinks my arms incircle thine.

Ver. 155. But when, with day, the sweet delusions fly,

And all things wake to life and joy, but I,

As if once more forsaken, I complain,

And close my eyes to dream of you again :

Then frantic rise, and like some Fury rove

Thro' lonely plains, and thro' the silent grove.

These thoughts also he has transferred with embellishment into his *Eloisa*, ver. 235.

I wake :—no more I hear, no more I view :

The phantom flies me, as unkind as you—.

To dream once more I close my willing eyes :

Ye soft illusions, dear deceits, arise !

Alas ! no more ! methinks we waking go

Thro' dreary wastes, and weep each other's woe.

Ver. 177. With mournful *Philomel* I join my strain ;

Of *Tereus* she, of *Phaon* I complain.

This is an improvement on *Scrope* :

——— except the *mournful Philomel*.

With hers my dismal notes all night agree :

Of Tereus she complains, and I of thee.

The last verse is, I think, better than *Pope's*.

Ver. 189. There stands a rock, from whose impending
steep

Apollo's fane surveys the rolling deep.

An excellent couplet ! but not without *Fenton's* aid, who falls but little short of equal excellence :

High on whose hoary top an awful *fane*,

To Phœbus rear'd, *surveys* the subject main.

Ver. 207. Ye gentle gales, beneath my body blow ;

And softly lay me on the waves below !

There is an ease and simplicity in these verses, that could not be exceeded : a small acknowledgement, however, must be rendered to *Dryden* in his *Annus Mirabilis*, stanza 304.

A constant trade-wind will securely *blow*,

And gently lay us on the spicy shore.

Indeed the whole epistle, if we except a few inaccuracies of expression, and the want of that complete polish in the versification, the result of his improved taste and maturer judgement, is far superior to any translation of its kind in our language : and shews him as equal to the unaffected graces of *Ovidian* passion, as to the terrible sublimity of *Homer's* battles. See particularly ver. 214—218. and ver. 228—232.

Ver. 224. Ah ! canst thou rather see this tender breast

Dash'd on these rocks than to thy bosom prest ?

A slight adjustment of *Fenton's* couplet, with amendment :

Or

Or hadst thou rather see this tender breast
Bruis'd on the cliff, than close to Phaon's press?

Ver. 236. My Phaon's fled, and I those arts resign.

The clumsiness of this line were easily removed, thus:

My Phaon fled, those arts I now resign.

Ver. 252. O launch thy bark, secure of prosp'rous gales,
Cupid for thee shall spread the swelling sails.

A couplet modelled from *Fenton*:

Cupid, assisted with propitious gales,

Will hand the rudder, and direct the sails:

who is closer to his author, but neither graceful nor appropriate in his expression. Thus?

Love at the stern shall steer us, as we sail;

Shall furl, or spread the canvas to the gale.

What can exceed the delicacy of *Ovid's* distich?

Ipse gubernabit, residens in puppe, Cupido:

Ipse dabit tenerâ vela, legetque, manu.

TEMPLE OF FAME.

WE have here, in my judgement, a poem of extraordinary excellence; and one, which seems never to have gained an applause at all correspondent to it's merits. The versification is pure and melodious in a degree not surpassed by the best pieces of our author; the descriptions are rich and luxuriant; and the scenery, after every allowance of originality to his predecessors, is the offspring of a very fruitful and vigorous imagination. The twenty-

four last lines are equal to any specimen of English poetry in a similar tenuity of subject.

Ver. 1. In that soft season, when descending show'rs
Call forth the greens, and wake the rising flow'rs;
When op'ning buds salute the welcome day,
And earth relenting feels the genial ray.

These delightful strains have derived beauty from various passages of preceding poets. *Dryden*, *Virg. Geo. ii. 456.*

And boldly trust the *buds* in open air.

In this soft season—:

and again, *Geo. iii. 500.*

But when the western winds with vital power

Call forth the tender grafs, and budding flower—.

That admirable term *relenting* might probably be furnished by *Ogilby*, at the beginning of the first *Georgic*:

When first the spring the frost-bound hills unbinds,

And harder glebe *relents* with vernal winds.

Gray had this passage in view, and would have given a much better stanza by adopting the other phrase of *Pope* also, thus:

Lo! where the rosy-bosom'd Hours

Fair Venus' train appear:

Call forth the long-expecting flowers,

And wake the purple year.

There is much less vivacity and picture in the formal word *disclose*.

Ver. 5. As balmy sleep had charm'd my cares to rest,
And love itself was banish'd from my breast,
(What time the morn mysterious visions brings,
While purer slumbers spread their golden wings),
A train of phantoms in wild order rose,
And join'd, this *intellectual scene* compose.

Cowley,

Cowley, in his Complaint :

In a deep vision's *intellectual scene* :
and Mrs. Singer's Vision ; which is closely imitated
through the whole quotation :

But, as I unresolv'd and doubtful lay,
My cares in easie slumbers glide away ;
Nor with *such grateful sleep, such soothing rest,*
And dreams like these, I e'er before was blest'd :
No wild uncouth chimeras intervene,
To break the perfect *intellectual scene*.

Ver. 11. I stood, methought, betwixt earth, seas, and skies.

Dryden, Ovid. Met. xii.

Full in the midst of *this created space,*
Betwixt heav'n, earth, and skies, there stands a place
Confining on all three.

Ver. 13. In air self-balanc'd hung the globe below.

This verse was formed from a very fine one in Paradise
Lost, vii. 242.

And *Earth self-balanc'd* on her center hung.

Ver. 23. Like broken thunders, that at distance roar.

This simile is very happily employed by Milton, Par.
Lost, ii. 476.

Their rising all at once was as the sound
Of thunder heard remote.

Ver. 27. High on a rock of ice the structure lay,
Steep its ascent, and slipp'ry was the way.

The temple of Fame is represented on a foundation of
ice, to signify the brittle nature and precarious tenure, as
well as the difficult attainment of that possession, accord-
ing to the poet himself below, ver. 504.

So hard to gain, so easy to be lost !

And there is a general resemblance to the celebrated verses of *Hesiod* :

Τὴν μὲν τοὶ Κακοτῆτα καὶ ἰλαδὸν ἐστὶν ἐλεσθαι
 Ρηϊδίως· ὀλίγη μὲν ὁδός, μαλα δ' ἐγγυθὶ ναιεῖ.
 Τῆς δ' Ἀρετῆς ἰδρωτὰ θεοὶ προπαροίθεν ἐθηκαν
 Ἀθανάτοι· μακρόν δὲ καὶ ὀρθιόν οἱμὸν ἐπ' αὐτήν,
 Καὶ τρηχὺς.

Crowds, unmolested, Vice may make their prize ;
 Short is the road, and close at hand it lies.

But Powers immortal Virtue have decreed
 Of Pain, and persevering Toil, the meed.

Long rounds, sharp rocks, and rugged steeps delay
 The lab'ring, panting pilgrim on his way.

Compare *Matthew*, chap. vii. verr. 13, 14.

Ver. 55. Pale suns, unfelt, at distance roll away,
 And on th' impassive ice the lightnings play.

A very beautiful, and, in every respect, an unexceptionable couplet: as a foil, for a more conspicuous exhibition of it's excellence, take a verse from *Dryden* on the same subject, *Virg. Geo. iii. 550*.

The sun from far peeps with a sickly face,
 Too weak the clouds and mighty fogs to chace.

Ver. 73. Heroes in animated marble frown,
 And legislators seem to think in stone.

This species of representative description is a favourite exercise of poetical ingenuity, and has succeeded very well with our author in the present instance. *Cowley* will furnish a curious specimen of that puerile extravagance, in which the luxuriance of his own fancy, under the influence of a false taste predominant in his days, delighted to indulge itself. *David. ii. 529*.

Some

Some carve the trunks, and *breathing shapes* bestow,
 Giving the trees more life than when they grow.
 He had not erred, if his teeming imagination had not run
 over into the second line of the couplet. *Gray* might
 possibly have the passage before us in his memory:

Can storied urn, or *animated bust*—?

We have had an excellent verse of this kind before from
 our poet, in his Epistle to Addison:

There warriors *frowning* in historic bras.

Ver. 77. Crown'd with an architrave of antique mold,
 And sculpture rising on the roughen'd gold.

The second verse is excellent; an improvement on *Virgil*, *Æn.* ix. 263.

———— argento perfecta atque aspera signis

Pocula:

“cups rough with embossed figures.” *Dryden's* version,
 who followed Lauderdale or Ogilby, assisted our poet
 here:

———— two tripods cast in *antique mould*,

With two great talents of the finest gold:
 and in *Iliad.* ix. 157. to which I refer the reader. Nor
 did *Dryden*, at *Æn.* viii. 830. escape notice:

And Roman triumphs *rising on the gold*.

Ver. 83. ————— trees, moving to the sound,
 Start from their roots.

This anticipation, in the epithet *moving*, of the animated
 effect, exhibited by the word *start*, is exceedingly un-
 happy. He should have written,

———— trees, *listening* to the sound,
 Start from their roots.

Ver. 85. Amphion there the loud creating lyre
 Strikes, and beholds a sudden Thebes aspire.

This pause at the word *strikes* is made with great judgement, and renders the verse finely descriptive of the circumstance. It exactly resembles an artifice of this kind in *Homer*, Il. i. 51.

Αὐτὰρ, ἐπεὶ τ' αὐτοῖσι βέλῳ ἐχέπυκνος ἐφίεις,
Βαλλ'—.

Milton, in *Par. Lost*. xi. 491. has attempted this beauty with success :

And over them triumphant Death his dart
Shook ; but delay'd to strike.

In *Gray's* fragment of a poetical essay, there is a couplet worthy of notice in this respect :

Here measur'd laws and philosophic ease
Fix, and improve the polish'd arts of peace.

That position of the word *fix*, accompanied with a pause, gives additional beauty to the passage, by harmonising with the sentiment.

Moreover, two verses of *Waller*, Upon his Majesty's repairing to St. Paul's, may be properly produced for comparison on this occasion :

He, like Amphion, makes those quarries leap
Into fair figures from a confus'd heap.

Ver. 91. There might you see the length'ning spires ascend,
The domes swell up, the wid'ning arches bend,
The growing tow'rs, like exhalations, rise,
And the huge columns heave into the skies.

The reader may compare with these grand verses our poet's *Moral Essays*, iv. ver. 57—65. and ver. 197—203. passages of a similar complexion.

A fine paragraph in *Dr. Johnson's Observations on Falkland Islands* might be indebted for a beauty to the third verse of the quotation before us. “But, at the
“ conclusion

“ conclusion of a ten years’ war, how are we recom-
 “ pensed for the death of multitudes, and the expence of
 “ millions, but by contemplating the sudden glories of
 “ paymasters and agents, contractors and commissaries ;
 “ whose equipages shine like meteors, and whose *palaces*
 “ *rise like exhalations ?*”

Ver. 94. With di’mond flaming, and barbaric gold.

A verse of true epic majesty, indebted something to
Milton, Par. Lost. ii. 4.

Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand
 Show’rs on her kings *barbaric pearl and gold*;
 and something to *Ovid*. Met. ii. 2.

Clara micante auro, flammisque imitante pyropo :
 The sun’s bright palace, on high columns rais’d,
 With burnish’d *gold* and *flaming jewels* blaz’d. *Addison*.

Ver. 116. His giant limbs are arm’d in scales of gold.

So *Virgil*, Æn. ix. 707.

— duplici squamâ lorica fidelis, et auro :
 where *Dryden*’s version is,
 Nor coat of double mail, with *scales of gold* :
 Down sunk *the monster-bulk*.

Ver. 138. ——— and roofs of fretted gold.

So *Milton*, Par. Lost, i. 717. a passage useful to our poet
 in other parts of this poem :

——— Doric pillars overlaid
 With golden architrave ; nor did there want
 Cornice or freeze, the bossy sculptures graven :
The roof was fretted gold.

Ver. 143. As heav’n with stars, the roof with jewels glows ;
 And ever-living lamps depend in rows.

This

This fine couplet also was not wrought without consultation with our hallowed bard at the same passage of that sublime effusion of human genius, ver. 726.

————— from *the* arched roof,

Pendent by subtle magic many a row
Of *starry lamps* and blazing cressets, fed
With Naphtha and Asphaltus, yielded light
As from a sky.

Ver. 146. The sage historians in white garments wait.

The *white garments* are suitable emblems of *pure* purpose and *undecorated* truth; *veritatis non fucatae*: for which we seem to want an elegant appropriate term in our language.

Ver. 155. There Cæsar, grac'd with both Minervas, shone.
Dryden has an admirable line of the same sort at *Æneid*, vii. 1097.

Unbred to spinning, in the loom unskill'd,
She chose the nobler Pallas of the field.

Ver 169. Those of less noisy, and less guilty fame.

This is very beautiful; and he has transplanted the thought with some variation into his Epitaph on the Duke of Buckingham:

Yet softer honours and less noisy fame
Attend the shade of gentle Buckingham.

Ver. 183. Eternal adamant compos'd his throne.

So Dr. *Johnson*, in a most noble paragraph of that magnificent composition, his Preface to *Shakspeare*: "Time, which is continually washing away the dissoluble fabrics of other poets, passes without injury by *the* adamant of *Shakspeare*."

Ver. 195.

Ver. 195. And here and there disclos'd a brave neglect.

As he says also of the Roman lyrist in his Essay on Criticism, ver. 653.

Horace still charms with *graceful negligence*.

Ver. 198. Finish'd the whole, and labour'd every part,
With patient touches of unweary'd art.

This is properly descriptive both of *Virgil's* purpose and the attainment of it in his Pastorals and Georgics, but is unhappily extended to include his great poem, left unfinished by death, and so little answering to the great idea of this illustrious artist, as to be doomed by his last injunction to the flames.

Ver. 203. Great without pride, in modest majesty.

Our poet had his eye probably on *Paradise Lost*, iv. 310.

Yielded with coy submission, *modest pride* :
which resembles Claudian, de F. Mall. Theod. Conf. ver. 247.

————— rigidi sed plena pudoris
Elucet gravitas, *fastu* jucunda *modestia*.

Ver. 204. In living sculpture on the sides were spread
The Latian wars, and haughty Turnus dead.

The capital circumstances of the *Æneid* are selected with admirable judgement, and delineated with the finest taste. I am delighted myself beyond expression with the whole poem, which alone would have secured for our poet's name a station on the first scale of genius.—*Dryden*, *Æneid* vi. 33. in an excellent couplet :

There too, *in living sculpture*, might be seen
The mad affection of the Cretan queen.

Ver. 210. Four swans sustain a car of silver bright.

Pindar is stiled in the Greek Anthologia Ἑλικωνίου κύκνου, *the Heliconian swan*, and by Horace Dirceus cygnus, *the swan of Dirce*; partly, I presume, from a prevalent notion in antiquity of the tuneful powers of this bird, and partly from the loftiness and vigour of his poetic flights.

Ver. 215. And boldly sinks into the sounding strings.

A. Philips, Past. v. ver. 95. seems, from the tenour of the passage, to have been consulted here:

And now, laborious, with a weighty hand

He sinks into the cords with solemn pace,

To give the swelling tones *a bolder grace*.

Ver. 224. Pleas'd with Alcæus' manly rage t' infuse
The softer spirit of the Sapphic Muse.

He alludes, or rather represents the passage, to Hor. i. 19.

Temperat Archilochi musam pede mascula Sappho,
Temperat Alcæus.

Creech's version, by a slight substitution and including Archilochus already mentioned, is highly commendable for elegance and accuracy:

Soft Sappho sweetens all his bitter vein,

And grave Alcæus smoothes his rougher strain.

Ver. 235. And various animals his sides furround.

A very tame and lifeless verse indeed! alluding to the treatise of that sagacious writer on this branch of physiology.

Ver. 240. Gath'ring his flowing robe, he seem'd to stand
In act to speak, and graceful stretch'd his hand.

Cicero is represented as *gathering his robe* in the Pomfret
marble

marble at Oxford: and the expression in the second verse is like one somewhere employed by Dryden:

Her legs were buskin'd, and the left before,

In act. 10 shoot.

Ver. 246. Scarce to the top I stretch'd my aking sight.
So in his *Odyssey*, x. 130.

A sudden horror struck their *aking sight*.

See my note on the *Messiah*, ver. 98. The line which compleats this couplet is very prosaic and insipid:

So large it swell'd, and spread to such a height.

Ver. 256. The dome's high arch reflects the mingled blaze,

And forms a rainbow of alternate rays:

that is, of rays differently coloured according to the changing position of the spectator's eye. *Revelations*, iv. 3. "And there was a rainbow round about the throne, in sight like unto an emerald." *Milton*, *Par. Lost*, vii. 445. very poetically, of the peacock:

————— and th' other, whose gay train

Adorns him, color'd with the florid hue

Of rainbows and starry eyes.

Ver. 258. When on the goddess first I cast my sight,
Scarce seem'd her stature of a cubit's height;
But swell'd to larger size, the more I gaz'd,
Till to the roof her tow'ring front she rais'd.

This description is founded on *Virgil's* picture of *Fame* in the fourth *Æneid*, which is so well known, that I shall only quote two lines of *Dryden's* version:

Soon grows the pigmy to gigantick size;

Her feet on earth, her forehead in the skies.

Ver. 264. Upward the columns shoot.

This

This accent of the word gives a lively representation of the action itself. The regular form would have been,

The columns upward shoot;
with the words transposed: see note on ver. 86.

Ver. 269. And thousand open eyes, and thousand list'ning ears.

But for the pertinacious uniformity of all editions, who would not conclude these to be errors of the press, for

A thousand open eyes, a thousand list'ning ears?

Ver. 272. With eyes on Fame for ever fix'd, they sing;
For Fame they raise the voice, and tune the string.

Dryden would here give the latter verse with great addition of majesty, thus:

For Fame they raise the voice, *for Fame they tune the string.*

But our poet studiously avoided the Alexandrine at all times, and the few examples, which were scattered through his earlier efforts and the first edition of his *Iliad*, were afterwards studiously, but, in my opinion, very injudiciously, superseded.

Ver. 273. Thick as the bees, that with the spring renew
Their flow'ry toils, and sip the fragrant dew;
When the wing'd colonies first tempt the sky,
O'er dusky fields and shaded waters fly,
Or settling, seize the sweets the blossoms yield,
And a low murmur runs along the field.

This description is varied, with improvements, from *Dryden*, *Æneid* vi. 958.

About the boughs an airy nation flew,
Thick as the humming bees, that hunt the golden dew;

In

In summer's heat, on tops of lilies feed,
And creep within their bells, to suck the balmy seed :

The winged army roams the field around ;

The rivers and the rocks *remurmur to the sound* :
who has profited, as usual, by *Lauderdale*. But neither
translator has a line at all comparable to that delightful
conclusion of our author :

And a low murmur runs along the field.

Pope collected a spangle from *Dryden's* verses to stick
also in a most brilliant couplet in his *Essay on Man* :

Annual for me, the grape, the rose, renew

The juice nectareous, and *the balmy dew*.

Ogilby's version of the passage,

As thick as bees, when they in meadows cling

To various flow'rs, and rifle all the spring ;

lent a beautiful clause to a nobler poet :

To fair Fidele's grassy tomb

Soft maids and village hinds shall bring

Each opening sweet of earliest bloom,

And rifle all the breathing spring.

Ver. 288. Millions of suppliant crouds the shrine attend.

So *Dryden*, *Ovid*. *Met.* i.

No *suppliant crouds* before the judge appear'd.

Ver. 291. ——— and narrative old age.

" But, if you will not excuse it by the tattling quality of

" age, which, as Sir William Davenant says, is always

" *narrative* ; yet I hope the usefulness of what I have

" to say on this subject will qualify the remoteness of

" it." *Dryden's* Dedication of *Juvenal*.

Ver. 294. Some she disgrac'd, and some with honours
crown'd ;

Unlike successes equal merits found.

This

This seems almost a literal translation from *Juvena.*,
xiii. 104.

multi

Committunt eadem diverso crimina fato :

Ille crucem sceleris pretium tulit, hic diadema.

Ah ! how unequal seem th' awards of Fate !

Worth, just the same, what different issues wait ?

One patriot, exil'd, roams the savage wood ;

One sways three realms, and floats the globe with
blood !

Ver. 306. The goddesses heard, and bade the Muses raise
The golden trumpet of eternal praise.

From pole to pole the winds diffuse the sound,
That fills the circuit of the world around.

Milton, Par. Lost, vi. 202. in similar strain, and with true
sublimity :

Michaël bid sound

Th' arch-angel trumpet : *through the vast of heaven*
It sounded.

And again, xi. 73. in a magnificence of conception,
worthy of his subject :

he blew

His trumpet, heard in Oreb since perhaps

When God descended, and perhaps once more

To sound at general doom. *Th' angelic blast*

Fill'd all the regions :

where the doubt, conveyed by the qualification *perhaps*,
is not to be referred to those events themselves, of the
dispensation of the law and the final judgement, but to
the identity of the trumpet.—The subsequent description
of our poet is both elegant and dignified in a very high
degree.

Ver. 347.

Ver. 347. And swam to empire through the purple flood.

A noble verse! which probably held out a light to Gray in that passage of genuine sublimity:

Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,

And shut the gates of mercy on mankind.

So *Shakspeare's* K. John:

Wade to the market-place in Frenchmen's blood:

and in his Henry V. 3. 4.

The gates of mercy shall be all shut up.

The same image with the last occurs also in *Ovid*, ex Pont. ii. 7. 37.

Sed quia res timida est omnis miser; et quia longo

Tempore *letitiæ janua clausa* mæ est.

Ver. 374. So soft, tho' high; so loud, and yet so clear.

An obvious imitation of a well-known verse in *Denham*:

Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull.

Ver. 375. Ev'n list'ning Angels lean'd from heav'n to hear.

As in his St. Cecilia:

And *Angels lean from heav'n to hear*:

where the reader may consult the imitations in my note.

Ver. 384. Courts we frequent, where 'tis our pleasing care

To pay due visits, and address the fair.

Much after the same manner in his Rape of the Lock:

Our humbler province is, to tend the fair:

Not a less pleasing, though less glorious care:

as ver. 392. below resembles ver. 156. Canto iii. of the same poem.

Ver. 402. Straight the black clarion sends a horrid sound.

This diversity of blast from Fame's trumpet makes good the remarks of *Butler*, *Hud.* ii. 1. 69.

Two trumpets she does sound at once,

But both of clean contrary tones :

But whether both with the same wind,

Or one before, and one behind,

We know not; only this can tell,

The one sounds vilely, th' other well ;

And therefore vulgar authors name

The one Good, th' other Evil Fame.

This second trumpet of the Goddess is more clearly described by our poet in his *Dunciad*, iv. 71.

And now had Fame's *posterior* trumpet blown.

Ver. 417. And startled Nature trembled with the blast.

This is very noble, and might be suggested by a passage in *Paradise Lost*, ix. 790. which has, perhaps, no equal for sublimity and pathos :

So saying, her rash hand in evil hour

Forth reaching to the fruit, she pluck'd, she eat :

Earth felt the wound ; and *Nature*, from her seat

Sighing through all her works, gave signs of woe

That all was lost.

But our great bard must render his debt of gratitude to two of the grandest efforts of human genius; and both from the same original. The first is in *Æneid* iv. 166.

——Prima et Tellus et pronuba Juno

Dant signum : fulsere ignes, et conscius æther,

Connubiis ; summoque ululârunt vertice Nymphæ.

Earth first and bridal Juno give the sign :

See ! lightnings flash, and conscious Æther shine !

The Nymphs appall'd with shrieks and howlings fill

The deep recesses of th' umbrageous hill.

And the other in *Georgic* ix. 491.

———ibi omnis

Effusus

Effusus labor atque immitis rupta tyranni
 Foedera, terque fragor stagnis auditus Avernis.
 Broke was the law, remorseless Pluto gave!
 Thrice a dread sound roar'd on the Stygian wave!

Ver. 436. As on the smooth expanse of crystal lakes,
 The sinking stone at first a circle makes;
 The trembling surface, by the motion stirr'd,
 Spreads in a second circle, then a third;
 Wide, and more wide, the floating rings advance,
 Fill all the wat'ry plain, and to the margin dance.

This comparison is thus beautifully varied in his Essay on Man, iv. 331.

Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
 As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake;
 The centre mov'd, a circle straight succeeds,
 Another still, and still another spreads:
 and is parodied with no less dexterity in his Dunciad, ii. 405.

As what a Dutchman plumps into the lakes,
 One circle first, and then a second makes;
 What Dulness dropt among her sons impress
 Like motion from one circle to the rest.

Ver. 446. Thro' undulating air the sounds are sent.

Dryden's version of Ovid, Met. xii.

Whence all things, though remote, are view'd around;
 And thither bring their *undulating sound*:
 and the reader, who will make the comparison, will discover many other resemblances between our poet's description of the Temple of Fame and the representation of the same subject in *Dryden* there.

Ver. 478. And tow'rs and temples sink in floods of fire.

Dryden, at *Æn.* ii. 844.

Troy sunk in flames I saw.

Ver. 504. So hard to gain, so easy to be lost!

Thus *Otway*, in the Poet's Complaint, stanza v.

She promis'd me to raise my fortune and my name,

By royal favour, and by *endless* fame:

But never told

How hard they were to get, how difficult to hold!

Garth, in the preface to his Dispensary: "*Reputation of*

" *this fort is very hard to be got, and very easy to be lost:*

" *its pursuit is painful, and its possession unfruitful.*"

Ver. 505. How vain that second life in others' breath

Th' estate which wits inherit after death.

In this elegant couplet, repeated with some variation in the Essay on Man, iv. 237. he probably had in view the conclusion of that fine piece, *Cowley's Complaint*; where the poet addresses his Muse:

However, of all princes, thou

Should'st not reproach rewards for being small or slow;

Thou, who rewardest but with *popular* breath,

And that too *after* death.

And much in the same manner *Milton*, Par. Reg. iii. 55.

And what delight to be by such extoll'd,

To live upon their tongues, and be their talk,

Of whom to be disprais'd were no small praise?

Young probably followed our poet, in his fourth Satire:

Fame's a reversion, in which men take place

(O late reversion!) at their own decease.

Ver. 509. The great man's curse, without the gains, en-
dure;

Be envy'd, wretched, and be flatter'd, poor.

The

The whole of this conclusion always appeared to me incomparably beautiful; and we are furnished in this couplet with a specimen of that pregnant concentration of sentiment, in which our poet has no rival. With the passage before us, one congenial in his Essay on Criticism may be very agreeably compared from ver. 494 to 508. by which comparison his poetical powers in the versatility of his expression, and the exuberance of his conceptions, will be happily exemplified.

Ver. 518. And follow still where Fortune leads the way.
The anonymous translator of Gallus in *Dryden's Miscellanies*, vi. p. 108.

I follow'd still where Pleasure led the way.

Ver. 519. Or, if no basis bear my rising name,
But the fall'n ruins of another's fame—.

So *Gay*, in his Fables, part i. fab. 45.

I hate the man, who builds his name
On ruins of another's fame.

THE FABLE OF DRYOPE.

VER. 13. Andræmon lov'd; and, blefs'd in all those
 charms

That pleas'd a god, succeeded to her arms.

This flowing couplet he has transplanted into more places than one of his version of Homer. Many parts of this Fable are indeed executed in his happiest manner, and would not have misbecome his powers in their maturity.

An uncommon vein of tenderness and simplicity runs through a series of sweet and unaffected versification.

Ver. 27. But lo! I saw, as near her side I stood,
The violated blossoms drop with blood.

Here he is indebted to *Dryden*, at *Æneid* iii. 53.

I bent my knees upon the ground: once more
The violated myrtle ran with gore.

Ver. 64. No more a woman, nor yet quite a tree.

From *Cowley's* transformation of Lot's wife, *David*. iii. 254.

No more a woman, nor yet quite a stone.

Ver. 65. Thy branches hung with humid pearls appear.

This is chiefly borrowed from *Dryden's* *Virgil*, *Ecl.* x.

And *hung with humid pearls* the lowly shrub appears.

Compare our poet's fourth Pastoral, ver. 31. and the notes there.

Ver. 78. And to his mother let him oft be led,

Sport in her shades, and in her shades be fed,

What enchanting verses! and how successfully, with additional tenderness and grace, has he preserved the beautiful repetition of his author!

———nostrâque sub arbore sæpè

Lac facitote bibat; nostrâque sub arbore ludat.

There is a similar repetition of great merit in *Roscommon's* translation of *Virgil's* tenth Eclogue:

Dropp'd from his head a wreath lay on the ground:

In haste they seiz'd him, *and in haste* they bound.

Ver. 92. Farewell! and since I cannot bend to join

My lips to yours, advance at least to mine.

My son, thy mother's parting kifs receive,

While yet thy mother has a kifs to give.

I can

I can no more; the creeping rind invades
My closing lips, and hides my head in shades.

This resembles *Stanley's* version of Bion on the Death of Adonis, as I find it quoted in *Ogilby's* annotations on the fourth *Georgic*. *Stanley's* book itself I never could procure; otherwise, I cannot doubt but more imitations of our poet would be detected.

—————Adonis, stay;
Hapless Adonis, stay but till I twine
Thee in these arms, and mix my lips with thine.
Adonis, wake so short a time, to give
A dying kiss, but whilst a kiss may live.
The last couplet of *Pope* is indebted to a verse in *Dryden's* version of Ovid, Met. viii.

At once *th' introaching rinds their closing lips invade.*

IMITATION OF CHAUCER.

VER. 21. Te-he, cried ladies: Clerke nought spake.
Butler's Hudibras, part iii. canto 3. ver. 133.
That laugh'd and *tee-be'd* with derision.

OF SPENCER.

VER. 53. Ne Richmond's self; from whose tall front are
ey'd
Vales, spires, meand'ring streams, and Wind-
for's tow'ry pride:

L 4

meaning

meaning *Water-lane* in that village. And on this circumstance, of the rich and extensive prospect from Richmond Hill, Thomson also beautifully descants in his *Summer*:

————— or ascend,

While radiant Summer opens all its pride,
Thy hill, delightful Shene? Here let us sweep
The boundless landkip: now the raptur'd eye,
Exulting swift, to huge Augusta send,
Now to the sister hills that skirt her plain,
To lofty Harrow now, and now to where
Majestic Windfor lifts his princely brow——.

One part of Richmond, when I first knew the place, was still called West Shene, before the buildings were dilapidated, and the lands cut off from the public, to indulge a puerile propensity, by enlarging the enormous gardens of his present Majesty, who has essentially impaired the rural beauties of the place, and contracted the boundaries of it's inhabitants.

Armstrong has treated the same subject in strains of equal excellence, in his *Art of preserving Health*, ver. 110.

There chuse thy seat, in some aspiring grove,
Fast by the slowly-winding Thames; or where
Broader she laves fair Richmond's green retreats;
Richmond that sees a hundred villas rise,
Rural or gay.

It is much to be lamented, that these beautiful verses should be deformed by two considerable blemishes: the one, an unpoetical transformation of Father Thames into a *female*; and that ambiguity, which leaves the proper substantive of the words—*rural or gay*—uncertain to the generality of readers. I, who am well acquainted with
Richmond,

Richmond, know certainly, that the poet meant them of Richmond itself, and had particularly in view the sylvan solitudes of *Richmond park*.

ON COWLEY.

IMIT. ii. ver. 13. The baby in that funny sphere—:
meaning the *pupil* in that *bright eye*: called by the Greeks *νοση* a *girl*, or *virgin*: upon which word a quaint conceit of Xenophon's is justly censured by Longinus in his fourth section on the Sublime: and the reader may find, if he please, a similar playfulness on this word, equally witless and insipid, mentioned by Plutarch at the beginning of his treatise on False Shame. The Hebrew also called the *pupil*, "the daughter of the eye:" Psalm xvii. 8.

ESSAY ON MAN.

BOOK I.

THE elementary propositions, advanced in these poems, may be found scattered up and down Lord Bolingbroke's Fragments, or minutes of Essays; in which, as far as my judgement can pronounce, very excellent principles of Theism, unconnected with Revelation, are contained. With respect to the merit of our poet in this work, I cordially accede to the decision of Dr. Johnson. "The
" essay (says that energetic and comprehensive writer)
" plainly appears the fabrick of a poet. What Boling-

“ broke supplied, could be only the first principles : the
 “ order, illustration, and embellishments must all be
 “ Pope’s.”

Indeed, Bolingbroke himself, in his letter to Pope, has judiciously prescribed the proper office of his friend ; who adopted and executed the prescription with unrivalled felicity. “ It seems to me, (says the noble author) that
 “ the business of the *philosopher* is, to dilate, if I may
 “ borrow this word from Tully, to press, to prove, to
 “ convince ; and that of the poet, to hint, to touch his
 “ subject with short and spirited strokes, to warm the
 “ affections, and to speak to the heart.”

This topic is brought forwards also in Boswell’s Life of Johnson, iii. pp. 197, 198, and my opinion upon the testimony of Dr. Blair, there adduced, is punctually correspondent with that of the most sagacious subject of the narrative.

Ver. 3. ————— Life can little more supply,
 Than just to look about us, and to die.

Much in the same manner *Denham*, Of Prudence :

Learn to live well, that thou may’st die so too :

To live and die is all we have to do :

the latter of which verses our poet has inserted without alteration in his Prologue to the Satires, ver. 262.

Ver. 7. A wild, where weeds and flow’rs promiscuous
 shoot ;

Or garden, tempting with forbidden fruit.

Man, as a compound of Virtue and Vice, Wisdom and Folly, may be compared to a *wild* of promiscuous weeds and flowers : or, as a being, perpetually liable to the seductions of passion and the allurements of worldly pleasures,

tures, may be considered as a *garden*, holding forth a solicitation of his appetite in the fruit of an interdicted tree. Warburton's comment on these two verses appears to me too far fetched, and erroneous.

Ver. 13. Eye Nature's walks, shoot Folly as it flies.

This whole passage is one of the happiest specimens of poetical dexterity in the conduct of an allusion, without aberration or incongruity, that has fallen under my observation. *Dryden*, perhaps, in his *Abfalom and Achitophel*, part ii. might be present to our author's recollection at this place:

———— while he with watchful eye
Observes, and *shoots their treasons as they fly.*

Ver. 14. And catch the manners living, as they rise.

A fine improvement on the expression of the same precept in *Horace's* Art of Poetry, ver. 317.

Respicere exemplar vitæ morumque jubebo
Doctum imitatore, et vivas hinc ducere voces.

Ver. 16. But vindicate the ways of God to man.

"Natural theology and natural religion have been corrupted to such a degree, that it is grown, and was so long since, as necessary to *plead the cause of God*, if I may use this expression after *Seneca*, against the divine, as against the atheist : to assert his existence against the latter, to *defend* his attributes against the former, and to *justify* his providence against both." *Bolingbroke's* Letters to Pope : a passage, which seems to convict of too much subtlety Warburton's attempt at discrimination between Milton's *justify* and Pope's *vindicate*, as separately appropriate to the respective purposes of each poet.

Ver. 17.

Ver. 17. Say first, of God above, or Man below,
 What can we reason, but from what we know?
 Of Man, what see we but his station here,
 From which to reason, or to which refer?

"All science, if it be real, must rise from below, and
 "from our own level. It cannot descend from above,
 "nor from superior systems of being and knowledge.—
 "The notices we receive from without concerning the
 "beings that surround us, and the inward consciousness
 "we have of our own, are the foundations, and the true
 "criteria too, of all the knowledge we acquire of body
 "and of mind.—All this knowledge must be acquired
 "within the bounds of their province, by particular ex-
 "periments and observations." *Bolingbroke* *ibidem*.

Ver. 29. But of this frame, the bearings, and the ties,
 The strong connections, nice dependencies,
 Gradations just——.

Warburton lavishes a merited encomium on the grandeur of thought, on the beauty and philosophical exactness of expression, displayed in this passage: but the first praise is due to *Bolingbroke*, in his *Fragments*, whose words I shall produce: "Just so it is with respect to the various
 "systems, and systems of systems, that compose the uni-
 "verse. As distant as they are, and as different as we
 "may imagine them to be, they are all *tyed* together by
 "relations and *connections*, by *gradations* and *dependen-*
 "*cies*."

The great commentator's division into natural and moral, as deduced from the words of *Pope*, is a mere visionary subtlety; and his slur on *Bolingbroke* is abundantly confuted, as unseasonable here, by the passage now before us.

Ver. 33.

Ver. 33. Is the great chain—upheld by God, or thee?

An allusion to the *golden chain* of Homer, which the poet represents as sustained by Jove, with the whole creation appended to it, Iliad viii. near the beginning.

That ungrammatical formation *upheld*, instead of the regular participle *upholden*, is a considerable blemish to the beauties of this passage.

Ver. 37. First, if thou canst, the harder reason guess,
Why form'd no weaker, blinder, and no less?

The poet was desirous of invigorating his argument, and therefore is not sparing of emphatical expression: but why one reason should be *harder* than the other, I am unable to discern. *Weakness* and *blindness* are mere comparative ideas, and the strongest of finite beings is all but as the weakest in competition with omnipotence: consequently the reason for complaint and expostulation is equally valid in one finite being with another, though equally vain in all: and the difficulty of solution, in every case, alike.

Ver. 41. ——— yonder argent fields above—.

Milton's phrase, in Par. Lost, iii. 460.

Not in the neighb'ring moon, as some have dream'd;
Those *argent fields* more likely habitants,
Translated saints or middle spirits, hold.

Ver. 43. Of systems possible, if 'tis confess,
That Wisdom Infinite must form the best,
Where all must full or not coherent be,
And all that rises, rise in due degree;
Then, in the scale of reas'ning life, 'tis plain,
There must be, somewhere, such a rank as Man.

“ Since

“ Since *infinite wisdom* not only established the end, but
 “ directed the means, the system of the universe must
 “ necessarily be *the best of all possible systems*.”——“ It
 “ implies no contradiction to say, that God made a
 “ system of creation *infinitely wise, and the best of all*
 “ *possible systems*.”——“ It might be determined in the
 “ divine ideas, that there should be a gradation of life
 “ and intellect throughout the universe. In this case
 “ *it was necessary, that there should be some creatures at*
 “ *our pitch of rationality*—from the insect up to man.”
 Bolingbroke, Frag. 43 and 44. Compare below ver.
 239 to 241.

Again in Fragment 49. “ If a gradation of animal beings
 “ appeared necessary or fit—to the supreme or divine
 “ reason and intention—; why should not we be the
 “ creatures we are ?”

Ver. 51. Respecting man, whatever wrong we call,
 May, must be right, as relative to all.

“ The lowest employments, to which legislators and
 “ magistrates subject some of the persons they govern in
 “ political societies, considered as parts of a general
 “ system, wherein the most minute are necessary to
 “ make the whole complete, compose an end worthy of
 “ them.” Bolingbroke, Frag. 49.

“ The seeming imperfection of the parts is necessary
 “ to the real perfection of the whole.” Frag. 50.

Ver. 53. In human works, tho’ labour’d on with pain,
 A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain:
 In God’s, one single can its end produce,
 Yet serves to second too some other use.

So Man, who here seems principal alone,
Perhaps acts second to some sphere unknown,
Touches some wheel, or verges to some goal;
'Tis but a part we see, and not a whole.

" *We labour hard, we complicate various means to arrive at one end; and several systems of conduct are often employed by us to bring about some one pauly purpose: but God neither contrives, nor executes, like man. His means are simple, his purposes various; and the same system, that answers the greatest, answers the least.*" Bolingbroke, Frag. 43.—Again, in Frag. 63. "*In the works of men, the most complicated schemes produce, very hardly and very uncertainly, one single effect: in the works of God, one single scheme produces a multitude of different effects, and answers an immense variety of purposes.*"

And in Frag. 43. "We ought to consider the world we inhabit no otherwise than as a little wheel in our solar system; nor our solar system any otherwise than as a little but larger wheel in the immense machine of the universe; and both the one and the other necessary perhaps to the motion of the whole, and to the preordained revolutions in it."

Ver. 71. The verse stood thus in the earlier editions:

His *being* measur'd to his state and place:

which seems scarcely sense. And whosoever would be at the pains of collecting all the various readings throughout these Essays, which were the duty of an editor, would furnish satisfactory proof of our poet's subjection to the dictates of a master in points, where his own comprehension was not commensurate to the subtleties of his argument.

Ver. 75.

Ver. 75. The blest to day is as completely so,
As who began a thousand years ago.

Our poet has borrowed a verse in great measure from the conclusion of *Dryden's* version of *Lucretius*, book iii.

When once the Fates have cut the mortal thread,
The man as much to all intents is dead,
Who dies to day, and will as long be so,
As he who dy'd a thousand years ago.

Nor am I acquainted with any lines of more simplicity without meanness than those now quoted of this great master; who would have rendered *Lucretius* more successfully than any of our poets.

Ver. 83. Pleas'd to the last, he crops the flow'ry food,
And licks the hand just rais'd to shed his blood.

This resembles *Phædrus*, Fab. v. 15.

————— *Ipsi principes*

Illam osculantur, quâ sunt oppressi, manum.

And, perhaps, the classical reader will not be displeased with my playful exertations on this passage many years ago.

Quam jugulas hodiè, si plus rationis haberet,

Anne ità lascivo luderet agna pede ?

Floriferum decerpit agrum jam morte sub ipsâ,

Et percussuram lambit, ut antè, manum.

Ver. 97. The soul, uneasy and confin'd, from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

Two finer lines were never written by poetic genius. Perhaps, they owe some obligation to *Cowley*, David. i.

877. who is also excellent :

With hasty wings time present they outfly,

And tread the doubtful maze of destiny ;

There walk and sport among the years to come.

The

The first line may probably remind the reader of one in *Johnson's* sublime character of Shakspeare :

Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,

And panting Time toil'd after him in vain.

That incomparable picture, however, was probably improved from another verse in the same poem, iii. 330.

Bless me ! how swift and growing was his wit !

The wings of Time flagg'd dully after it.

Ver. 99. Lo ! the poor Indian, whose untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind.

There is a pretty stanza to this effect in *Fawkes's* poems, on Winter :

Yet blame we not the troubled air,

Nor seek defects to find ;

For Power omnipotent is there,

And walks upon the wind :

as Psalm civ. 3 “ Who maketh the clouds his chariot ;
“ who walketh upon the wings of the wind.”

Ver. 102. Far as the solar walk, or milky way.

Job, xxxi. 26. “ If I beheld *the sun* when it shined, or
“ the moon *walking* in brightness— :” or rather *Dryden's*
Threnod. August. stanza 12.

Out of *the solar walk*, and heaven's high way :
and in his *Virgil*, *Æn.* vi. 1084.

Beyond the solar year, without the starry way.

Hence *Gray*, in his *Progress of Poetry* :

In climes beyond *the solar road*.

Ver. 106. Some happier island in the watry waste :
the ἀπρυγῆ & θάλασση, *the unfruitful sea*, of *Homer*.
Dryden, *Æn.* vii. 310.

From that dire deluge, through *the watery waste*.

Ver. 110. He asks no Angel's wing, no Seraph's fire.

A counterpart to the first verse of *Milton's* Ode upon the Circumcision; where see *Warton's* note:

Ye flaming pow'rs, and winged warriors bright:

i. e. Ye Seraphim and winged warriors. So below, ver. 278. where see the note.

As the rapt Seraph that adores and burns.

Mrs. *Pilkington*, in her verses to Dr. Hales, with equal propriety of etymological allusion:

But find my strength unequal to a theme,
Which asks a Milton's, or a Seraph's flame.

Ver. 111. But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.

So in *Homer*, at the funeral of Patroclus, book xxiii. ver. 212. of our poet's translation:

Of nine large dogs, domestic at his board,
Fall two, selected to attend their lord.

Ver. 123. In pride, in reas'ning pride, our error lies:
All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.

This imagery, from an exorbitation of the cœlestial bodies, is truly sublime, and admirably expressed.—The sentiment itself is in *Bolingbroke's* Letters to our author: "This primitive error consists in the high opinion we are apt to entertain of the human mind, tho' it holds, in truth, a very low rank in the intellectual system." And in Fragment 45. "I have spoke often of the pride of man, as the cause of many errors in philosophy." The latter part of the second verse resembles *Horace*, Od. i. 3.

Cœlum ipsum petimus stultitiâ:

Grown giants in impiety,
Our impious folly dares the sky;
which is *Creech's* spirited translation of the passage.

Ver. 140. My footstool earth, my canopy the skies.

Wolfeley's translation of *Lucan* ix. in *Dryden's* Miscellanies:

Nature's vast fabrick is his house alone;

This globe his footstool, and high heav'n his throne.

Garth, in the *Dispensary*, 1. 175.

His couch a trench, *his canopy the skies*.

Dryden, in his version of *Ovid*, *Met.* i. 8.

Before the seas, and this terrestrial ball,

And *Heaven's high canopy*, that covers all.

Ver. 147. ——— some change, since all began:

that is, some changes take place in the system of creation, in consequence of it's imperfection in point of *existence*: there having been a time, when it was not. The Supreme Being himself is alone *immutable*, because his being had no *beginning*.

Ver. 160. Or turns young Ammon loose to scourge mankind.

And again, in a similar strain, iv. 220.

From Macedonia's *madman* to the Swede:

after the example of *Lucan*, x. 20.

Illic Pellæi proles vefana Philippi,

Felix prædo, jacet.

There lies, his race of short existence run,

That prosp'rous plundering madman, Philip's son.

Very injuriously, in my opinion. They, who conceive of Alexander, notwithstanding some youthful excentricities and his love of military fame, not less conspicuous in

Christian heroes, as a mere brutal conqueror, form a very unjust and unauthorised estimate of his character. I would recommend all, who wish a true statement of his merits, to read the authentic histories of Arrian, and the dissertations of Plutarch upon the virtues of Alexander. The grand objects of this prince were, the discovery of the unknown regions of the globe, and the civilization of mankind by a concentration of them under the uniform government of one vast empire. His eagerness upon the former of these points is demonstrably evinced by his extreme solicitude about the success of Nearchus's naval expedition: and his adoption of the Persian dress, with which he is usually reproached as an indication of effeminacy, was merely a political compliance to conciliate the affections of his conquered subjects. His character deserves a deliberate discussion, and should not be estimated in the gross from these inadequate and cursory observations: for the proofs of my general positions are numerous and irrefragable. Alexander cannot be deemed indeed the most *accomplished warrior* of antiquity, because of Cæsar, who shares this commendation with him; but he may properly be denominated the most *philosophical conqueror* of ancient or modern times. See what Pliny has said of him in his Natural History, viii. 17. ed. Harduin. I wish some able writer could be prevailed on to give us an express dissertation on this point: it would be a valuable accession to literature, were the case impartially considered; and, from its extensive connection with collateral objects, would throw light on many important topics of history, chorographical, physical, moral, and political.

Our poet's phrase—*young Ammon*—I find also in *Lee's Alexander*, Act ii. Scene 1. in *Garth's Dispensary*, i. 45.
and

and in *Rowe's* poem on the *Queen's Success*, ver. 262.

Ver. 193. Why has not Man a microscopic eye?
 For this plain reason, Man is not a fly.
 Say what the use, were finer optics giv'n,
 T' inspect a mite, not comprehend the heav'n?
 Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,
 To smart and agonize at ev'ry pore?
 Or quick effluvia darting through the brain,
 Die of a rose in aromatic pain?
 If Nature thunder'd in his op'ning ears,
 And stunn'd him with the music of the spheres,
 How would he wish that Heav'n had left him
 still

The whisp'ring zephyr, and the purling rill!

That particular expression *microscopic eye*, and the whole reasoning of this astonishing piece of poetry, is taken from *Locke's* Essay on the Human Understanding, book ii. chap. 3. sect. 12. to which I refer the reader, as it is too long for quotation in this place.

At the sixth verse of this passage, *Pope* had his eye probably on *Milton's* *Comus*, ver. 97.

Why was the sight
 To such a tender ball, as th' eye, confin'd,
 So obvious, and so easy to be quench'd?
 And not, as *feeling*, through all parts diffus'd,
 That she might look at will *through every pore*?

With that exquisite verse, the eighth, the learned reader may compare what *Pliny* fables of an ancient people, who subsisted by the smell of flowers only, and aromatic plants; and were deprived of life by the more violent effluvia of their odours: *Nat. Hist.* vii. 2.

That notion of *Pythagoras*, which is mentioned immediately

diately after, occurs also in *Butler*, *Hudib.* ii. 1. 617. whom our poet probably had in view :

Her voice, *the music of the spheres*,
So loud, *it deafens mortal ears*.

Ver. 207. Far as creation's ample range extends,
The scale of sensual, mental pow'rs ascends.
Mark how it mounts, to Man's imperial race,
From the green myriads in the peopled grafs.

These, and all that follow on the same subject, are noble lines indeed, the very finest specimens of descriptive poetry even in these Essays, which abundantly exceed every other poem within my knowledge in this respect. The argumentation is from *Bolingbroke*, *Fragm.* 42. " When we have this view before our eyes, can we be " stupid, or impertinent and vain enough to imagine, " that we stand alone or foremost among rational " created beings? We who must be conscious, unless " we are mad and have lost the use of our reason, of the " imperfection of our reason? Shall we not be per- " suaded rather, that as there is a gradation of sense " and intelligence here from animal beings impercepti- " ble to us for their minuteness, without the help of mi- " croscopes and even with them, up to man, in whom, " though this be their highest stage, sense and intelli- " gence stop short and remain very imperfect : so there " is a gradation from man, through various forms of " sense, intelligence, and reason, up to beings, who can- " not be known by us, because of their distance from us, " and whose rank in the intellectual system is even above " our conceptions?" With which compare also below from ver. 235. to ver. 242.

That phrase " man's imperial race" he had employed before in his *Rape of the Lock*, ii. 28. and he found it in *Dryden*, *Virg. Geo.* iii. 377.

Not

Not only *man's imperial race*, but they
That wing the liquid air, or swim the sea :
and elsewhere in the works of his master.

Ver. 215. Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood.

The expression is happy and appropriate ; and from the *multitudinous spawn of fish*, the *Hebrews* have framed their term for *abundant increase*. The last clause of Genesis xlix. 16. would be literally rendered : “ And let “ them be *like fish for multitude* in the middle of the “ earth.”

It is well known, moreover, that *dumb* was the standing epithet for *fish* with the ancient poets. Some naturalists have supposed these animals not destitute of the sense of hearing : but from numerous opportunities, which have occurred to me, of observation on this point, I am persuaded, that those effects, which have been supposed to be the result of this faculty, are occasioned only by the pulses of air upon the water, and the consequent undulation excited and propagated by them.

Ver. 217. The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine !

Feels at each thread, and lives along the line.

Dryden, in his *Marriage a-la-mode*, the end of Act ii.

And, when eyes meet far off, our sense is such,

That, *spider-like*, we feel the tender'st touch.

Ver. 221. How instinct varies in the grov'ling swine,

Compar'd, half-reas'ning elephant, with thine !

The former animal has been since redeemed from the ignominy of this distinction by the renowned feats of the *learned pig*, to which myself was witness ; and the sagacity of the elephant has been celebrated both by ancient and modern writers : see Cicero de Nat. Deor. i. 35. and

Pliny in various parts of his Natural History, particularly the beginning of his eighth book.

And that variation of construction in the second verse, by an address to the elephant himself, is extremely lively and poetical. So *Virgil* before him, *Geo.* ii. 95. even where the subject was inanimate :

Purpureæ, præciæque : et quo te carmine dicam,

Rhætica ? nec cellis idèò contende Falernis :

and again, ver. 101. In *Dryden's* version this beauty is extinguished :

How shall I praise the Ræthean grape divine ?

Which yet contends not with Falernian wine :
but with what ease had it been preserved ?

How shall I praise thee, Rhætian grape divine ?

And yet contend not with Falernian wine.

Lauderdale is equally negligent, but *Ogilby* and *Neville* have attended to this beauty of their original.

Ver 226. What thin partitions sense from thought divide !

Much in the same manner *Tate's* translation of *Ovid's* Remedy of Love, ver. 344.

Such thin partitions good and ill divide.

Ver. 240. ————— from infinite to thee,

From thee to nothing.

“ It proves, or attempts to prove, too much, if it be intended to prove that there is, or that there should have been, no such chain of being : for as we see that there is one almost from nonentity up to man, and have the most probable reasons to persuade us, that it continues up to natures, infinitely below the divine, but vastly superior to the human ; so, &c.” *Bolingbroke*, *Fragm.* 49. in which, and *Fragment* 66. will be found the elements of what immediately follows in our poet.

Ver. 252.

Ver. 252. I like the reading of earlier editions better :

Planets and *suns rush* lawless thro' the sky.

And I suspect from the customary punctuation, that the legitimate construction of the passage has escaped both editors and readers ; which is this—" Let earth fly from " her orbit, *and* planets *immediately* run (that is *will* run) " lawless through the sky. Let angels be hurled from " their spheres, and being *will be* wrecked on being, " world on world ; Heaven *will nod* to it's centre, and " Nature *will tremble* to the throne of God." Such is the close and illimitable concatenation of the universal system, material and intellectual !

Ver. 267. All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
 Whose body Nature is, and God the soul ;
 That (chang'd thro' all, and yet in all the same ;
 Great in the earth, as in th' æthereal frame)
 Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
 Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,
 Lives through all life, extends through all ex-
 tent,
 Spreads undivided, operates unspent.

The sentiments of this passage are not original : but such a pregnant concentration of them into poetic numbers of the most beautiful embellishment was not to be achieved but by the powers of our unrivalled artist.

A passage from *Clemens Alexandrinus* will not be unseasonable here, Strom. ii. sect. 19. ed. Oxon. " The Stoics " assert, that Nature, meaning God, extends even to " plants, and feeds, and trees, and stones." And our poet is certainly indebted to the following verses of Mrs. Chandler on Solitude :

Earth's verdant scenes, the all-surrounding skies,
 Employ my wond'ring thoughts, and feast my eyes ;
 Nature

Nature in ev'ry object points the road,
 Whence Contemplation wings my soul to God.
 He's all in all: his wisdom, goodness, pow'r,
 Spring in each blade, and bloom in ev'ry flow'r;
 Smile o'er the meads, and bend in ev'ry hill,
 Glide in the stream, and murmur in the rill:
 All Nature moves obedient to his will:
 Heav'n shakes, earth trembles, and the forests nod,
 When awful thunders speak the voice of God.

In this passage there are some lines after the very best manner of *Pope* himself. *Dryden*, in the State of Innocence, where he imitates some well-known lines of the sixth *Æneid*, was probably also in our poet's recollection: Act v.

Where'er thou art, he is; th' eternal mind
 Acts through all places, is to none confin'd;
 Fills ocean, earth, and air, and all above,
 And through the universal mass does move.

These sublime sentiments were derived from the Greek philosophers, and may be found in Cicero, Virgil, Lucan, Apuleius, and many others.

Ver. 277. As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
 As the rapt Seraph, that adores and burns.

That expression—*vile man that mourns*—is intended to express the *miseris* or *ægris mortalibus* of Lucretius, Cicero, and Virgil, rendered from the δειλοῖς or οἰζυροῖς βροτοῖσιν of Homer.

In illustration of the second verse, a couplet from *Milton's* verses At a solemn Musick may be seasonably quoted:

Where the bright *Seraphim* in burning row
 Their loud uplifted angel-trumpets blow:

and

and Spencer's Hymn of Heavenly Beautie, stanza 14.

Yet far more faire be those bright Cherubins

Which all with golden wings are over dight ;

And those eternall *burning Seraphins*

Which from their faces dart out *fierie light*.

To which add *Hudibras* in his Epistle to the Lady, ver.

117. who alludes to the etymology of the word *Seraph* :

Or who, but lovers, can converse,

Like Angels, by the eye-discourse ?

And *burn in* amorous *flames* as fierce

As those celestial messengers ?

Compare the observations above, on ver. 110.

Ver. 285. Submit.—In this, or any other sphere,

Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear :

Safe in the hand of one disposing pow'r,

Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.

“ If death translate us, we change our state, but we are

“ still the creatures of the same God. He made us to be

“ happy here ; he may make us happy in another system

“ of being.” Bolingbroke, *Fragm.* 51. And again soon

after : “ Let the tranquillity of my mind rest on this im-

“ moveable rock, that my future, as well as my pre-

“ sent, state is ordered by an almighty and allwise Crea-

“ tor.” And in *Fragm.* 67. “ Be there two worlds, or

“ be there twenty, the same God is the God of all ; and,

“ wherever we are, we are equally in his power.”

The verses, that follow these, to the conclusion of the poem, are, no less than these, for sentiment and language, beyond all competition, nervous, elegant, and comprehensive ; poetically noble, and philosophically just.

BOOK II.

VER. 3. Plac'd on this isthmus of a middle state;
A being darkly wise, and rudely great.

This is a pleasing variation from the similitude of his preceptor; which, however, might probably suggest the former clause of the second verse. "This is the condition of humanity. *We are placed*, as it were, *in an intellectual twilight*, where we discover but few things clearly, and none entirely; and yet see just enough to tempt us with the hope of making better and more discoveries." Bolingbroke's Letters to Pope.

Ver. 18. The glory, jest, and riddle of the world:
alluding, I presume, to an expression of *Plato*, in whose dialogues man is stiled more than once *το παίγνιον των θεων* *the sport, or plaything of the gods*. Hence below, ver. 31 to 35. and *Ethic epistle*, iii. 4.

Ver. 19. Go, wondrous creature! mount where Science
guides;
Go, measure earth, weigh air, and state the tides;
Instruct the planets in what orbs to run,
Correct old Time, and regulate the Sun.

These verses are incomparably fine; and, in most of the specifications, have a particular aspect to the philosophical discoveries of Sir Isaac Newton. It seems not improbable, that our poet might have in view a passage of *Boileau's Satires*, viii. 165.

N'est-ce pas l'homme enfin, dont l'art audacieux
Dans le tour d'un compas a mesuré les cieux?
Dont la vaste science, embrassant toutes choses,
A fouillé la Nature, en a percé les causes?

And

And by *regulating the sun* we are to understand the ascertainment of true time from apparent time, resulting from the seeming progress of the sun in the ecliptic compared with the circle of the earth's diurnal revolution. The correction of this couplet was probably made at the suggestion of some philosophical friend, who pointed out the inaccuracy and tautology of the former reading, which stood thus :

Shew by what rules the wand'ring planets stray,
Correct old Time, and teach the sun his way.

Where, to pass by the redundant phrase of *wand'ring planets, the sun's way*, whether in a popular or philosophical view, can be no other than the way of a *planet*.

Ver. 23. Go, soar with Plato to th' empyreal sphere,
To the first good, first perfect, and first fair.

It was the opinion of Plato and his followers, that every thing excellent or great in man and the universe, and even the universe itself, were but adumbrations of the perfect archetypes of excellence, previously existing in the divine mind, and emanations from it. The reader will find some pleasing illustrations of this doctrine in Spencer's Hymn to Heavenly Beauty, and in the eighteenth song of Drummond's poems, part ii. but the passages are too long for quotation in this place. This notion will reflect light on *Milton's* Par. Lost, vii. 557. where the expression derives it's colouring from that Platonic theory :

Thence to behold this new created world,
Th' addition of his empire ; how it show'd
In prospect from his throne, *how good, how fair ;*
Answering his great idea.

Ver. 27. As Eastern priests in giddy circles run,
And turn their heads to imitate the fun.

Plutarch tells us in his Life of Numa, that the followers of Pythagoras were enjoined to turn themselves round during the performance of their religious worship; and that this circumrotation was intended to imitate the revolution of the world. Pliny, in his Natural History, xxviii. 5. mentions the same practice.

Ver. 30. Then drop into thyself, and be a fool.

This resembles a passage in *Perfius*, iv. 23.

Ut nemo in sese tentat descendere, nemo!

None, none descends into himself, to find

The secret imperfections of his mind. *Dryden*.

Ver. 37. Who saw its fires here rise and there descend:

that is, saw, as it were, both the terminating points of such vast lines as the greater axes of orbits, so immeasurably extended through pure space, and of such eccentricity. And it is probable, that our poet intended an allusion to that wonderful problem, the twenty-first of the third book of Sir Isaac's *Principia*, which proposes to discover the trajectory of a comet from three given observations. Our divine philosopher introduces his demonstration with the following words: "After attempting
" this most difficult of all problems in a variety of ways,
" I put together some problems in the first book, with a
" view to the solution of it. I afterwards devised the
" following solution, in which there is somewhat more
" simplicity."

They, who are acquainted with the wonderful powers and unexampled modesty of this greatest ornament of our species, will be able to form some conception of the difficulty of such a problem from this prefatory declaration.

Ver. 42. What Reason weaves, by Passion is undone.

An allusion to the *web* of *Penelope*, in *Homer's Odyssey*.

Ver. 49. Expunge the whole, or lop th' excrescent parts.

He should have maintained the congruity of his allusion by writing, I think, in some such manner as the following:

Extirpate all, or lop th' excrescent parts.

Ver. 101. In lazy apathy let Stoics boast

Their virtue fix'd: 'tis fix'd as in a frost:

that is, in *cold insensibility*. There is a similar thought in *Lady Chudleigh's* dialogue on the death of her daughter:

Honour is ever the reward of pain;

A lazy virtue no applause will gain.

And this *boastful* humour of the sect is thus touched upon by *Milton*, *Par. Reg.* iv. 300.

The Stoic last in philosophic pride,

By him call'd Virtue.

Ver. 107. On life's vast ocean diversely we sail,

Reason the card, but Passion is the gale:

Nor God alone in the still calm we find:

He mounts the storm, and walks upon the wind.

Carew's poems, p. 122. edit. 1772.

A troop of deities came down to guide

Our steerless barks in Passion's swelling tide,

By Virtue's card.

And *Shakspeare*, in *Macbeth*, Act i. Scene 3.

All the quarters that they know

I'the shipman's card.

But our poet seems to have had in his eye *Tate's* paraphrase from *Simonides*, in *Dryden's Miscellanies*:

On

*On life's wide ocean diversely launch'd out,
Our minds alike are tost on waves of doubt,
Holding no steady course, or constant sail,
But shift and tack with ev'ry veering gale.*

The third verse of our author's quotation seems converted from a hint in 1 Kings, xix. 12. "And after the earthquake, a fire; but the Lord was not in the fire: and, after the fire, a still small voice." Whence *Gray* in a rejected stanza of his *Elegy*:

In still small accents whispering from the ground.

Compare the remarks on *Essay* i. ver. 100.

Ver. 118. Hate, fear, and grief, the family of pain.

Gray on a Distant Prospect of *Eton College*:

The painful family of Death.

Garth, in the *Dispensary*, vi. 138.

And all the faded family of Care.

But *Dryden* was their original, in his *State of Innocence*, Act v.

With all the num'rous family of Death.

Ver. 121. — "well-accorded strife," is the *rerum concordia discors* of *Ovid*, *Met.* i. 433. or his own *harmonious confusion* in his *Windfor Forest*, ver. 14.

Ver. 143. Imagination plies her dang'rous art,
And pours it all upon the peccant part.

Dryden's Juvenal, Sat. x.

— one, with cruel art,

Makes *Colon* suffer for the peccant part.

Ver. 146. Wit, spirit, faculties, but make it worse.

As strength of body and vigour of constitution feed the violence of inflammatory fevers, and aggravate the malignity of the disease.

Ver. 159.

Ver. 159. So, when small humours gather to a gout,

The doctor fancies he has driv'n them out.

This humourous illustration he seems to have gleaned from *Cowley's* poem on the late civil war:

And then with desperate boldness they endeavour,

Th'ague to cure by bringing in a fever;

The war is sure to expel some ill, no doubt;

The plague, we know, drives all diseases out.

Ver. 177. 'Tis thus the mercury of man is fix'd.

This neat comparison is borrowed from *Caryl's* *Hypocrite* in *Dryden's* *Miscellanies*, iv. p. 304.

Hypocrisie at last shou'd enter in,

And fix this floating mercurie of sin.

Ver. 189. Lust, thro' some certain strainers well refin'd,

Is gentle love—.

"These branches spread wide; and bear even fruits of

"different kinds: but the sap, that made them shoot and

"makes them flourish, rises from the root through the

"trunk, and *their productions are varied* according to the

"variety of *strainers* through which it flows." *Boling-*

broke's Letters to Pope.

Ver. 204. ——"The God within our mind"—: compare his imitation of Horace, *Epist.* ii. 2. 280. and his original there.

Ver. 217. Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,

As, to be hated, needs but to be seen.

A slight variation from a couplet in *Dryden's* *Hind and Panther*, part i.

For Truth has such a face and such a mien,

As to be lov'd needs only to be seen.

And upon the notion itself consult the observations on the Prologue to *Cato*, ver. 17

N

Ver. 274.

Ver. 274. Hope travels through, nor quits us when we die.

" Human life is chequered variously with good and evil:
 " and, as the good has often some alloy, so the evil is
 " softened by many circumstances, even by habit, and
 " above all, by *Hope*, that cordial drop which sweetens
 " every bitter potion, even *the last*." *Bolingbroke*, *Fragm.*
 50.—So *Cato*, in the *Distichs*, ii. 25.

Spem retine: spes una hominem nec morte relinquit.

Grasp Hope: Hope e'en in death forsakes not man.

Ver. 280. And beads and pray'r-books are the toys of age:
 as *Hesiod* somewhere has *ευχαι τε γεροντων* old men's
 prayers.

EPISTLE III.

VER. 7. From this verse to ver. 27. some grand truths of philosophy are delivered with all the perspicuity of simple prose in strains of the richest poetry: and it is this combination of didactic simplicity and clearness with every charm of numbers and embellishment of fancy, that characterises these epistles, and gives them a pre-eminence above every other composition of a similar complexion.

Ver. 19. Like bubbles on the sea of matter born,
 They rise, they break, and to that sea return.

I am not acquainted with a happier illustration than this before us: it is perfect in all it's parts. The general sentiment is derived from the Greek philosophers, and is stated, as far as it relates to man, by *Virgil* in a stile of uncommon dignity, *Georg.* iv. ver. 219—228. and ver. 321—333. of *Dryden's* translation. *Lucretius* exhibits the principle, as it relates to the material world, much at large in his first book: from ver. 251 to ver. 266. is a passage eminently poetical.

Ver. 29.

Ver. 29. Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,
For him as kindly spread the flow'ry lawn.

The word *spread* in the latter verse, as allusive to *table* in the former, is eminently happy. The passage, however, is indebted to *Fenton*, in his Epistle to Southerne:

Whence thunders roar, and frightful meteors fly,
And comets roll unbounded through the sky;
Who wing'd the winds, and gave the streams to flow,
And rais'd the rocks, and *spread the lawns* below.

With the second of these verses compare our poet at Rape of the Lock, ii. 80. and my remark there; and with the last, a quotation from *Young*, at iv. 158. of the same poem.

Ver. 33. Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat?

This poetical expression *Gray* has borrowed in his Ode on Spring:

The Attic warbler *pours her throat*,
Responsive to the cuckow's note.

Ver. 40. "The deserving steer:" *meritosque juvenco*:
Virg. Geo. ii. 515. "his dumb *deserving* train:" *Dryden*
at the passage.

Ver. 45. While man exclaims, "See all things for my
"use!"

"See man for mine!" exclaims a pamper'd
goose.

Cowley, in his Plagues of Ægypt, stanza i.

All creatures the Creator said were thine:

No creature but might since say, "*Man is mine!*"

a passage, which our poet might have in view; as well as *Gay*, in fable 49. part i. where the sentiment itself is happily illustrated throughout:

N 2

When

When with huge figs the branches bend,

When clusters from the vine depend,

The Snail looks round on flow'r and tree,

And cries, "All these were made for me!"

"The hypothesis, that assumes the world made for man,

"and man solely to be happy, is not founded in reason,

"and is contradicted by experience." *Bolingbroke,*

Fragm. 43.

Ver. 54. ———her varying plumage ———:

that is, *varying* with her position, and the different angles,

in which the reflected light strikes upon the eye: see the

note on *Windfor Forest*, ver. 115.

Ver. 68. Than favour'd man by touch ethereal slain.

This is a most exquisite poetical expression, borrowed from
Milton's Comus, ver. 549.

Wherever fountain or fresh current flow'd

Against the eastern ray, translucent, pure

With *touch ethereal* of heav'n's fiery rod,

I drank.

I have illustrated the phrase in my notes on the *Trachiniae*
of *Sophocles*, ver. 685, and on *Lucretius*, iv. 408.

Ver. 112. On mutual wants built mutual happiness.

"We are designed to be social, not solitary creatures.

"*Mutual wants* unite us: and natural benevolence and

"political order, on which our *happiness* depends, are

"founded in them." *Bolingbroke*, Fragg. 51. So *Gray*,
very beautifully, in his unfinished Essay:

While mutual wishes, mutual woes, endear;

The social smile, and sympathetic tear.

Ver. 124. They love themselves, a third time, in their race.

"As our parents loved themselves in us, *so we love our-*

seives

"*selves in our children*, and in those to whom we are most
 "nearly related by blood. Thus far instinct improves
 "self-love. Reason improves it further. We love our-
 "selves in our neighbours and in our friends.—We love
 "ourselves in loving the political body whose members
 "we are; and we love ourselves, when we extend our
 "benevolence to all mankind." *Bolingbroke*, *Fragm.* 51.
 with which compare below, ver. 134.

Ver. 147. This entire division of the poem, respecting
 the state of nature and the progress of society, always
 appeared to me among the very noblest portions of this
 noble Essay; and dictates a most edifying lesson of hu-
 manity to the brute creation; of simplicity, gentleness,
 and freedom to man with his fellow creatures.

Ver. 151. Pride then was not; nor arts, that pride to aid:
 Man walk'd with beast, joint tenant of the
 shade.

So *Hall*, *Satire* 1. book iii.

Then crept in *pride*, and peevish covetise,
 And men grew greedie, discordous, and nice.
 Now *man*, that erst *baile-fellow was with beast*,
 Woxe on to weene himself a god at least.

Ver. 153. The same his table, and the same his bed:
 No murder cloath'd him, and no murder fed!

Is it possible for poetry to be more delicious? There is a
 couplet not much, if at all, inferiour, in *Hanbury's* poem
 on the State of Nature in *Dryden's* *Miscellanies*, v.
 p. 314.

He wisely trod where Nature led the way;
 Fed on her fruits, and in her bosom lay.

Ver. 155. —"the resounding wood"—: *lucos fo-*
nantes, *Virg. Ecl. x.* 58. sounding woods; *Dryden*.

Ver. 161. Ah! how unlike the man of times to come!
 Of half that live the butcher and the tomb;
 Who, foe to Nature, hears the gen'ral groan,
 Murders their species, and betrays his own.
 But just Disease to luxury succeeds,
 And ev'ry death its own avenger breeds;
 The Fury-passions from that blood began,
 And turn'd on Man a fiercer savage, Man.

An invaluable invective against that ferocious and detestable practice of murdering and devouring animals! Hear the nervous impetuosity of *Arnobius*, burning with indignation at the contemplation of this subject, lib. vii. p. 213. edit. Lugd. Bat. "Where is the pleasure of gratifying ourselves with the slaughter of inoffensive animals, to hear their lamentable cries, to see streams of blood, their lives issuing with the current, their intestines rolling on the ground, their hearts still beating with the remains of life, and the palpitations of the viscera? What barbarians are we! to have learned from vicious habit to prey upon their flesh!" To the pathetic apostrophe in the first verse of this quotation *Dryden* has one similar, at *Virg. Æn. ix. 640.*

Ah! how unlike the living is the dead!

Ver. 167. The Fury-passions from that blood began,
 And turn'd on Man a fiercer savage, Man.

Much after this manner *Dryden*, in his version of that divine speech of *Pythagoras*, in *Ovid*, which our poet, doubtless, had in view through this whole delineation:

Th' essay of bloody feasts on brutes began,
 And after forg'd the sword to murder man.

Ver. 169. See him from Nature rising flow to Art.

On this subject the reader may consult *Cicero de Legg. i. 8. fin.*

8. fin. and the conclusion of *Claudian's* poem on the Porcupine.

Ver. 177. Learn of the little Nautilus to sail,
Spread the thin oar, and catch the rising gale.

An inimitable couplet! *Pliny* mentions fishes of this kind, and this practice of sailing, in several parts of his *Natural History*: and the Nautilus is spoken of in an epigram of *Callimachus*. But it seems likely, that *Dryden*, in his *Annus Mirabilis*, stanza 155. furnished his scholar with this thought:

By viewing Nature, Nature's hand-maid Art
Makes mighty things from small beginnings grow:
Thus fishes first to shipping did impart
Their tail the rudder, and their head the prow.

Ver. 181. Here subterranean works and cities see:
referring, I presume, more particularly to the *beaver*.

Ver. 185. How those in common all their wealth bestow—;
Their sep'rate cells and properties maintain.
These are translations of two passages in *Virgil*, *Geo. iv.*
155. 157.

————— in medium quæsitæ reponunt—:
Et patriam solæ, et certos novere penates.

Ver. 191. In vain thy Reason finer webs shall draw,
Intangle Justice in her net of law,
And right, too rigid, harden into wrong;
Still for the strong too weak, the weak too strong.

There seems an allusion here to that well-known maxim,
"Summum jus summa injuria;" to which may be
referred those lines of *Horace*, 1 *Epist. vi.* 15.

Infani sanus nomen ferat, æquus iniqui,
Ultrâ quàm satis est, virtutem si petat ipsam.

The just, unfair, the wise, but madmen deem,
Who Virtue's self too rig'rously pursue.

And the imagery of the passage is derived from an observation of a Greek philosopher, who compared *laws* to *spiders'-webs*; too fragile to hold fast great offenders, and too strong to suffer trivial culprits to escape.

Ver. 200. Cities were built, societies were made.

A line chiefly borrowed from *Roscommon's* version of *Horace's Art of Poetry*:

Cities were built, and useful laws were made.

Ver. 208. When Love was Liberty, and Nature Law.

This verse is found also in his *Eloisa*; and *Warburton's* explanation is a prudish and unseasonable attempt to divert the reader from the plain purport of the poet's meaning, sufficiently ascertained by the discarded variation:

And half the cause of contest was remov'd,

When beauty could be kind to all who lov'd;

the *concubitu vago* of *Horace*, where he describes this infant stage of society; and *Cicero de Inventione*, i. 2. is worthy of consultation upon this subject, and furnishes a fine illustration of what our poet says below, ver. 283.

Ver. 222. —“the ærial eagle”—: *æriæ volucres*, ærial birds: *Lucretius* and *Virgil*.

Ver. 236. For Nature knew no right divine in men.

“Those great and good men, *Lycurgus*, *Solon*, *Numa*,
“in meditating their institutions, had the same sentiment
“with *Alcidamas*, according to that noble fragment of
“his, preserved in the scholiast upon *Aristotle's Rhetoric*:

“*Ελευθερος αφηκε παντας Θεος· εδενε δαλιν η φυσικη πεποιμμε*.”

“*God hath dismissed all men free: Nature hath made no*

"man a slave." *Harris's* notes to his *Second Treatise*, on Music, Painting, and Poetry.

Ver. 249. She, 'midst the lightning's blaze, and thunder's sound,

When rock'd the mountains, and when groan'd the ground,

She taught the weak to bend, the proud to pray,
To Pow'r unseen, and mightier far than they.

This is exactly *Lucretius*, v. 1217.

Prætereà, cui non animus formidine Divûm

Contrahitur, cui non conrepunt membra pavore,

Fulminis horribili cùm plagâ torrida tellus

Contremit, et magnum percurrunt murmura cœlum?

Non populi gentesque tremunt, regesque superbi—?

Denique, sub pedibus tellus cùm tota vacillat,

Concussæque cadunt urbes, dubiæque minantur;

Quid mirum, si se temnunt mortalia sæcla,

Atque potestates magnas mirasque relinquunt

In rebus vireis Divûm, quæ cuncta gubernent?

What bosom shrinks not with an awe divine,

Whose flesh with terrour creeps not, when the ground,

Smit with the stroke of thunder, flaming, shakes,

And murmurs roll through the long vault of heaven?

Quake not whole nations with their haughty kings?

When Earth's broad surface rocks beneath our feet,

When crashing cities fall, or tottering threat,

What wonder, if frail man himself despise;

If wond'rous powers, and vast, to Gods he give,

To guide this universe with boundless sway?

But in our poet's third verse, the word *weak* is unsuitable to the scope of his argument, which is laying down the origin of superstition over tyrants themselves: some alteration, therefore, to the following purport, is necessary:

The

The *lofty* taught to bend, the proud to pray.

Ver. 265. Then first the Flamen tasted living food.

Diogenes Laërtius has a pleasant epigram enough respecting Pythagoras, grounded upon the equivocal acceptance of this expression *living food*; which I shall quote for the entertainment of the reader:

Ου μὲν ἐμψυχῶν ἀπέχεσθαι, ἀλλὰ καὶ ἡμεῖς.

Τίς γὰρ, ὅς ἐμψυχῶν ἠψάτο, Πυθαγόρα;

Ἀλλ' ὅτ' ἂν ἐψηθῇ τι, καὶ ὀπτήθῃ, καὶ ἀλισθῇ,

Διὰ τότε καὶ ψυχὴν καὶ ἔχον ἐσθιομέν.

Nor we, Pythagoras, delight

Of *living animals* to bite,

Of flesh, or fowl, or fish;

But think them, roasted well, or boil'd,

Or fried, or stew'd, or bak'd, or broil'd,

An admirable dish!

Ver. 305. For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight;
His can't be wrong, whose life is in the right.

This couplet is formed from one in *Cowley's* verses on the death of Crashaw:

His faith, perhaps, in some nice tenets might

Be wrong; *his life*, I'm sure, *was in the right*.

The position is demonstrably absurd in both poets. All conduct originates in principles: where the principles, therefore, are not strictly pure and accurately true, the conduct must deviate, more or less in the same proportion, from the line of perfect rectitude. There is no axiom in geometry more indisputable: and we may hence learn the unspeakable importance of right opinion upon every subject, and more especially on the subjects of Religion and Morality. If our *Faith* be *wrong*, it is impossible that our *life* should be *right*.

Ver. 310.

Ver. 310. And all of God, that blefs mankind, or mend.

A juſt and ſublime ſentiment, in uniſon with pure Gentile philoſophy and Evangelical religion; which ground true piety on an imitation of the Supreme Being in his impartial univerſal bounty to his creatures; not, like prieſts and churchmen, on the external mummeries of ſuperſtition.

Ver. 318. And bade Self-love and Social be the ſame.

“ A due uſe of our reaſon makes *Self-love and ſocial* coincide, or even become in effect *the ſame*.” *Bolingbroke*, Fragm. 51.

EPISTLE IV.

VER. 11. Twin'd with the wreaths Parnaffian laurels yield,
Or reap'd in iron harveſts of the field.

The diction of the former verſe is ſingularly elegant and happy; and the latter ſeems formed on an alluſion to the armed men of Cadmus; or was transferred from *Virgil*, *Æn.* iii. 45.

—————Hic confixum *ferrea* textit

Telorum *ſeges*, et jaculis increvit acutis.

Me, ſlaughter'd here, this crop of javelins hides,

And pointed lances, ſprouting from my ſides:

which is a ſlight change of *Ogilby's* verſion, and excellently repreſents the paſſage.—Or our poet might derive the figure immediately from his maſter, at *Æn.* xii. 963.

The more they kill, the greater numbers grow:

An *iron harveſt* mounts, and ſtill remains to mow.

And in his *All for Love*, end of act i. there is a ſimilar verſe;

And

And, ent'ring where the foremost squadrons yield,
Begin the noble harvest of the field.

But the first suspicion is rendered probable by the beginning of his own translation of Statius:

How with the serpent's teeth he sow'd the soil,
And reap'd an iron harvest of his toil.

Ver. 16. 'Tis no where to be found, or ev'ry where.

So *Horace*, Epist. i. 11. fin.

—————quod petis, hic est;

Est Ulubris.

Ver. 39. There's not a blessing individuals find,

But some way leans and hearkens to the kind.

An image perfectly original and happy! Man waits, as it were, all ear! for the approbation of another's feelings, before he can decide upon the reality of his own happiness from a present enjoyment. A passage in the Epistle to the Hebrews, xi. 13. is not much inferior to this in a beauty of the same kind: see my *Silva Critica*, v. p. 148.

Ver. 75, Heav'n still with laughter the vain toil surveys.

An allusion to Psalm ii. 1. 4. "Why do the heathen rage, "and the people imagine a *vain* thing?—He, that sitteth "in the heavens, shall laugh; the Lord shall have them "in derision."

Ver. 102. Was this their Virtue, or contempt of life?

The general conception of this whole passage seems derived from *Lansdowne's* verses written in the year 1693, and of great merit.

The honest man, who starves and is undone,
Not Fortune, but his Virtue keeps him down.
Had Cato bent beneath the conquering cause,
He might have liv'd to give new senates laws;

But

But on vile terms disdaining to be great,
 He perish'd by his choice, and not his fate.
 Honours and life, th' usurper bids, and all
 That vain mistaken men good fortune call;
 Virtue forbids, and sets before his eyes
 An honest death; which he accepts, and dies.

Ver. 107. Why drew Marfeilles' good bishop purer breath,
 When Nature sicken'd, and each gale was death?
 Or why so long (in life if long can be)
 Lent Heav'n a parent to the poor and me?

Archbishop *Sheldon*, and others, must share in this praise of the good bishop of Marfeilles; see Pennant's London, p. 328. and the two ministers of Tideswell in Derbyshire; see Dr. Aikin's Environs of Manchester, p. 485. And in the former couplet our poet might profit from some anonymous verses in *Dryden's Miscellanies*, vi. p. 76.

When Nature sickens, and with fainting breath

Struggles beneath the bitter pangs of death:

as the third verse is a palpable imitation of *Virgil*, *Æn.* x. 861.

Rhœbe, diù, res si qua diù mortalibus ulla est,
 Viximus.

O Rhœbus, we have liv'd too long for me,
 If life and long were terms that could agree. *Dryden.*

Ver. 123. Shall burning *Ætna*, if a sage requires,
 Forget to thunder—?

This is the strong word of *Virgil* on the same subject,
Æn. iii. 571.

——— horrificis juxtà tonat *Ætna* ruinis:
thundering Ætna, is *Dryden's* expression there from *Lauderdale*.

Ver. 127.

Ver. 127. When the loose mountain trembles from on
high,

Shall gravitation cease, if you go by?

“ Quid mirum igitur, ex speluncâ saxum in crura Icadii
“ incidisse? Puto enim, etiâ si Icadius in speluncâ non
“ fuisset, saxum tamèn illud casurum fuisset.” *Cicero de*
Fato, cap. iii. What wonder then, that the stone
should fall from the cave on the legs of Icadius? The
stone, I presume, would have fallen, had he not been
there.

Ver. 196. One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade.

The fatirical aggravation here is conducted with great
dexterity, by an interchange of terms: the gaudy word
flaunt properly belonging to the sumptuous dress, and
that of *flutters* to the tattered garment. This artifice
did not escape the sagacity of Warburton, whose obser-
vation is extremely just. A most ingenious and acute
criticism of a similar kind may be seen in the notes of
that extraordinary Intelligence on *Windfor Forest*, ver.
388.

Ver. 207. Boast the pure blood of an illustrious race,
In quiet flow from Lucrece to Lucrece.

A translation from *Boileau's* fifth Satire, ver. 85.

Et si leur sang tout pur, ainsi que leur noblesse,
Est passé jusqu' à vous de *Lucrece en Lucrece*.

Ver. 211. Go! if your ancient, but ignoble blood
Has crept thro' scoundrels ever since the flood.

Improved from *Hall*, I presume: Satire iii.

Or tedious bead-rolls of descended blood,
From father Japhet since *Deucalion's* flood.

Ver. 244.

Ver. 244. But for the political byas of our poet, he would unquestionably have written here,

A *Marlb'rough* living, as a *Cæsar* dead.

This blameable partiality is finely censured by Mr. *Mason*, in the following stanza :

Ask, if the wretch that dar'd his mem'ry stain,

Ask, if his country's, his religion's foe,

Deserv'd the meed that *Marlb'rough* fail'd to gain ?

The deathless meed he only could bestow.

Ver. 257. And more true joy *Marcellus* exil'd feels,

Than *Cæsar* with a senate at his heels.

So *Lansdowne*, of *Cato*, in the verses above quoted, at ver. 102.

More lov'd, more prais'd, more envy'd in his doom,

Than *Cæsar*, trampling on the rights of Rome.

Ver. 260. Tell (for you can) what is it to be wise ?

These interjectory appeals give great vivacity and emotion to a passage ; and are frequently, as in the present instance, peculiarly pleasing and impressive. That in *Gray's* *Elegy* is also perfectly elegant and happy :

Approach, and read (for thou canst read) the lay.

Homer led the way, in *Od.* Δ. 827.

Τοιῇ γὰρ τοι πομπῇ ἄμ' ἐρχεται, ἣν τε καὶ ἄλλοι

ἄνθρωποι κρήσαντο παρασταμεναι, (δύναται γὰρ)

Πάλλας Ἀθηναίην.

An elegance of this kind, highly meritorious, occurs in *Bourne's* translation of *Lucy* and *Colin* ; and would alone evince the fine taste of that admirable versifier :

Oh ! have you seen a lily pale,

When beating rains descend ?

Vidistin' (*quin sæpe vides*) ut languida marcent

Lilia, quæ subitæ prægravat imber aquæ ?

Ver. 284.

Ver. 284. See Cromwell, damn'd to everlasting fame!

This resembles some vigorous lines in *Roscommon's* Essay:

That wretch, in spite of his forgotten rhymes,
Condemn'd to live to all succeeding times:

which *Dryden* has imitated in his *Abfalom* and *Achitophel*, part ii.

Who by my muse to all succeeding times

Shall live in spite of their own doggrel rhymes.

Bolingbroke might have this verse under contemplation, in his letters to our poet: "Then will those powers of 'dullness, whom you have ridiculed into immortality, be 'called forth in one united phalanx against you.'"—Or, perhaps, the date of the letters, which does not appear, would rather transfer the imitation to *Pope* himself. The identical expression first occurs in a couplet discarded from the Essay on Criticism, ver. 123. and he seems to have thought it too valuable to be lost:

Zoilus, had these been known, without a name
 Had dy'd, and *Perault* ne'er been damn'd to fame.

Ver. 289. In hearts of kings, or arms of queens who lay,
 How happy those to ruin, these betray!
 Mark by what wretched steps their glory grows,
 From dirt and sea-weed as proud Venice rose;
 In each how guilt and greatness equal ran,
 And all that rais'd the Hero, sunk the Man.
 Now Europe's laurels on their brows behold,
 But stained with blood, or ill-exchang'd for gold.
 Then see them broke with toils, or sunk in ease,
 Or infamous for plunder'd provinces.
 Oh wealth ill-fated! which no act of fame
 E'er taught to shine, or sanctified from shame!

What

What greater bliss attends their close of life?
 Some greedy minion, or imperious wife,
 The trophy'd arches, story'd halls invade,
 And haunt their slumbers in the pompous shade.
 Alas! not dazzled with their noon-tide ray,
 Compute the morn and ev'ning to the day;
 The whole amount of that enormous fame,
 A tale, that blends their glory with their shame!

I have extracted the whole of this sublime invective, that the particular aspect of our satirist on the circumstances of *Marlborough's* life may be more distinctly seen amidst this general censure of military glories.

The second clause of the first verse, and the second couplet, relate to his intrigue with the Duchess of *Cleveland*, for which I refer the reader to the *Biographia Britannica*, vol. iii. p. 563, or *Lediard's* life, pp. 18 and 19.

The third and fourth couplets have a view to his supposed peculation as commander in chief, and his prolongation of the war on this account, to which we must refer also the discarded variation at his first *Moral Essay*, ver. 86.

Triumphant leaders, at an army's head,
 Hemm'd round with glories, pilfer cloth or bread:
 As meanly plunder, as they bravely fought;
 Now save a people, and now save a groat.

The sixth couplet is explained by that charge of avarice which is usually brought against him, and which gave rise to that epigram upon the bridge in *Blenheim-Park*:

The spacious arch his vast ambition shows;
 The stream an emblem of his bounty flows.

The application of the following lines to his Duchess, the palace at *Blenheim*, and his second infancy, so finely touched by *Johnson* in his *Vanity of Human Wishes*, is

too obvious to need more than a simple admonition to direct the attention of the reader.

Those admirable expressions of the eleventh and twelfth verses appear in part derived from *Horace*, Od. ii. 21.

Nullus argento color est avaris

Abdito terris, inimice lamnæ,

Crispe Sallusti, nisi temperato

Splendeat usu :

and in part from *Dryden*, Virg. *Æn.* iv. 250.

But call'd it marriage, by that specious name

To veil the crime, and *sanctify the shame.*

With the fifteenth and sixteenth verses another masterly passage of *Horace*, imitated from *Lucretius*, has a close resemblance :

Non enim gazæ, neque consularis

Summovet lictor miseros tumultus

Mentis, et Curas laqueata circum

Tecta volantes.

A couplet also in *Addison's* verses on the Play-House may be not unseasonably compared, though sufficiently prosaic :

A lofty fabrick does the fight *invade,*

And stretches o'er the waves a *pompous shade.*

The last couplet is similar to a well-known passage in *Juvenal's* tenth Satire:

— I, demens, & sævas curre per Alpes,

Ut pueris placeas, et declamatio fias :

He left that name, at which the world grew pale,

To point a moral, and adorn a tale. Dr. *Johnson.*

The latter of these lines is excellent, the former insipidly prosaic, and made only for it's fellow : with the reader's leave, therefore, I will extract for his perusal my own amended version of the place.

Go,

Go, scale yon Alps, infatuate warrior ! go ;
 Stem the wild blast, and spurn th' ærial snow :
 Then claim the meed of mad Ambition's dream,
 A hacknied hero of the school-boy's theme !

Ver. 311. The only point where human bliss stands still.

The allusion here seems to be to the pole, or central point, of a spherical body ; which, during the rotatory motion of every other part, continues immoveable and at rest.

Ver. 319. — “ the broadest mirth ” — : this is the Greek expression, *πλατυς γελωσ* : broad, or wide laughter : derived, I presume, from the greater aperture of the mouth in loud laughter.

Ver. 331. Slave to no sect.—

As *Horace*, *Epist.* i. 1. 14.

Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri :

Slave to no form of dictatorial words :

or, as *Creech* renders very commendably :

But, if you ask me now what sect I own,

I swear a blind obedience unto none.

Ver. 332. But looks thro' Nature up to Nature's God.

“ The modest enquirer follows Nature and Nature's God :

“ that is, he follows God in his works and in his word.”

Bolingbroke's Letters to Pope.

Ver. 341. For him alone, Hope leads from goal to goal,

And opens still, and opens on the soul.

Two finer lines were never penned than these ; nor in which the language assisted and represented the sentiment more happily. See my note on the *Iliad*, xxiii. 967. and my *Silva Critica*, v. p. 147. *Ovid* has a beauty of

the same kind in Epist. ii. 129. but far inferior to this of Pope :

Quo magis accedunt, *minùs, et minùs*, utilis alto.

Ver. 360. And height of blis but height of charity.

This is noble morality, and truly evangelical. With the doctrine of this passage, and with the phraseology above, at ver. 343. the following lines of *Waller*, on Divine Love, Canto v. may be agreeably compared :

Love as he lov'd ! A love, so unconfin'd,
With arms extended would embrace mankind.
Self-love would cease, or be dilated, when
We should behold as many selfs as men :
All of one family, in blood ally'd ;
His precious blood, that for our ransom dy'd !

The first couplet here, which resembles our poet below, at ver. 367. might be constructed from *Cowley*, David. iv. 491.

And yet this general bounty of his mind,
That *with wide arms embraces all mankind*—.

Ver. 379. Form'd by thy converse, happily to steer
From grave to gay, from lively to severe.

Dryden, in his Art of Poetry, Canto i.

Happy, who in his verse can gently steer,
From grave to light, from pleasant to severe.

Their common original, as others also have observed, is *Boileau*, l'Art Poétique, chant i. ver. 75.

Heureux, qui dans ses vers fait, d'une voix légère,
Passer du grave au doux, du plaissant au sévère.

Rescommon, in his version of Horace's Art of Poetry :

Your looks must alter, as your subject does,
From kind to fierce, from wanton to severe.

Ver. 381. Correct with spirit, eloquent with ease.

But what more difficult in composition than the union of spirit with correctness? The file of correction is naturally apt to polish away the bold prominencies of character, and to produce a mere blameless equability:

————— sectantem lenia, nervi

Deficiunt animique,

is the just remark also of *Horace*: and *Quintilian* observes with his customary rectitude and vivacity, *Inst.* ii. 12.

“Nihilo minus confitendum est etiam detrudere doctrinam aliquid, ut limam rudibus, et cotes hebetibus, et vino vetustatem; sed vitia detrahit, atque eo solo minus est, quod literæ perpolierunt, quo melius.”—

Nay, weakness and tenuity are such common and probable effects of extreme accuracy, that the perversity of mankind will have them to be it's inevitable consequences: and, as in the case of our poet himself, will not allow the possibility of vigour and sublimity with such faultless propriety, and unoffending elegance.

The latter clause of the verse is not happily expressed: the proper contrast would rather be,

Correct with spirit, dignified with ease:

because the *flow* and *facility* of eloquence are terms inseparable from the thing itself, and implied in it: and eloquence is laudable in exact proportion with it's freedom from every appearance of tardiness and constraint.

Ver. 383. Oh! while along the stream of Time thy name
Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame—.

Cowley, to the New Year, stanza i.

Oh! let my life, if thou so many deaths a-coming find,

With thine old year its voyage take,

Borne down that *stream of Time*, which no return can
make.

Ver. 389. Shall then this verse to future age pretend,
Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend?

This proper and primary acceptation of the word *pretend* is exemplified also in *Dryden*, *Æn.* iv. 975.

— Didst thou in death *pretend*
To scorn thy sifter, or delude thy friend?

THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

VER. 1. Father of all! in ev'ry age,
In ev'ry clime ador'd,
By faint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

The creator and protector of the world is here comprehensively addressed under the various names, by which he has been distinguished in the system of revelation, the theology of polished antiquity, and the conceptions of rude Barbarians. The same God and Father, under different degrees of manifestation and conviction, has been acknowledged alike, through every age, and in every circumstance, by all his children of mankind. And what is there in these sentiments not perfectly philosophical and evangelically pure? A man's notions of Christianity must be strangely paradoxical indeed, who can see any inconsistency between this poetical address and the spirit of that celestial institution.

Ver. 5. Thou great first Cause, least understood:
Who all my sense confin'd—

Grammar

Grammar requires *confind'ft*; and a fimilar exception must be made to two words in the next stanza: fee the note on the Mefſiah, ver. 6.

Ver. 13. What Conſcience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than Hell to ſhun,
That, more than Heav'n purſue.

This stanza was always abſolutely unintelligible to me. Suppoſing it the language of a believer in revelation, what can be more abſurd than to make the ultimatum of reward and puniſhment to be ſhunned or purſued beyond the means, which have their termination there? An unbeliever indeed, which character our poet diſclaimed here, might very properly avow an attachment to Virtue and an antipathy to Vice, paramount to all ſervile motives of reward or puniſhment, and independent on them.

Ver. 17. What bleſſings thy free bounty gives,
Let me not caſt away;
For God is paid when Man receives:
T' enjoy is to obey.

Athenæus, in his compilations, ii. 3. quotes a paſſage from Alexis, which contains a pleaſing ſentiment of the ſame complexion, as follows:

Let Fortune's fav'rites in broad ſunſhine live,
And God's benignity diſplay to all.
Then, only then, the bounteous Donor reaps
His recompenſe, when Man enjoys the boon.
The niggard and penurious, who ſhuts up
The ſtores cœleſtial with cloſe-handed care,
He views diſpleas'd, and ſoon withdraws the gift.

Ver. 49. To thee, whose temple is all space,
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies.

Lucan, ix. 578. has an admirable passage of this kind :

Estne Dei sedes, nisi terra, et pontus, et aër,
Et cœlum, et virtus ? Superos quid quærimus ultrà ?
Juppiter est quodcunque vides, quocunque moveris.
Is there a place, that God would choose to love
Beyond this earth, the seas, yon heaven above,
And virtuous minds, the noblest throne of Jove ?
Why seek we farther then ? Behold around,
How all thou seest does with the God abound ;
Jove is alike in all, and always to be found.

Rowe.

M O R A L E S S A Y S.

E P I S T L E I.

THE poem is introduced by an exordium, simple and unaffected, altogether suitable to a didactic subject. A rectitude of judgement is by nothing more distinguished than by an accommodation of language to the sentiment and complexion of the composition. We are satisfied on the present occasion, if the poet amble gracefully at the foot of Parnassus, without a furious attempt to drive his Pegasus on full pinion through the abyfs of æther. The man, who expects a magnificence of phrase, and an elevation of thought in the introduction before us, may as well demand the prodigality of Miltonian diction in an

an act of parliament, or the energetic pomp of Johnson in a royal proclamation.

Ver. 5. The coxcomb bird, so talkative and grave,
That from his cage cries Cuckold, Whore, and
Knave—.

So *Dryden*, in his *Abfalom* and *Achitophel*, part ii.

If he call Rogue and Rascal from a garret,
He means you no more mischief than a parrot.

And our poet here gives us another instance of that *ανακολουθια*, or inconsequent construction, in which he so much delights, and which gives such a pleasing variety to his compositions.

Ver. 37. Nor will life's stream for observation stay;
It hurries all too fast to mark their way:

that is, "The rapidity of life is too great, and carries *all mankind* in too quick succession to different objects, for "minute observation, as they pass along." Our poet's illustrious commentator misconceived the construction, by affixing a sort of colloquial vulgarity to the phrase in the second verse. Men are represented here as sailing on the stream of time, as in *Essay on Man*, ii, 107.

On life's vast ocean diversely we fail.

Ver. 61. When Flatt'ry glares, all hate it in a queen,
While one there is who charms us with his spleen.

Queen Caroline and *Dr. Swift* are evidently the characters intended here: but who are *Shylock*, *Manly*, and *Umbra*, just above? B.

Ver. 76. Friendly at Hackney, faithless at Whitehall:
that is, "full of professions, when a candidate for a seat
"in parliament;" (for the *Middlesex* members are put
into

into nomination at *Hackney*) “and faithless to those professions, when the object of them is secure.”

Ver. 81. Who would not praise Patricio's high desert,
His hand unstain'd, his uncorrupted heart,
His comprehensive head! all int'rests weigh'd,
All Europe fav'd, yet Britain not betray'd.
He thanks you not, his pride is in piquette,
Newmarket fame, and judgment at a bett.

Evidently *Lord Godolphin*. But who is *Catius*, ver. 77. and *Scoto*, ver. 158? B.

Lord Chesterfield in his characters has the following very apposite illustration, and very just remark: “Men
“are apt to mistake, or at least to seem to mistake, their
“own talents; in hopes, perhaps, of misleading others
“to allow them that which they are conscious they do
“not possess. Thus *Lord Hardwicke* valued himself
“more upon being a great minister of state, which he
“certainly was not, than upon being a great magistrate,
“which he certainly was.”

This principle is exceedingly prevalent among mankind; and arises partly from vanity, and partly from false shame. Thinking themselves secure of applause from their uncontested excellencies, they even undervalue their greatest qualities in competition with their inferiour; to seduce, if possible, by the authority of their own judgement, the facility of others into an admiration of their questionable endowments. From an unwillingness to suppose such weakness in so great a man without pressing evidence, I disbelieve the tradition of *Milton's* preference of the *Paradise Regained* to the *Paradise Lost*: otherwise, that perversity would be properly accounted for upon the same principles.

Ver. 99.

Ver. 99. —“with retrospective eye”—: by looking back for events, from which to develope and establish causes.

Ver. 101. Infer the motive from the deed, and shew,
That what we chanc'd was what we meant
to do.

An achievement this, accomplished, in the opinion of many, (and not without some reason) by the right reverend commentator for our poet himself in these very Epistles, and in the Essay on Man.

Ver. 131. Why risk the world's great empire for a punk?
Cæsar, perhaps, might answer, he was drunk.

“It is strange, that *Pope*, or his learned friends, should
“not have known that *drunkenness* was not one of
“Cæsar's vices. Suetonius says, “*Vini parcissimum ne*
“*inimici quidem negaverunt. Verbum M. Catonis est,*
“*unum ex omnibus Cæsarem ad evertendam rempub-*
“*licam sobriū accessisse.*” Sueton. in J. Cæs. Dr.
Fortin.

Ver. 135. 'Tis from high life high characters are drawn:
A saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn:
A judge is just, a chanc'lor juster still;
A gownman learn'd; a bishop what you will;
Wife, if a minister; but if a king,
More wife, more learn'd, more just, more ev'ry
thing.

Compare with this his Essay on Criticism, ver. 417 to ver. 424. and in the same strain the Prologue to *Dryden's* *Troilus and Cressida*:

Dulness, that in a play-house meets disgrace,
Might meet with reverence, in its proper place.

The fulsome Clench, that nauseates the town,
 Wou'd from a judge, or alderman, go down ;
 Such virtue is there in a robe and gown !
 And that insipid stuff, which here you hate,
 Might somewhere else be called a grave debate :
 Dulness is decent in the Church and State.

And *Boileau*, Sat. viii. 203.

Quiconque est riche est tout. Sans sagesse il est sage,
 Il a, sans rien favoir, la science en partage :
 Il a l'esprit, le cœur, le mérite, le rang,
 La vertu, la valeur, la dignité, le sang.

Ver. 147. We prize the stronger effort of his pow'r :

considering all mineral and subterranean, as well as vegetable productions, as the workmanship of the same sun :
 see *Essay*, ii 289. iii. 12. and my illustrations there.

Ver. 184. Tho' wond'ring fenates hung on all he spoke.

This significant imagery is very common in the Roman poets : let a single specimen suffice, from *Virgil*, *Æn.* iv.

————— *pendetque iterum narrantis ab ore :*

The hearer on the speaker's mouth depends. *Dryden.*
 So our poet again in his *Imitations*, *Epist.* i. 6. 35.

Ver. 193. And wanting nothing but an honest heart :

that is, " a determined rectitude of purpose, grounded
 " on fixed principles of virtuous consistency."

Ver. 195. And most contemptible, to shun contempt :

that is, " making himself contemptible to men of real
 " excellence by a degrading accommodation to the practices and sentiments of the vicious, to secure the ignominious meed of their applause and approbation."

Ver. 205. ————— flagitious, yet not great :

upon

upon that maxim of *Juvenal*; elsewhere, I think, adduced in these notes.

Aude aliquid brevibus Gyaris et carcere dignum,
Si vis esse aliquis.

Ver. 237. The propriety of this instance will be well illustrated by a very elegant, but lickerish, copy of verses on a *Sparrow* in the *Musæ Anglicanæ*, to which I refer the reader.

Ver. 241. ————— then bring the jowl!

The original story is in *Athenæus*, viii. 5. where *Machon* the comic poet tells us, that, “when the physician came in, and told *Philoxenus* the writer of *Dithyrambics*, a great epicure, and sick from devouring an entire polypus, except the head, that he had but a few hours to live; It is well, said *Philoxenus*: I have arranged all my poetical concerns as I could wish; and, since *Charon* and *Fate* will have no denial, and I must depart; that I may leave nothing of value behind, bring me the jowl of the polypus!” The reader will also find the story in *John Hale’s* sermon on gluttony; whose works he, who has not read, should read without delay. In the proverbial Centuries of *Diogenian*, iii. 12. is the following passage: “The Athenian, when he is dying, holds out his hand.” This, says the Greek interpreter, is levelled at the avarice of the Athenians, who were very greedy of gain.

Ver. 247. *Narcissa* is *Mrs. Oldfield* the actress. A story, something like it, is told of *Dr. Burnet’s* daughter, that, in her last faintings, she desired them not to rub her temples with Hungary water, because it would turn her hair grey. B.

Ver. 256.

Ver. 256. *Euclia* was designed for *Sir Charles Duncombe* of *Helmſley*; who is alluded to again in *Imitations of Horace*, ii. Sat. 2. fin.

And *Helmſley*, once proud *Buckingham's* delight,
Slides to a ſcriv'ner, or a *city knight*:
and who divided his eſtates in *Yorkſhire* and *Wiltſ*
among different branches of his family. B.
See note A. in the *Biog. Brit. Art. Duncombe William*.

EPISTLE II.

VER. 6. All how unlike each other, all how true!
Like the nymphs in *Ovid*, Met. ii. 14.

————— facies non omnibus una,
Nec diverſa tamèn; qualem decet eſſe ſorum:
thus rendered, with a different application, by *Young* in
his tragedy of the *Brothers*:

The days of life are ſiſters; all alike,
None juſt the ſame.

Ver. 7. *Arcadia's* counteſs here, in ermin'd pride—
Dryden's verſion of *Ovid*, Met. xii.

The ſcarf of furs, that hung below her ſide,
Was ermin, or the panther's ſpotted pride.

Ver. 17. Come then, the colours and the ground prepare!
Dip in the rainbow, trick her off in air;
Chuſe a firm cloud, before it fall, and in it
Catch, ere ſhe change, the *Cynthia* of this mi-
nute.

This paſſage, of elegance ſo exquisitely curious, is in-
debted for the original conception to *Cowley*, *David*.
ii. 807.

This

This he with starry vapours spangles all,
Took in their prime, *ere they grow ripe and fall* :
Of a new rainbow, ere it fret or fade,
The choicest piece took out, the scarf is made.

The whole context there from ver. 793. to ver. 812. is highly worthy of perusal for the luxuriance of it's imagery, but would be thought too long for quotation here; and I am by no means desirous of superfluous prolixity. Hence we may understand the *sky-tinctured grain* of Milton in his magnificent description of the Angel in Par. Lost, v. 284. the rich luxuriance of which picture is essentially indebted to this place of Cowley.

Ver. 25. Or Sappho at her toilet's greasy task.

No man could degrade or elevate by a difference of terms with more success than our poet; and no man has furnished more happy proofs of this contrast. Here it was his object to disparage: at the end of the first canto, in the Rape of the Lock, he has exhibited the same operation in all the graces of encomiastic poetry. See the note at Dunciad ii. 405.

Ver. 52. I recommend to the reader the perusal of Warburton's note on this verse, as a curious instance of that luminous perspicacity, with which he develope and explained the nice discriminations and refined theories of his author.

Ver. 72. A teeming mistress, but a barren bride.

A verse slightly varied from Dryden's Essay on Satire:

A teeming widow, but a barren wife.

Ver. 80. — "the tip of taste"—: as that sense is seated on the *tip*, or papillary extremities, of the *tongue*.

Ver. 115.

Ver. 115. Observe the wording of the first note.—The writer of it evidently knew the character of *Atossa* at least was real, but he wished the generality of readers to be misled. So in *Pope's* note on ver. 7. besides the bad or confused English, the *names* of women not the *characters* are said to be fictitious, but the sentence is intentionally confused. I believe indeed the character of *Atossa* was not in the first editions, but *Warburton* should have altered the notes when he inserted the character. The tradition in the Spencer family is that *Pope* read himself the character of *Atossa* to the Duchess of *Marlborough*, and told her it was intended for the Duchess of *Buckingham*: that she discovered it, and he received money to suppress the character which was inserted by *Warburton*: of this story, so little creditable to the moral character of the poet and his editor, I beg not to be considered as the author, but I heard it from a person in confidence with the family: and it would be worth while to authenticate or refute it by applying to the present Earl. B.

“ I have been informed, that some coolness had arisen
“ between Mr. *Pope* and Lord *Chesterfield*, on account
“ of the Duchess of *Marlborough*, whose character, un-
“ der the name of *Atossa*, the poet was in vain solicited
“ to suppress.” *Maty's* Memoirs, sect. iv.

Ver. 127. So much the fury still outran the wit,
The pleasure mis'd her and the scandal hit.

This couplet is indebted, perhaps, to *Gay*, Epist. xiv.

Satire! the Muse that never fails to hit;
For, if there's scandal, to be sure there's wit.

Ver. 251. That charm shall grow, while what fatigues the
ring,
Flaunts and goes down, an unregarded thing:

So

So, when the sun's broad beam has tir'd the
fight,

All mild ascends the moon's more sober light,
Serene in virgin modesty she shines,
And unobserv'd the glaring orb declines.

The word *grow* in the first verse unhappily breaks in upon the continuity of metaphorical expression in this most exquisite of passages. He should have written,

That charm shall *rise* :

as in his Rape of the Lock at the end of Canto i.

The fair each moment *rises* in her charms.

That phrase, "*fatigues* the ring," is derived from "*fil-vas fatigant*," and similar expressions in *Virgil*: that is, harass, and weary out, as it were, by long continuance; not without some reference to the splendour of the figure, which oppresses and fatigues the sight. The poet appears to have had in view a passage in *Garth's* Dispensary, vi. 256.

How lately did this celebrated *thing*

Blaze in the box, and *sparkle* in the ring.

Hughes, on a Peacock cut in vellum by *Molinda* :

So, when *Molinda* with superiour charms

Dazzles the ring, and other nymphs disarms—.

With the second couplet of the quotation, one in *Dryden's* poem to the Lord Chancellor Hyde may be compared :

So, when the weary sun his place resigns,

He leaves his light, and by reflection shines.

In the third couplet, our author should have written,

Serene in virgin *majesty* she shines :

as the efficacy of the present term is sufficiently exerted in the epithet: see my note on his *Iliad*, viii. 687. So *Dryden*, *Æn.* i. 180.

Serene in majesty.

Ver. 265. Let fops or fortune fly which way they will,
 Disdains all loss of tickets, or Codille;
 Spleen, vapours, or small-pox, above them all,
 And mistress of herself, though China fall.

These ludicrous specifications are very unseasonably and injudiciously connected, in my opinion, with the venerable solemnity of the preceding verses: and turn the whole passage into farce and levity.

Ver. 286. Averted half your parent's simple pray'r.

An allusion to a passage in *Virgil*, parodied before at the Rape of the Lock, Canto ii. ver. 45.—And the concluding couplet of this Essay always appeared to me very illaudable, and altogether unworthy of it's author.

E P I S T L E III.

VER. 9. ——— Nature as in duty bound,
 Deep hid the shining mischief under ground:
 But when, by Man's audacious labour won,
 Flam'd forth this rival to its fire, the sun.

The same energy is attributed to the *sun* in *Windsof-forest*, ver. 396. in a line truly poetical, and of exquisite expression:

And Phœbus warm the rip'ning ore to gold:
 and by *Cowley* in the Bargain:

Can gold alas! with thee compare?

The sun, that makes it, 's not so fair:

from the first stanza of which piece our poet seems to have got his *shining mischief* of the preceding verse:

'Take heed, take heed, thou lovely maid!

Nor be by *glitt'ring ills* betray'd.

Another passage in the *Davideis*, i. 74. is much to our purpose:

Beneath

Beneath the silent chambers of the earth,
 Where the *sun's fruitful beams give metals birth*;
 Where he the growth of fatal *gold* does see,
Gold, which above more influence has than he—.

“By the influence of this *sun*, are produced those
 “*golden* and inexhausted *mines* of invention, which have
 “furnished the world with treasures so highly esteemed,
 “and so universally known and used, in all the regions,
 “that have yet been discovered.” Sir W. *Temple's*
Miscellanea, part ii.

Our poet has engrafted this theory on Homer, without
 warrant from his original, at *Iliad* ii. 1044.

From those far regions, where the *sun refines*
The ripening silver in Alybean mines.

Tickell, on the Prospect of Peace :

Here nearer *suns* prepare *the ripening gem*.
 I find it also in *Boileau's* Address to the king :
 Nous aller chercher *l'or*, malgré l'onde et le vent,
 Aux lieux où *le soleil* le forme en se levant :
 and in some excellent lines by an anonymous author, *Ode*
 in the Spring to the returning Sun, *Dryden's* *Miscell.* v.
 40. with which compare the Dispensary, vi. 89.

Or hast thou been in mines below,
 Where pearls and infant diamonds grow ?
 For they their birth to thy kind influence owe.

But say, wherever thou hast been,
 In all thy walks thro' earth or skies,
 Are any wonders thou hast seen,
 So dazzling bright as fair *Francelia's* eyes ?
 where the reader will be reminded of our poet's verse in
 the *Essay on Man*, i. 103.

Far as *the solar walk*, or milky way.

Ver. 20. “To Ward”—: John *Ward* of Hackney.

His house is now employed as a boarding-house: and the passage by it still retains his name, *Ward's corner*.

Ver. 33 to 75. The leading thought of this passage, which for purity of wit and dexterity of conduct has (to say the least) never been exceeded, seems due to the urbanity of *Sheffield*, in the Rapture:

This, of all vice, does most debase the mind:

Gold is itself th' allay to human kind.

Oh! happy times! when no such thing as coin

E'er tempted friends to part, or foes to join!

Cattle or corn, among those harmless men,

Was all their wealth; the gold and silver then:

Corn was too bulky to corrupt a tribe,

And bellowing herds would have betray'd the bribe:

lines, highly spirited and correct; but what accessions of festivity, and embellishments of imagery and expression, has the hint received from the fine talents and excursive ingenuity of our incomparable artist!

Ver. 45. A leaf, like Sibyl's, scatter to and fro

Our fates and fortunes, as the winds shall blow:

Pregnant with thousands flits the scrap unseen—.

I have no doubt but he consulted *Dryden's* translation of the passage in Virgil here alluded to, *Æn. vi. 116.*

But, oh! commit not thy prophetic mind

To *flitting leaves*, the sport of every wind.

Ver. 49. Oh! that such bulky bribes, as all might see,

Still, as of old, incumber'd villainy!

“Lycurgus, to prevent all inequality among his citizens,

“stopt the currency of gold and silver, and establisht an

“iron coinage; of so great a size and small a value, that

“a piece worth thirty pounds required a large room of

“a house for stowage, and was a load for a cart with

“two

“two oxen. By this establishment, many kinds of injustice were banished from the Lacedæmonians. For who was likely to thieve, or bribe, or purloin, or plunder, when concealment was impracticable, possession cumbersome, and a division into smaller pieces not a recompense for the trouble of the process?”
Plutarch in his *Life of Lycurgus*.

Ver. 61. Astride his cheese Sir Morgan might we meet.
 A thought, derived possibly from *Philips’* Splendid Shilling :

Not blacker tube, nor of a shorter size,
 Smokes Cambro-Briton:—— when he
 O’er many a craggy hill and barren cliff,
 Upon a cargo of fam’d *Cestrian* cheese
 High over-shadowing rides.

Ver. 62. And Worldly, crying coals from street to street :
 Whom with a wig so wild——.

The mention of the *wig* proves this to have been a real character. He is spoken of again in *Imitations of Horace*, *Epist. ii. 2. 234. B.*

Ver. 67. His Grace will game : to White’s a bull be led,
 With spurning heels and with a butting head.

A verse, most humourously adopted from *Dryden’s* translation of *Virgil*, *Ecl. iii. 135.*

My *Pollio* writes himself: *a bull* be bred,
 With spurning heels, and with a butting head.

Ver. 79. What riches give us, let us then inquire :
 Meat, fire, and clothes. B. What more? P.
 Meat, clothes, and fire,
 Is this too little? would you more than live?
 Alas! ’tis more than *Turner* finds they give.

I shall undergo the irksomeness of transcribing, for the entertainment and edification of the reader, two passages of uncommon merit, in illustration of that before us. The first is from *Juvenal*, xiv. 316.

————— mensura tamèn quæ

Sufficiat censûs, si quis me consulat, edam :

In quantum sitis, atque fames, et frigora poscunt ;

Quantum, Epicure, tibi parvis suffecit in hortis ;

Quantum Socratici ceperunt antè penates :

Nunquam aliud Natura, aliud Sapiëntia dicit.

What bounds right Reason fixes, should you ask,

My friend ! an answer were no arduous task :

What cold requires, what thirst and hunger crave ;

What thy small garden, Epicurus ! gave :

Those frugal meals, that cheer'd the lowly cell,

Where Virtue lov'd with Socrates to dwell.

What Nature dictates, still is Wisdom's choice ;

The same their purpose, and the same their voice.

And the second from *Young*, Sat. v. 393.

Can wealth give happiness ? look round, and see

What gay distress ! what splendid misery !

Whatever fortune lavishly can pour,

The mind annihilates, and calls for more.

Wealth is a cheat ; believe not what it says :

Like any lord, it promises—and pays.

How will the miser startle, to be told

Of such a wonder, as insolvent gold ?

What Nature wants has an intrinsic weight ;

All more is but the fashion of the plate.

Ver. 88. In Fulvia's buckle ease the throbs below.

This article of female dress, which appears to have had its position at the top of the stomacher, is mentioned in
the

the Rape of the Lock, v. 91. where the parody is the most humourous imaginable :

————— which after, melted down,
Form'd a vast *buckle* for his *widow's gown*.

Ver. 89. Or heal, old Narfes, thy obfcener ail,
With all th' embroid'ry plaifter'd at thy tail.

Narfes, I know not upon what authority, is faid to mean *Nafh* of Bath. B.

That phrafe of *plaifter'd embroidery* refembles the *aurum vestibus illitum* of *Horace*, “ *vestments bedaub'd with lace* ;” but is much happier on account of it's *medical* application, in connection with the verb *heal* of the preceding verse. *Dryden*, in his version of *Juvenal*, Sat. xvi. the end, has imitated the Roman phrafe :

Let him be *daub'd with lace*, live high, and whore.

Ver. 94. *Shylock*, mentioned here, and below ver. 115. as well as in *Epistle* i. 55. must be a real character by the circumstance of his wife. B.

Ver. 101. — “ *Sir Gilbert* ” — : *Sir Gilbert Heathcote*. B.

Ver. 105. But the good bishop, with a meeker air,
Admits, and leaves them, Providence's care.

Bishop Sutton. — B. If so, *Warburton* should seem desirous of concealment, probably from a compassionate fellow feeling for his fraternity, when he speaks of the *imaginary Bishop*.

And the sentiment itself (see too ver. 186.) is congenial with an iambic of *Menander*, preserved by *Stobæus* :

Αἰ νομιζοῦσ' οἱ πάντες τῶν θεῶν.

The poor are always deem'd the care of heaven.

Ver. 127. The crown of Poland, venal twice an age,
 To just three millions stinted modest Gage.
 But nobler scenes Maria's dreams unfold,
 Hereditary realms, and worlds of gold.
 Congenial souls ! whose life one av'rice joins,
 And one fate buries in th' Asturian mines.

A Mr. Gage, of Sir Thomas Gage's family, of Hengrave, I think, near Bury, Suffolk ; and Lady Mary Herbert (daughter of the Marquis of Powis) whose mother was a natural daughter of James II : whence the phrase *hereditary* realms. In Bowles's Travels into Spain is some account of this scheme of working the Asturian mines. B.

Ver. 138. Spread, like a new-born mist, and blot the sun.
 So Cowley in his Davideis :

He sung, how earth *blots* the moon's golden wane :
 see Temple of Fame, ver. 340. Dunciad, ii. 274, and his Iliad, xvi. 437.

Ver. 152. But who, my friend, has reason in his rage ?
 " Cum ratione insanire : " *to be mad with reason : Terrence.*

Ver. 167. " Builds life on death : " compare Essay on Man, iii. ver. 15. to ver. 21. and Lucretius, iii. 977—984. i. 265.

Ver. 173. This year a reservoir, to keep and spare.
 Young has employed this comparison in Sat. vi. 321. but with less vivacity of wit than our admirable satirist :

All hoarded treasures they repute a load ;
 Nor think their wealth their own, till well bestow'd :
 Grand *reservoirs* of public happiness,
 Through secret streams diffusively they bless.

Ver. 176.

Ver. 176. And men and dogs shall drink him till they
burst.

“ It was well said, therefore, both by Demosthenes and
“ Diogenes : by one, when he stiled rich boobies, golden
“ sheep ; because they were not fleeced by men of ele-
“ gant accomplishments, but by vulgar flatterers : by
“ the other, when he compared them to fig-trees growing
“ over precipices ; for their fruit was devoured by daws
“ and crows, not by men.” *Galen*, in his Exhortation.

Ver. 177. Old Cotta and his son are undoubtedly real
characters : the variations point out the successor to their
estate. B.

Ver. 179. What though (the use of barb'rous spits forgot)
His kitchen vy'd in coolness with his grot ?
His court with nettles, moats with cresses stor'd.

Much after the same manner *Dryden* in his *Abfalom* and
Achitophel :

His cooks with long difuse their trade forgot ;
Cool was his kitchen, tho' his brains were hot :
and *Hall*, Sat 2. book v.

The marble pavement hid with defart weed,
With house-leek, thistle, dock, and hemlock seed—
Not half that smoke from all his chimnies goes,
Which one tobacco-pipe drives thro' his nose :
as our poet below, ver. 190.

Tenants with sighs the *smoaklefs tow'rs* survey.

Ver. 200. But what to follow is a task indeed.

As *Virgil*, *Æn.* vi. Hoc opus, hic labor est : where *Dry-*
den renders well :

In this *the task* and mighty labour lies.

Ver. 208. And zeal for that great house which eats him up.
There

There is more festivity, than decorum, in this allusion to John ii. 17.

Ver. 236. But, well-dispers'd, is incense to the skies.
As, with no less beauty, in the Temple of Fame, ver. 377.

Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies :
a verse, which justly delighted him, and was therefore repeated in the Epilogue to his Satires, dial. ii. ver. 245.

Ver. 248. And honour linger ere it leaves the land.
He was mindful, perhaps, of *Virgil*, Geo. ii. 473.

———— extrema per illos
Justitia, excedens terris, vestigia fecit.
When Justice fled to heav'n, and left mankind,
She here left tracings of her feet behind. *Lauderdale.*

Ver. 281. Blush, Grandeur, blush ! proud Courts, withdraw
your blaze !

Ye little stars ! hide your diminish'd rays.

The conclusion of the former verse is exceptionable, and not correspondent to the latent allusion, according to which the blaze (which is too strong a term) is rather supposed to be *overpowered* by superiour splendour, than *withdrawn*. Thus ?

Blush, Grandeur, blush ! proud Courts, *how dim* your
blaze !

And to this line Johnson might advert, when he wrote, in his *Vanity of Human Wishes*,

Hide, blushing Glory ! hide Pultowa's day :
as our poet's second verse alludes to *Milton*, Par. Lost, iv. 34.

———— at whose sight all *the stars*
Hide their diminish'd heads.

Ver. 285.

Ver. 285. Who builds a church to God, and not to Fame,
Will never mark the marble with his name.

Go, search it there, where to be born and die,
Of rich and poor makes all the history.

That practice of "building to *Fame*" is thus finely ridiculed by *Hall*, book iii. sat. 4.

Whoever gives a paire of velvet shooes
To th' Holy Rood, or liberally allowes
But a new rope to ring the curfew bell,
But he desires that his great deed may dwell,
Or graven in the chancel-window-glasse,
Or in the lasting tombe of plated brasse.

The word *marble* in the second verse of Pope goes near to ascertain the meaning, as well as the context; otherwise, there is an indecision in the phraseology, that might admit an interpretation of the builder himself, so disinterested, not inscribing his own name on the fabric: as in the church of Wilford near Nottingham, where the altar has been repaired, you will see, in most conspicuous exhibition, the names of the Rector and Churchwardens on the spot, where you would look for the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, or the ten Commandments. To the purpose of this interpretation, is an epigram in *Dodley's* Collection, upon the busts of English worthies at Stow:

Among these chiefs of British race
Who live in breathing stone,
Why has not Cobham's bust a place?
The structure is his own.

And the meagre unprofitable epitaphs, pointed out in our poet's second couplet, are finely satirised by *Addison* in one of his finest papers in the *Spectator*, No. 26. and in this epitaph, elsewhere quoted in that work:

Here lies the body of Daniel Saul,
Spitalfields' weaver:—and that's all!

Ver. 291.

Ver. 291. When Hopkins dies, a thousand lights attend
The wretch, who living fav'd a candle's end.

Edmund Boulter, Esq; executor to Vulture Hopkins, made so splendid a funeral for him, that the expences amounted to 7,666*l.* B.

So Young, Sat. *lv.* ver. 225.

From rescued *candles' ends* who rais'd a sum;

And starves, to join a penny to a plumb.

And Gay also mentions this *Vulture Hopkins* in his seventh Epistle.

Ver. 293. Should'ring God's altar a vile image stands.

The word *should'ring* is most happily and fatirically equivocal: as it means not only to support by the *shoulder*, but, in *vulgar* acceptation, to *shove* with a view to *drive out*, or *overthrow*.

Ver 295. That live-long wig, which Gorgon's self might own,

Eternal buckle takes in Parian stone.

That epithet *live-long* is unfortunately injudicious, as it anticipates and frustrates the exquisite festivity of the following verse. Thus?

That wig *tremendous*, Gorgon's self might own—

And in the following character of Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, our poet contends with all his might against Dryden's Zimri, like a young warrior, as Longinus says of Plato's contest with Homer, against a veteran of established fame; but has not, I think, exceeded his master. The characters in both poets are two astonishing specimens of discriminate, vigorous, and elegant delineation.

Ver. 303. The George and Garter dangling from that bed
Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,

Great Villiers lies—Alas! how chang'd from
him,

That life of pleasure, and that foul of whim!

So *Dryden*, *Æn.* v. 326.

Where gold and purple strive in equal rows.

And the following verse is finely imitated from an elegant well-known passage in *Virgil*, *Æn.* ii. 274.

Hei! mihi, qualis erat! quantum mutatus ab illo

Hectore, qui redit exuvias indutus Achilli;

Vel Danaûm Phrygios jaculatus puppibus ignes!

Whence *Milton* also gather'd sweets to adorn his Paradise:

If thou bee'st he; but O how fall'n! how chang'd

From him, who in the happy realms of light,

Cloth'd with transcendent brightness, didst outshine

Myriads though bright. Par. Lost. i. 85.

And from this source *Dryden*, *State of Innocence*, Act i. Scene 1. drew also:

If thou art he! but ah! how chang'd from him,

Companion of my arms! how wan! how dim!

Ver. 313. There, victor of his health, of fortune, friends,
And fame—.

Nothing could be more happy than the word *victor* in this place; both as raising an expectation, from it's reputable character, of something praise-worthy, and so producing that agreeable surprise, which the ancients stiled παραπροσδομια: but, as implying an equal activity and zeal, on the part of this unhappy nobleman, in destroying his felicities and comforts, with what others employ for the achievement of the most honourable purposes.

Ver. 322. Arise, and tell me, was thy death more blest'd?

Mr.

Mr. *Mason* has finely imitated this spirited apostrophe :

Rise, hallow'd Milton! *rise*, and say,

How at thy gloomy close of day— :

where that epithet *hallowed* is eminently appropriate, and sets full before you the pure manners of that most venerable of mankind.

Ver. 333. Cutler and Brutus, dying, both exclaim,

“ Virtue! and Wealth! what are ye but a name?”

Dion Cassius, xlvii. 49. “ Brutus made an effort to force

“ his way from the strong position, whither he had re-

“ treated, into the camp; but, finding this impracticable,

“ and learning that some of his soldiers had submitted to

“ the conquerors, he abandoned himself to despair: but,

“ disdaining captivity, he resolved on death: and desired

“ some of his attendants to dispatch him, after he had

“ repeated with a loud voice that exclamation of Her-

“ cules, in the tragedy :

“ Ah! hapless Virtue! deem'd a truth by me ;

“ But Fortune's slave thou wert, and a mere empty

“ name.”

Ver. 346. An added pudding solemnized the Lord's.

So Walter *Pope* in his *Wish* :

With a pudding on Sundays, with stout humming
liquor,

And remnants of Latin to welcome the vicar :

thus admirably rendered by Bourne :

Sabbata distinguat fartum, conviva sacerdos,

Docti sermones, interiorque cadus.

Ver. 349. The Dev'l was piqu'd such faintship to behold.

This proximity of *Diabolism* and *Saintship* is facetiously

set

set forth by *Daniel de Foe*, in the beginning of his Satire :

Wherever God erects a house of pray'r,
The Devil always builds a chapel there :
And 'twill be found upon examination,
The latter has the largest congregation.

Ver. 357. Sir Balaam now, he lives like other folks ;
He takes his chirping pint, and cracks his jokes.

In the former verse we have another instance of that superfluous *nominative*, which I have mentioned before as so common in our poet, and which contributes much to the festivity of the present passage : see his *Iliad*, xvii. 362. And a "*chirping pint*" is what is just sufficient to produce chearful conversation without noisy merriment. So *Ben Jonson*, in his rules for the Tavern Academy :

Let our wines without mixture, or stum, be all fine ;
Or call up the master, and break his dull noddle :
Let no sober bigot here think it a sin,
To push on the *chirping* and moderate *bottle*.

Ver. 371. 'Till all the Dæmon makes his full descent
In one abundant show'r of Cent per Cent.

The language is perfectly poetical ; and he might retain in his recollection a passage in the *Iliad*, ii. 813. where his own translation is divine indeed .

With joy they saw the growing empire rise,
And *showers of wealth* descending from the skies.

EPISTLE IV.

Ver. 20. Bids Bubo build—.

Who is Bubo ? Is it *Bub Doddington* ? He certainly built a large house in Dorsetshire, since destroyed by the Marquis

Marquis of Buckingham. He was also, I believe, a dabbler in poetry :

The first lampoon Sir Will or *Bubo* makes, in the Prologue to the Satires, ver. 280. will therefore suit him also. B.

Ver. 45. A light, which in yourself you must perceive;
Jones and Le Nôtre have it not to give.

Like that in *Horace*, Epist. i. 18. fin.

Det vitam, det opes : æquum mî animum ipse parabo : where Mr. *Nevile* has made use of our poet with agreeable dexterity :

One blessing from myself I must receive ;
'Tis Peace : Newcastle has it not to give.

Ver. 78. Nor in an hermitage set Dr. Clarke.

This hermitage was in Richmond-Gardens, and standing in my time ; but, if I mistake not, demolished a few years ago. The busts of Newton, Locke, and Wollaston, were placed there also : on which is the following epigram of *Swift* :

Lewis the living learned fed,
And rais'd the scientific head :
Our frugal queen, to save her meat,
Exalts the heads that cannot eat.

“ Mr. Pope has a kind of reflection upon Dr. Clarke’s
“ frequenting the court ; to which the poet was stimulated by resentment against the Doctor, because he refused to use his interest for obtaining the recall of Lord Bolingbroke from France, with a general pardon.”
Biog. Britann. iii. p. 606.

Warburton also, in a very handsome manner, endeavours to vindicate the Doctor from this insinuation of *courtly manners* ; to which, however, the following story from

Whiston

Whiston gives some countenance. I have not been able to find the place, and quote from memory.

“ Dr. Clarke and myself were frequently admitted to familiar conversations with Queen Caroline. One day she said: ‘ Doctors Clarke and Whiston, you are very ingenuous and honest men: tell me, what you discover exceptionable in my conduct.’ “ To which Dr. Clarke replied, that he saw nothing censurable in her majesty.” ‘ Come, Mr. Whiston, says she, I know you will tell me freely.’ “ Then said I, ‘ Your Majesty’s behaviour at Chapel is very indecent: you keep talking with your attendants, instead of minding your devotions.’—‘ Well, says she: and what other fault have you discovered in me, Mr. Whiston?’ “ Nay, Madam, I replied: mend this first; and then, perhaps, I may think of some other.”

Ver. 83. A waving glow the bloomy beds display,
Blushing in bright diversities of day;

that is, “ The blooming flowers, as they wave on the parterres with every breath of wind, exhibit all the lucid varieties of colour.” Warburton misconceived the passage, the latter line of which is an imitation of Dryden; but I cannot recal the precise passage to my memory.

Ver. 85. “ With silver-quiv’ring rills”— The epithets should not have been consolidated, but read separate, *silver quiv’ring*; for *silver* is not distinguished for this property. Gray has committed the same error:

Wanders the hoary Thames along

His *silver-winding* way.

What is the *winding* of *silver*? He imitated Homer’s ἀργυροδίνης, Peneus with *silver windings*: which is quite a different affair.

Q.

Ver. 117.

Ver. 117. Grove nods at grove, each alley has a brother,
And half the platform just reflects the other.

An author of congenial taste, and on a similar subject,
has made use of this most happy couplet:

And scattered clumps, that nod at one another,
Each stiffly waving at its formal brother.

Landscape ii. 6.

a poem, which the elegant and ingenious author, by a few lectures on versification, relative to modes of expression too undignified for poetry, and a languishing imbecillity of numbers, would soon polish into greater excellence. The address of Sir Edward Wynn is an admirable specimen of fine taste and noble sentiment.

Ver. 146. Where sprawl the faints of Verrio—.

Otway was much more complaisant to this artist in his *Windfor-Castle*, ver. 313. and our poet was once in a better humour with him at his *Windfor-Forest*, ver. 307.

Ver. 149. *The soft Dean* is said to be Dr. *Alured Clarke*, Dean of Peterborough. B.

Ver. 176. And laughing Ceres reassume the land.

Perhaps, the first idea of this admirable picture was caught from Virgil, *Geo. i.* 139. in *Dryden*:

————— nor Ceres from on high

Regards his labours with a grudging eye.

Travers, in his poem on Bedford-level, has some excellent lines of a kindred complexion:

See Pan exults where azure Neptune roll'd,
And Ceres now waves o'er the fertile mold.

Thus spread the water's unresisted rage,
Swell'd with the sorrows of a lengthen'd age,

Till

'Till Bedford's Earl the brave exploit begun,
 And taught the confluent waters where to run;
 Thro' ductile drains explor'd a liquid way,
 And led th' obsequious Naiads to the sea.
 Compare below, ver. 202.

Ver. 204. These are imperial works, and worthy kings.
 From *Dryden's Virgil*, vi. 1177.
These are imperial arts, and worthy thee.

PROLOGUE TO THE SATIRES.

THIS Prologue is, I think, the most animated and interesting of all our poet's pieces: and one reason of this is to be found in the importance of the subject to it's author, which was no other than *himself*: and the reader feels little less concern, than the writer, in the personal and domestic contingencies of men distinguished from their species by such a pre-eminence of genius. It is for this reason, that we find ourselves most delighted with those passages of Virgil, Horace, and Milton also, that relate to private circumstances of these great authors; and which are in reality, in consequence of that self-estimation, the most highly finished of all their performances. The poem before us opens with a vehemence resembling that of *Juvenal*; which bears all the marks of a burst of involuntary indignation, after a long and ineffectual struggle to suppress it:

Sempër ego auditor tantùm—?

Ver. 5. Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
 They rave, recite, and madden through the land.

From *Boileau*, Sat i. ver. 19.

La colère dans l'ame, et le feu dans les yeux,

Il distilla sa rage en ces tristes adieux :

not without a hint from *Juvenal*, iii. 9.

————— *Augusto recitantes mense poëtas :*

Rogues that in *dog-days* cannot rhyme forbear ;

But without mercy read, and make you hear :

compare above, ver. 2. The whole passage is exquisitely
humourous and highly wrought.

Ver. 11. No place is sacred ; not the Church is free.

So *Garth*, very happily, in his beautiful Epilogue to *Cato* :

At plays you ogle, at the ring you bow :

E'en Churches are no sanctuaries now.

Ver. 15. ——— a Parson, much be-mus'd in beer.

As *Knapp*, in *Dryden's Miscellanies*, iv. p. 72.

Alas ! no wholesome counsel can be us'd,

By a poor harden'd wretch, when once *be-mus'd*.

This sort of composition has an admirable effect in height-
ening the ludicrous in our language : so below, ver. 221.

Poems I heeded, now *be-rhym'd* so long— :

see also Epilogue to the *Satires*, Dial. ii. ver 194. In the
same manner we have *be-smear'd*, *be-daub'd*, and a thou-
sand other *bes* ; but, as *Butler* says,

Which for good manners shall be nameless.

This sort of inspiration our poet attributes to *Welfted* in
the *Dunciad* :

Flow, *Welfted*, flow, like thine inspirer, Beer.

How far indeed he is justifiable in this association of the
liquor with the order of *Melchisedec*, I would not pre-
sume to declare : his name-sake, however, *Walter Pope*,
seems to have had some notion of this sort, as I conclude
from

from a line in his *Wish*, which the reader may see quoted under *Ethic Epistles*, iii. 346. and the same unsanctified insinuation appears to be thrown out by *Gray* in his *Memoirs*, sect. iv. letter 28. "Eusden was a person of great hopes in his youth, though at last he turned out a drunken parson." Compare *Dunciad*, ii. 426.

Ver. 32. ———— if friends, they read me dead :

from the conclusion of *Horace's Art of Poetry*, *occiditque legendo*. Whence *Dr. Johnson*, in his *London*:

And here a female atheist talks you dead.

Ver. 39. And drop at last, but in unwilling ears,

This saving counsel, "Keep your piece nine
" years."

The expression of the former verse is also from *Horace*, *Ep. i. 8. 16*.

Præceptum auriculis hoc instillare memento :

Infuse this precept at his list'ning ear. *Creech*.

The Romans transplanted this, as almost every other flower of phraseology, from Greece. So *Euripides* in his *Rhesus*, ver. 565.

Διομνδες, εν ηκυσσας; η κεν ς ς ς ς

Σταζει δι' ωτων τευχων τινα κτυπον;

as those verses ought to be pointed. So also the Hebrews: see *Deut. xxxii. 2. Job, xxix. 22*.

The precept in the second verse is well known to be delivered by *Horace* in his *Art of Poetry*.

Ver. 44. Oblig'd by hunger, and request of friends.

That second pretence the reader may see ridiculed by *Middleton*, in the beginning of his *Vindication* against the *Drs. Dodwell* and *Church*, with all the humourous urbanity and playful shrewdness of that nervous and flowing writer.

Ver. 70. Midas, a sacred person and a king.

A sarcastic stroke at the reigning monarch, whom he never failed to satirize, in this way of insinuation, at every turn, in season and out of season, as I have observed more than once in my notes on the Iliad: see also the beginning of the Dunciad.

Ver. 74. When ev'ry coxcomb perks them in my face.

As in his Epilogue to Jane Shore:

That Edward's Miss thus *perks* it in your face.

Ver. 126. Why did I write? what sin to me unknown

Dipt me in ink, my parents', or my own?

As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,

I lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came.

I left no calling for this idle trade,

No duty broke, no father disobey'd.

The Muse but serv'd to ease some friend, not
wife,

To help me thro' this long disease, my life.

"Dipt me in ink:" that is, "*baptized* me into my poetic
"life;" with an allusion also to John ix. 2. He seems
too to have had in view *Boileau*, Sat. ii. 11.

Mais moi, qu'un vain caprice, une bizarre humeur,

Pour mes péchés, je croi, fit devenir rimeur—.

So *Fenton*, in his Epistle to Mr. Lambard;

If, for his father's sins condemn'd to write,

Some young half-feather'd poet takes a flight—.

And *Cowley*, in his Complaint, addresses the Muse in figurative language, not much unlike this of our poet:

When my new mind had no *infusion* known,

Thou gav'st so deep a *tincture* of thine own,

That ever since I vainly try

To wash away th' inherent *dye*:

Long

Long work, perhaps, may spoil thy colours quite,
But never will reduce the native white.

The second couplet of the quotation above strongly resembles *Ovid*, *Trist.* iv. 10. 25.

Sponte suâ carmen numeros veniebat ad aptos ;

Et quod conabar scribere, versus erat :

and is thus burlesqued by Mr. *Bramston* :

My infant tears a sort of measure kept ;

I squall'd in couplets, and in triplets wept.

Or he might have *Boileau* in view, *Sat.* vii. 36.

Mes mots viennent sans peine, et courent se placer.

And the flow of our poet's verse is almost as unrestrained as *Milton's* on the same subject, *Par. Lost*, iii. 37.

Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move

Harmonious numbers :

and again, ix. 24.

— or inspires

Easy my unpremeditated verse.

The third couplet may have profited from *Oldham*, where he speaks in a letter to a friend of his propensity to poetry :

Oft, I remember, did wise friends dissuade,

And bid me quit the trifling barren trade.

And the concluding couplet is much like *Ovid*, *Trist.* iv. 10. 115.

Ergò, quod vivo, durisque laboribus obsto,

Nec me sollicitæ tædia lucis habent,

Gratia, Musa, tibi : nam tu solatia præbes ;

Tu curæ requies, tu medicina mali.

Now, that I live, and bear this weight of woe,

Nor sorrow sinks me to the shades below,

Is thine, my Muse ! thy healing cares impart

Strength to my frame, and solace to my heart.

Ver. 137. Well-natur'd *Garth* inflam'd with early praise,
 And *Congreve* lov'd, and *Swift* endur'd my lays,
 The courtly *Talbot*, *Somers*, *Sheffield* read,
 Ev'n mitred *Rochester* would nod the head.

The word *endured* admirably expresses Swift's superciliousness of judgement. B.

I had made the same remark: as if his rigorous fastidiousness, or his superbissimum judicium, as Cicero somewhere speaks, could not be expected to shew more than mere *toleration* to the highest excellence of poetry.

Codrington gives the same commendation to *Garth* in his complimentary verses on the Dispensary:

Be it my humble business to commend

The faithful, honest man, and the *well-natur'd* friend.

From the last verse of the quotation, we conclude of course, that a silent *nod* was the customary sign of Atterbury's approbation; which we also learn from *Gay's* Epistle to our poet, stanza 14.

How *Lansdown* smiles, with lasting laurel crown'd!

What *mitred prelate* there commands our awe?

See *Rochester* approving *nods his head*,

And ranks one modern with the mighty dead.

Ver. 149. Like gentle *Fanny's* was my flow'ry theme,
 A painted mistress, or a purling stream.

A small variation from the conclusion of *Addison's* letter from Italy:

My humble verse demands a softer theme,

A painted meadow, or a purling stream:

of which passage *Tickell* also makes use in his *Oxford*:

By nature fitted for an humble theme,

A painted prospect, or a murmuring stream.

And our poet alludes particularly to his *Rape of the Lock*, with his *Pastorals* and *Windfor-Forest*.

Ver. 158.

Ver. 158. If wrong, I smil'd; if right, I kiss'd the rod.

So *Shakspeare*, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act i.
Scene 2.

—————How wayward is this foolish love,
That, like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse,
And presently, all humbled, *kiss the rod*.

Ver. 164. From flashing Bentley down to piddling Tibalds.

“The satire, which brought Theobald and Moore into
“contempt, dropt impotent from Bentley, like the javelin
“of Priam from the buckler of Neoptolemus.” *John-*
son's life of Pope; a passage, erroneously exhibited in all
the editions since the first; and I only quote from memory.

Ver. 169. Pretty! in amber to observe the forms
Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms.

Walsh, in an Elegy to his mistress, has some apposite and
polished lines, which the reader will thank me for bringing
to his notice:

Verse can give fame, can fading beauties save,
And, after death, redeem them from the grave:
Embalm'd in verse, thro' distant times they come,
Preserv'd, like bees, within an *amber* tomb:

a passage which might assist our author in those divine
verses of his Epistle to Mr. Jarvis, ver. 48.—Martial has
several epigrams on this subject: see, among others, iv.
59. vi. 15.

This benevolence of *amber*-preservation our poet uncharitably performed for the perishable heroes of the *Dunciad*, on which subject the following epigram has an elegance that will please the reader:

The craven rook and pert jackdaw,
Tho' neither birds of moral kind,

Yet

Yet serve, if hang'd, or stuff'd with straw,
 To show us, which way blows the wind.
 Thus dirty knaves, or chatt'ring fools,
 Strung up by dozens in thy lay,
 Teach more by half than Dennis' rules,
 And point instruction ev'ry way.
 With Ægypt's art thy pen may strive:
 One potent drop let this but shed,
 And ev'ry rogue, that stunk alive,
 Becomes a precious mummy, dead.

Ver. 198. Bear, like the Turk, no rival near the throne.

Orrery, quoted in *Biog. Britan.* v. 98.

Poets are sultans, if they had their will;
 For every author would his brother kill.

Ver. 209. Like Cato, give his little senate laws.

So before, in his Prologue to Cato:

While Cato gives his little senate laws.

Lansdowne, in some verses written in 1690.

Had Cato bent beneath the conquering cause,
 He might have liv'd to give new senates laws.

Ver. 230. To Bufo left the whole Castalian state.

Bufo is undoubtedly Lord *Halifax*; and, considering that he, when in the ministry, offered Pope a pension, this attack is not to the credit of the poet's gratitude. B. See *Warburton's* note, at Sat. i. ver. 116. of the *Imitations of Horace*.

Ver. 246. Dryden alone escap'd this judging eye.

Observe what eagerness he shews on every occasion to express his gratitude to his master!—Hence *Gray* has borrowed an expression for his Ode on the Installation:

Thy

Thy liberal heart, *thy judging eye*,
The flower unheeded shall descry.

Ver. 249. —“each grey-goose quill”—: alluding,
perhaps, to the lines in Chevy-Chace:

The *grey-goose* wing that was thereon
In his heart-blood was wet.

He employs the expression with great humour in *Dunciad*, i. 198.

Ver. 259. Of all thy blameless life the sole return
My verse—.

This sudden apostrophe to the poet himself is highly
animated and pathetic: we all know the success of
Milton in a transition of the same kind, at *Par. Lost*, iv.
724.

Thus, at their shady lodge arriv'd, both stood,
Both turn'd, and under open sky ador'd
The God that made both sky, air, earth and heaven
Which they beheld, the moon's resplendent globe,
And starry pole: *Thou* also mad'st the night,
Maker omnipotent! and thou the day.

This is inimitably fine; and conveys a notion of their
devotional sensations having grown too powerful for
formal utterance, and finding relief in this sudden burst
of transport. And yet I am not sure, that it exceeds a
specimen of this beauty in *Virgil*, on a more sedate
occasion, *Æn.* iii. fin.

—————Hic, pelagi tot tempestatibus actus,
Heu! genitorem, omnis curæ casusque levamen,
Amitto Anchisen:—Hic me, *pater optime!* fessum
Deferis—:

where, by a most strange insipidity of taste, or carelessness,
neither Dryden, nor Pitt, has preserved this beauty. See
Addison

Addison and Bishop Newton on the above passage of Milton.

Here, after all my dangers on the main,
Ease of my toil, and sharer of my pain,
I lose Anchises:—Here, lov'd father! close
Thy days eventful, and complete my woes.

Ver. 261. Oh! let me live my own, and die so too!
To live and die is all I have to do.

This couplet is principally transferred from *Denham*, in his poem *Of Prudence*:

Learn to live well, that thou may'st *die so too*:
To live and die is all we have to do.

Ver. 268. I pay my debts, believe, and pay my pray'rs.

To the same purpose, see his *Imitations*, Sat. ii. ver. 150.
Gray, in that sketch of his own character, produced by his most respectable biographer in the 4th section of the *Memoirs*:

No very great wit, *he believ'd in a God.*

Ver. 272. Heav'ns! was I born for nothing but to write?
Lee, in his Prologue to *Cæsar Borgia*, laments with equal feeling this infelicity of authors by profession:

Th' unhappy man, who once has trail'd a pen,
Lives not to please himself but other men.

Ver. 296. Who wants the honour, injur'd, to defend.

As *Horace*, Sat. i. 482.

————absentem qui rodit amicum;

Qui non defendit alio culpante:

He that himself shall blame his absent friends,
Or hears them scandaliz'd, and not defends. *Creech.*

Ver. 325. Let *Sporus* tremble.

Sporus

Sporus is very well known to mean Lord *Hervey*. B.

Ver. 309. Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings.

Meaning a *may-bug*; one of which species, that flies in the day-time, and delights to settle chiefly on white roses, has wings of a most splendid green, diversified with vivid purple. Hence the injustice of Dr. Johnson's censure on this passage, under the word *bug* in his Dictionary, is sufficiently apparent.

Ver. 333. ————Pride that licks the dust.

It is most true, that men are abjectly cringing to their superiours in direct proportion to their pride, and insolent usurpations over their inferiours: because this superiority can only be maintained by the notice and countenance of the great; and that notice and countenance is most effectually secured by the homage of servility.

Ver. 340. That not in Fancy's maze he wander'd long,
But stoop'd to Truth, and moraliz'd his song.

These are fine lines, but not superiour by any means to their prototype in *Denham*, Preface to the Progress of Learning:

My early mistress, now my ancient Muse,
That strong Circean liquor cease t' infuse,
Wherewith thou didst intoxicate my youth;
Now stoop with disinchanting wings to Truth.

Our poet employs the same allusion to *falconry* (as *Warburton* observes) in his *Iliad*, vii. 140.

He stoop'd to reason, and his rage resign'd.

Ver. 356. The whisper, that to greatness still too near,
Perhaps, yet vibrates on his SOV'REIGN'S ear—
Welcome for thee, fair *Virtue*! all the past:
For thee, fair *Virtue*! welcome ev'n the last!

Lord

Lord *Hervey* was remarkable for affecting to whisper to the king in public. So our poet in his verification of *Donne*, Sat. iv. 178.

Not Fannius' self more impudently near,

When half his nose is in his Prince's ear.

Compare also the Epilogue to the Satires, dial. i. verr. 49, 50.—B.

Warburton quotes an apposite verse from *Shakspeare's* *Timon of Athens*; which I shall give with it's context, and take the opportunity of giving, if I mistake not, an easier explanation :

Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear,

Make sacred even his stirrop, and through him

Drink the free air.

By *sacrificial whisperings*, I should simply understand whisperings of officious servility, the *incense* of the worshipping parasite to the patron as to a god. These whisperings might probably immolate reputations for the most part, but I should not reduce the epithet in question to that notion here. Mr. *Gray* has excellently expressed in his *Elegy* these sacrificial offerings to the great from the poetic tribe :

To heap the shrine of luxury and pride

With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

And Dr. *Johnson's* explanation of the latter clause appears to me highly unnatural and unsatisfactory. "To drink the air," like the *hausflus ætherios* of *Virgil*, is merely a poetical phrase for *draw the air*, or *breathe* : "to drink the free air," therefore, "through another," is to breathe freely at his will only ; so as to depend upon him for the privilege of life : not even to breathe freely without his permission.

In the mean time our poet's lamentation over the suspi-

cions of his Sovereign is somewhat unseasonable and inconsistent. The writer of lines like these,

You, by whose care, in vain decry'd and curst,

Still *Dunce the second* reigns like *Dunce the first*; not to mention many incidental disparagements of the regal character, scattered through his poems; could not expect any cordial returns of regard and patronage. Perhaps, in allusion to the passage now before us, *Young*, in his first Satire, ver. 35. thus apostrophises:

Why slumbers Pope, who leads the tuneful train,

Nor hears *that Virtue, which he loves*, complain?

That happy expression—*vibrates on his ear*—concentrates in one word the pleasing diffusion of *Milton's* description, *Par. Lost*, viii. l. which, it is likely, our poet had in view:

The Angel ended, and in Adam's ear

So charming left his voice, that he a while

Thought him still speaking.

Ver. 374. Full ten years slander'd, did he once reply?

Three thousand suns went down on *Welfsted's*
lye.

I have elsewhere commended this passage, as a most happy specimen of satirical exaggeration by exhibiting the circumstance in the amplification of detail. *Euripides* has a beauty of this kind in his *Helena*, ver. 658.

ἦλως δὲ μυριάς

Μογίς διελθὼν, ἡσθόμεν τα τῆς δεξ.

Aristotle says in his *Rhetoric*, i. 7. 2. ed. Oxon. "And things, compounded into their parts, put on an appearance of greater magnitude, from a more conspicuous exhibition of the prominent circumstances."—To the same purpose *Euphorion*, in *Stobæus*, *Mor. Ecl.* 76.

Son! slay not thou thy mother; but reflect

I bare thee, child, *three hundred tedious suns*,

A load

A load oppressive! and brought forth to light
 With agonizing throes; and fill'd thy lips
 From this fond breast with the pure stream of life.

Young, I think, is not so successful in his first Satire:

Nay, it holds Delia from a second bed,
 Tho' her lov'd lord has *four half months* been dead:
 perhaps, *two whole months* would have been as well;
 like *univorsum triduum*.

Ver. 378. Upon this circumstance concerning Budgel, the reader may consult the New and General Biographical Dictionary, in the life of Nicholas Tindal, p. 228.

Ver. 385. Hear this, and spare his family, James Moore! James Moore was of illegitimate birth, and his mother an adulteress; which makes this line very forcible. B.

Ver. 386. Unspotted names, and memorable long!
 If there be force in Virtue, or in Song.

An imitation of *Virgil's Æneid*, ix. 446.

Fortunati ambo! si quid mea carmina possunt,
 Nulla dies unquam memori vox eximet ævo.

O happy pair! for, if my verse can give
 Eternity, your fame shall ever live. *Lauderdale*.

Ver. 393. Nor marrying discord in a noble wife.

I should suppose him to have in view the marriage of Addison with the Countess of Warwick.

Callicratidas, the Pythagorean, says in Stobæus, Serm. 83.

"A man should marry suitably to his own rank in life:
 "for a struggle for pre-eminence and rule occasions
 "dissension in unequal matches. The woman, who is
 "superiour to her husband in birth and fortune, affects
 "supremacy; and the man thinks it degrading and un-

"natural to be tyrannized by her."—*Martial* too has a good epigram on this subject, viii. 12.

Uxorem quare locupletem ducere nolim,

Quæritis? uxori nubere nolo meæ.

Inferior matrona suo fit, Prisce, marito :

Non aliter fuerint scæmina virque pares :

which favours our poet's notion of the ruling passions of the sex :

The love of pleasure, and the love of *sway*.

And yet it seems but reasonable that they, who subdue the world, should use their conquests at discretion.

Ver. 403. His death was instant, and without a groan!

Séneca's chorus in his *Thyestes*, by *Andrew Marvell* :

Thus when, without noise, *unknown*,

I have liv'd out all my span,

I shall die without a groan,

An old honest country-man.

Ver. 405. Who sprung from kings shall know less joy
than I.

This resembles *Horace*, 1 Epist. x. 33.

Reges et regum vitâ præcurrere amicos.

To pass e'en kings, and friends of kings, in bliss.

Ver. 407. Be no unpleasing melancholy mine.

To this effect, *Cicero* somewhere says, upon the mournful event of his daughter's death: "I grieve indeed with
" the deepest sorrow; but neither do I wish a cessation of
" my uneasiness: I feel a melancholy pleasure from the
" indulgence of it."

The reason is plain: the endearing qualities and admired accomplishments of the ravished object temper the bitterness of grief with a sweet infusion of retrospective rapture:

R

whereas

whereas the sorrow, occasioned by unqualified disasters, as in the case of Bellerophon, blackens the whole scene, and *eats up* the heart.

Ver. 412. Explore the thought, explain the asking eye.

Lady Chudleigh, on the death of her daughter :

Rack'd by convulsive pains, she meekly lies,

And gazes on me *with imploring eyes* ;

With eyes that beg relief, but all in vain,

I see, but cannot, cannot ease her pain.

IMITATIONS OF HORACE,

SATIRE I.

VER. 2. There are, to whom my satire seems too bold.

Hall's Prologue to his Satires, book iii.

Some say, my satyres over loosely flowe,

Nor hide their gall enough from open showe.

Ver. 6. "Lord Fanny." This name for my Lord Hervey was suggested, I presume, by the beatus *Fannius* of *Horace*.

Ver. 13. "I nod in company—:" see my note at p. 340. of the former volume.

Ver. 42. Timon, Balaam, Bond, and Harpax, are characters satirically mentioned in his Moral Essays.

Ver. 49. F— loves the senate, Hockley-Hole his brother,
Like in all else as one egg to another.

Mr. *Fox* and his twin-brother Lord *Ilchester* seem here to be meant. B.

And,

And, in opposition to *Warburton*, the imitation seems to me much happier than the original, and is turned with uncommon dexterity by this application of a vulgar proverb.

Ver. 63. My head and heart thus flowing thro' my quill.

The expression here is uncommonly successful, and far beyond *Boileau's* imitation of the same passage in his address to the king, ver. 72.

Je confie au papier les secrets de mon cœur.

The verses of the original, which incur the censure of *Warburton*, were probably a fine ridicule of the rambling gossiping humour of *Lucilius*, and, perhaps, a parody of that author.

Ver. 70. To run a muck, and tilt at all I meet.

So *Dryden*, in his *Hind and Panther*, part iii.

————— he scowrs the streets,

And runs an Indian *muck at all he meets* :

a term, which has it's origin, perhaps, in the Latin word *muco*.

Ver. 77. Whoe'er offends, at some unlucky time
Slides into verse, and hitches in a rhyme,
Sacred to ridicule his whole life long,
And the sad burthen of some merry song.

This is one of the very best efforts of our admirable writer in curious felicity of expression: and yet, as it seems to me, he should have written, "hitches *into* rhyme:" a word, that denotes the adaptation of a piece of wood, or other materials, to the place prepared for it's reception, after effort and motion. To our purpose are two lines in the Epilogue to *Dryden's Aureng-Zebe*:

R 2

The

The action great, yet circumscrib'd by *time* ;
 The words not forc'd, but *sliding into rhyme* :
 a passage, not unnoticed, I presume, by Pope. *Carw*
 also, in his verses to May, will agreeably illustrate the
 quotation before us :

You shall observe his words in order meet ;
 And softly stealing on with equal feet,
Slide into even numbers with such grace
 As each word had been moulded for that place.
 The last couplet may be regarded as a good paraphrastical
 explanation of the word *hitch* ; which is used in the
 North of England for a *dextrous insertion* into a place.
Sacred to ridicule by being enshrined in the *Temple* of the
 fatiric *Muse*.

Ver. 82. Hard words or hanging, if your judge be Page.

We are told, that it was common for this worshipful
 magistrate to say before the trial to a prisoner, " Aye ! I
 " see I shall have the *hanging* of that fellow, by his
 " looks !"

Ver. 96. Had he written, with the alteration of a little
 word,

To wrap me in *his* universal shade,
 I should not see that exception to the line, which dissatis-
 fied Warburton. On the contrary, the failure of the
 customary cæsura, which gives a suitable variety to the
 numbers, and carries you forward against your will to
 the conclusion of the line, with the length of the word
universal, gives a sort of solemnity to the verse, well
 adapted, in my opinion, to the sobriety of the sentiment.
Oldham's imitation of the same passage in Horace might
 not be wholly unregarded by our poet, in his Letter to a
 Friend :

In

In youth or age, in travel or at home,
 Here or in town, at London or at Rome,
 Rich or a beggar, free or in the Fleet,
 Whate'er my fate is, 'tis my fate to write.

Ver. 120. Shall walk the world—.

So *Milton*, Par. Lost, iv. 677.

Millions of spiritual creatures *walk the earth*
 Unseen.

Ver. 125. There my retreat the best companions grace—.

This whole passage resembles *Boileau*, Epître x. 109.

Que plus d'un Grand m'aima jusques à la tendresse;
 Que ma vue à Colbert inspiroit l'allégresse:
 Qu'aujourd'hui même encor de deux sens affoibli,
 Retiré de la cour, et non mis en oubli;
 Plus d'un Heros épris des fruits de mon étude,
 Vient quelquefois chez moi goûter la solitude.

Ver. 132. Almost as quickly as he conquer'd Spain.

A most exceedingly flat line; and which reminds us of that frigidity in the Greek writer, (mentioned somewhere by Longinus) who observed, that Isocrates spent twice as much time in elaborating his celebrated panegyric, as the Græcians employed in the siege and destruction of Troy. The flatness in our poet arises from the same source, the utter incongruity of the comparison, added to a real languor and insipidity of numbers.

S A T I R E II.

VER. 33. He calls for something bitter, something four,
 And the rich feast concludes extremely poor.

Two miserable lines; which you would hardly match for poverty in the most arrant of his Dunces.

Ver. 37. The Robin-red-breast till of late had rest,
And children sacred held a Martin's nest.

I remember some lines resembling these in a little book of Newberry's for the entertainment of children: but whether they were written prior to these of Pope, I cannot ascertain.

In former days, when boys were good,
The Swallow's nest securely stood;
But now boys are so naughty grown,
Swallows and Martins both come down.

Ver. 50. I wish the right Reverend commentator had given himself the trouble of pointing out in what the wit and dignity of calling people *dog and bitch* consists; and how Horace is less commendable in his Billingsgate than our imitator.

Ver. 53. One half-pint bottle serves them both to dine.

He seems to have transcribed this from his own practice, if Dr. *Johnson's* authority, in his *Life of Pope*, may be accepted: "When he had two guests in his house, he " would set at supper *a single pint* upon the table: and, " having himself taken two small glasses, would retire, " and say, *Gentlemen! I leave you to your wine.*"

Ver. 73. Remembers oft the school-boy's simple fare,
The temp'rate sleeps, and spirits light as air.

Gray, perhaps, had this passage in his eye:

Their's buxom heath of rosy hue,
Wild wit, invention ever new,
And lively chear of vigour born;
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
That fly th' approach of morn.

Ver. 88.

Ver. 88. And more the sickness of long life, Old age.

This thought is taken from *Terence*, *Phorm.* v. 1. 9. *Senectus ipsa est morbus* : "*Old age is itself a disease.*"

Ver. 115. Then, like the sun, let Bounty spread her ray,
And shine that superfluity away.

The imagery is elegant, and is finely conducted by a continuity of appropriate diction. It proceeds on the modern theory, which was also the doctrine of the Epicureans, that luminous bodies produce their effect by a continual emission of particles from their surfaces; and, of consequence, by a *shining away*, or decrease, of their quantity. But the praise of originality must be paid to *Sheffield*, from whose Ode on Brutus our poet appears to have derived it :

But Truth unvail'd, *like a bright sun*, appears
To shine away this heap of sev'nteen hundred years.

Ver. 146. And grapes, long ling'ring on my only wall.
This resembles *Horace*, last Ode of book i.

Mitte sectari rosa quò locorum

Sera moretur.

Ver. 159. For I, who hold sage Homer's rule the best,
Welcome the coming, speed the going guest.

The verse alluded to is in the *Odyssey*, xv. 74.

Χρη ξεινον παρευοντα φιλειν, εθελοντα δε πεμπειν :

where he thus translates :

True Friendship's laws are by this rule express'd;
Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest.

Ver. 176. — "a booby Lord." — *Lord Grimstone*. B.

EPISTLE I.

Ver. 35. Long, as to him, who works for debt, the day.

He probably mistook the words of his author *opus debentibus*, which signify those, who have bound themselves to execute a certain task within the day.

Ver. 55. Say, does thy blood rebel, thy bosom move

With wretched av'rice, or as wretched love?

Know, there are words and spells, which can
controul

Between the fits this fever of the soul:

Know, there are rhymes, which fresh and fresh
apply'd,

Will cure the arrant'ft puppy of his pride.

It is not easy to decide the contest of superiority between the original and the copy in these verses. To me the imitation appears more humourous and sprightly; and the model more sedate and dignified. It may gratify the unlearned reader to know, that the first author of this sentiment, on record, is *Æschylus*, in his *Prometheus Bound*, ver. 378.

Οργης νοσῆσης εἰσιν ἰατροὶ λόγοι.

Words are the cure of thy distemper, Wrath.

From him *Euripides* transplanted it, with additional embellishment, into his *Hippolytus*, ver. 478.

Εἰσι δ' ἐπαῖται, καὶ λόγοι θελκτικοί·

Φανησεται τι τῆςδε φαρμακὸν νοσῆ :

Words, that can charm, there are, and soothe the soul:

Nor will their balm not this disease controul.

In the fourth verse Pope might remember *Dryden's* version of the fourth book of *Lucretius*:

The

'The fever of the soul shot from the fair,

And the cold ague of succeeding care.

Milton has also borrowed the sentiment in his *Samson Agonistes*, ver. 183, where he decorates it with beautiful variations of his own, and where the reader will find a parallel verse from *Menander*, adduced by *Mr. Thyer* :

Counsel or consolation we may bring,

Salve to thy sores : apt words have pow'r to swage

The tumors of a troubled mind,

And are as balm to fester'd wounds.

Ver. 112. If honest S*z take scandal at a Spark.

I suppose *Schutz*, an attendant on *George I.* and some Court-story is probably alluded to. B.

Ver. 165. ——— no Prelate's lawn with hair-shirt lin'd.

Alluding to *Cardinal Ximenes*, and other dignitaries of the *Romish Church*, who practised this among their other austerities. B.

EPISTLE VI.

VER. 2. To make men happy, and to keep them so.

Milton, *Par. Reg.* iv. 362. in imitation of the original verse :

What makes a nation happy, and keeps it so.

Ver. 45. It brighten'd *Craggs's*—.

Craggs, I think, was the son of a footman.—B.

Ver. 49. So known, so honour'd, at the House of Lords.

A very mean line, and approaching to burlesque : not much superiour to

Lieutenant Col'nel to the Earl of Mar.

The

The reason seems to be, that the dignity of poetry as naturally vanishes from these trite and colloquial phrases, as a ghost from the crowing of a cock.—Many exceedingly bad single verses occur in these imitations: as verr.
52. 75.

Ver. 70. Where winds can carry, or where waves can roll.
Thus, I think, he might have written better:
Where winds can *waft thee*, or where waves can roll.

Ver. 85. His wealth brave Timon gloriously confounds;
Ask'd for a groat, he gives a hundred pounds:
Or, if three ladies like a luckless play,
Takes the whole house upon the poet's day.

These anecdotes are reported of the *Duke of Chandos*. B.

Ver. 112. Up, up, cries Gluttony; 'tis break of day.
Dryden's translation of *Perfius*, Sat. v.

Up, up, says Avarice: thou snor'st again.

Ver. 117. Call'd happy dog! the beggar at his door;
And envy'd thirst and hunger to the poor.

This couplet will be clearly illustrated by a passage from Fuller the Jester, as Warburton somewhere calls him with sufficient harshness:

" King Henry the Eighth, as he was hunting in Windfor
" Forest, either casually lost, or (more probable) wilfully
" losing himself, struck down about dinner-time to the
" Abbey of Reading; where, disguising himself, (much
" for delight, more for discoverie, to see unseen) he was
" invited to the Abbot's table, and passed for one of the
" king's guard, a place to which the proportion of his
" person might properly entitle him. A sir-loyne of
" beef was set before him (so knighted, faith tradition,
" by

“ by this King Henry) on which the King laid on lust-
“ ily, not disgracing one of that place, for whom he
“ was mistaken. Well fare thy heart, (quoth the Ab-
“ bot) and here in a cup of sack I remember the health
“ of His Grace your master. I would give an hundred
“ pounds on the condition I could feed so heartily on
“ beef as you doe. Alas ! my weak and squeazie sto-
“ mach will hardly digest the wing of a small rabbit or
“ chicken. The King pleasantly pledged him, and heart-
“ ily thanking him for his good cheer, after dinner de-
“ parted as undiscovered as he came thither. Some
“ weeks after, the Abbot was sent for by a pursuivant,
“ brought up to London, clapped in the Tower, kept
“ close prisoner, fed for a short time with bread and
“ water; yet not so empty his body of food, as his
“ minde was filled with fears, creating many suspitions
“ to himself, when, and how he had incurred the king’s
“ displeasure. At last a fir-loyne of beef was fet before
“ him, on which the Abbot fed as the Farmer of his
“ Grange, and verified the proverb—That two hungry
“ meals makes the third a glutton. In springs King
“ Henry, out of a private lobbie, where he had placed
“ himself the invisible spectator of the Abbot’s beha-
“ viour: My Lord, (quoth the King) presently deposit
“ your hundred pounds in gold, or else no going hence
“ all the daies of your life; I have been your physician
“ to cure you of your squeazie stomach, and here, as I
“ deserve, I demand my fee for the same. The Abbot
“ down with his dust, and glad he had escaped so, re-
“ turned to Reading; as somewhat lighter in purse, so
“ much the more merrier in heart, than when he came
“ thence.”

Ver. 123. From Latian Syrens, French Circean feasts,
Return well travell'd, and transform'd to beasts.

Mr. *Nevile*, in a parallel passage of the Roman author,
Epist. ii. 2. has succeeded extremely well:

Some few, ambitious to be Circe's guests,

Swill'd the full calice, and fell down to beasts:

Happy in Pleasure's sensual sty to roll,

'Till the last ray of reason left the soul:

profiting from two places in *Milton's* *Comus*, verr. 50.
and 70.

Who knows not Circe

The daughter of the sun? whose charmed cup

Whoever tasted, lost his upright shape,

And downward fell into a grov'ling swine—

To roll with Pleasure in a sensual sty.

Ver. 129. And Swift cry wisely, "Vive la bagatelle!"

"I prefer ignorance to such learning, *Swift's* *bagatelle* to
"such philosophy." *Bolingbroke's* first Essay.

BOOK II.

EPISTLE I.

THE whole of this epistle is a satire on George I. and very little concealed. Where Horace enumerates the learned friends of Augustus, ver. 390. Pope leaves a blank: compare too the conclusion, particularly ver. 400. and above all ver. 409.—B.

Our poet's propensity to draw his quill at these great personages is finely touched, and with admirable discernment, by *Hawkins Browne*, in his *Pipe of Tobacco*:

Come

Come to thy poet, come, with healing wings;
And let me taste thee, *unexcis'd by kings*.

Ver. 13. Clos'd their long glories with a sigh, to find
Th' unwilling gratitude of base mankind!
All human virtue, to its latest breath,
Finds Envy never conquer'd but by Death.

The former couplet is excellent; and *Johnson*, in his
Vanity of Human Wishes, has another to the same pur-
port, of equal merit:

See nations, slowly wise and meanly just,
To buried merit raise the tardy bust.

The second couplet is disgraced by a wretched superfluity
in the words—to *its latest breath*—introduced merely for
the convenience of a rhyme. The same vile supplement
obscures and deforms the conclusion of his first Moral
Essay:

And you, brave Cobham! *to the latest breath*
Shall feel your ruling passion strong in death.

Ver. 17. The great Alcides, ev'ry labour past,
Had still this monster to subdue at last.
Sure fate of all, beneath whose rising ray
Each star of meaner merit fades away!
Oppress'd we feel the beam directly beat:
Those suns of glory please not till they set.

He seems indebted to *Waller's* Poem on the Protector,
throughout this noble passage:

Still as you rise, the state, exalted too,
Finds no distemper while 'tis chang'd by you:
Chang'd like the world's great scene! when without
noise

The rising sun night's vulgar lights destroys.

Had you, some ages past, this age of glory
Run, with amazement we should read your story:

But

But living virtue *all atchievements past*,
 Meets *Envy still* to grapple with *at last*.
 Again, in his Verses on St. James's Park:
Those suns of empire! where they rise, *they set*.

Perhaps, Waller and Pope will suggest a proper correction of *Shakspeare* in the beginning of Henry VIII.

—————An untimely ague
 Stay'd me a prisoner in my chamber, when
Those suns of glory, those two *lights of men*,
 Met in the vale of Arne.

Ver. 40. A Scot will fight for Christ's Kirk on the Green.

" Our James I. was eminent for poetry no less than for
 " music.—We have many poems ascribed by tradition to
 " that king; one in particular, *Christ's Kirk on the Green*,
 " is a ludicrous poem, describing low manners with no
 " less propriety than sprightliness." Lord *Kames'* History
 of Man, vol. i.

Ver. 63. Then, by the rule that made the horse-tail bare,
 I pluck out year by year, as hair by hair.

" Q. Sertorius, having learned from experience that he
 " was no match for the united forces of the Roman army,
 " with a view of giving a lesson of admonition to the bar-
 " barians, who unadvisedly demanded battle, ordered two
 " horses, one in excellent condition, the other in a meagre
 " habit, to be produced, and two young men, of a vigour
 " respectively correspondent to the horses; the weaker
 " of whom was to pluck out the tail of the stronger horse
 " hair by hair, and the robust youth, to pull off the tail
 " of the meagre horse at a single effort. The former
 " soon accomplish'd his commission; the latter wearied
 " himself with ineffectual exertions, and at last gave up
 " the contest. 'Just so it is,' said Sertorius, 'with the
 " Roman

‘ Roman army, Fellow-Soldiers! Collected, they are
 ‘ invincible; but by separate bodies and detached skir-
 ‘ mishes, we shall soon waste them to nothing.” *Frontinus* in his *Stratagems*, i. 10. 1.

Ver. 73. And grew immortal in his own despite.

The remark is perfectly just, and most excellently expressed. *Dryden*, in his *Abfalom and Achitophel*:

Born to be fav’d ev’n *in their own despite*,
 Because they could not help believing right.

Ver. 97. Spenser himself affects the obsolete.

I would readily forgive him this, had he employed his fine genius on a more connected and interesting subject. This infelicity of so great a poet is touched by *Dr. Chetwood*, in his *Verses to Roscommon*, in a manner inimitably delicate and beautiful:

Such was the case, when Chaucer’s early toil
 Founded the Muses’ empire in our soil.
 Spenser improv’d it with his painful hand,
But lost a noble Muse in fairy land.

Ver. 100. Now, serpent-like, in prose he sweeps the ground!

Dryden, in *Mac-Fleckno*:

Or *swept the dust* in *Psyche*’s humble strain.

This imagery, derived from the poem characterised here, is eminently apposite and beautiful. *Voltaire*’s character of that most sublime and graceful, but unequal, poem, always appeared to me extremely spirited, and no less impartial and correct. After describing *Homer*, *Virgil*, and *Tasso*, he thus speaks of our illustrious countryman:

Milton, plus sublime qu’eux tous,
 A des beautés moins agréables:

Il semble chanter pour les foux,

Pour les Anges, et pour les Diables.

From the preceding verse of our poet,

Milton's strong pinion now not Heav'n can bound—, Dr. *Johnson* might possibly receive an impulse in the effusion of that animated paragraph: "Milton, when he "has expatiated in the sky, may be allowed sometimes to "revisit earth: for what other author ever soared so "high, or sustained his flight so long?"

Ver. 104. Warburton at this place gives us the character of Bentley, in which there are many touches, worthy of so great a master; but, as a whole, it is in some respects inaccurate, in some faulty, and in others incomplete. It was not likely, that an adequate estimate should be formed by one so divided in his studies from the subject of his pen. But, as in these notes my object is all possible brevity, I shall not enter at length into a variety of points, which belong properly to the office of a formal editor.

Ver. 111. One Simile, that solitary shines

In the dry desert of a thousand lines,

Or lengthen'd thought, that gleams thro' many
a page,

Has sanctify'd whole poems for an age.

We may compare *Roscommon*, in his version of Horace's Art of Poetry, probably in our author's recollection:

————— a few florid lines

Shine through th' insipid dulness of the rest:

and *Dryden*, in his Essay on Satire, who is clearly imitated:

Where *one poor thought* sometimes, left all alone,
For a *whole page* of dulness must atone.

Roscommon,

Roscommon, in his Essay, also seems not unattended to:

The weighty bullion of one sterling line,
Drawn to French wire, would *through whole pages shine*.

Ver. 160. Effects unhappy! from a noble cause.

This is borrowed from *Prior's* Letter to Boileau:

A consequential ill, which Freedom draws;

A bad effect, but from a noble cause.

And our poet's is a glorious verse indeed, and the just apology of a mind truly generous, and philosophical, for those extravagancies, resulting from a love of Liberty in great political revolutions, when the thoughts are unrestrained, and every impulse of feeling is invited to an open exhibition and a full exertion of it's energies. In this instance, as in natural operations, a vigorous fermentation seems necessary to effectual refinement; and, when we look beyond temporary and partial infelicities to the future condition of mankind at large, we cannot but conclude, as an excellent genius has nervously delivered the sentiment, that "the *purgatory of anarchy* is preferable to the *damnation of despotism*."

Ver. 221. Let Ireland tell, how wit upheld her cause,
Her trade supported, and supply'd her laws;
And leave on SWIFT this grateful verse ingrav'd,
"The rights a court attack'd, a poet sav'd."

This was the passage for which it was under consideration to accuse Pope of High-Treason.—B.

From ver. 229. to ver. 241. is a mere ludicrous caricature of the sanctified solemnity of his original; and is more adapted to the playfulness of burlesque than to a serious didactic composition.

Ver. 239. The blessing thrills through all the lab'ring throng,

And Heav'n is won by violence of song.

The first line presents to our imaginations the bawling quire of a country congregation, and the second is an imitation of *Dryden*, in his *Britannia Rediviva*:

Hail, son of prayers! by *holy violence*

Drawn down from heaven:

or his *Astræa Redux*:

As *Heav'n* itself is took by violence.

V. Bourne, in his version of *Addison's Hymns*, has adopted the same bold expression:

Dùm se recepit anima numen ad tuum

Confisa humillimæ precum violentiæ.

Ver. 267. Waller was smooth; but Dryden taught to join

The varying verse, the full-resounding line,

The long majestic march, and energy divine. }

Nothing can be imagined more perfect than this encomium of *Dryden*. The true character of his numbers is delineated with most accurate propriety, and represented to the life by the happiest possible imitation of them. It is very evident, that *Mr. Gray* had these lines of *Pope* before him, when he executed that finished portrait of the same great master, in imagery at once characteristic and sublime:

Behold where Dryden's less presumptuous car

Wide o'er the fields of Glory bear

Two courfers of ætherial race,

With necks in thunder cloth'd, and long-resounding pace.

In the third line he imitates *Virgil*, *Æn. vii. 280.*

—currum

—currum geminosque jugales,

Semine ab ætherio, spirantes naribus ignem.

The inaccurate rhyme of the second verse (a particular, in which Gray was not sufficiently diligent) might be corrected thus :

Whirl o'er the fields of Glory far :

which, perhaps, will be disapproved from my hand, but, if Gray had given it, the reader would have thought in every respect preferable to the present.

Ver. 280. Ev'n copious Dryden wanted, or forgot,

The last and greatest art, the art to blot.

His avocations, and the pressure of his circumstances, arising principally from dissipated habits, would not suffer him to *remember* it.

Waller too was well aware of the value of this art, the want of which our poet regrets in Dryden :

Poets lose half the praise they would have got,

Could it be known what they discreetly blot.

Verses to Roscommon.

Ver. 294. But fill their purse, our poets' work is done ;

Alike to them, by pathos or by pun.

This false taste of the dramatic writers in those and the preceding times, or rather the vitiated appetites of the public, to which they were merely caterers, is very humourously exhibited by *Tickell*, in his Prologue to the University of Oxford, where he sets forth the office of an actor :

Oft wide of Nature must he act a part,

Make love in tropes, in bombast break his heart ;

In turn and simile resign his breath,

And rhyme and quibble in the pangs of death.

Ver. 328. Loud as the wolves, on Orcas' stormy steep,
Howl to the roarings of the northern deep.

An excellent couplet; and not improbably indebted to a striking passage in *Philips'* Letter from Copenhagen:

The starving wolves along the main sea prowl,
And to the moon in icy vallies howl.

Ver. 355. This *Merlin's cave* is mentioned again in the next imitation, ver. 139. it stood near the *Hermitage* (see the note on *Moral Essays*, iv. 78) and was destroyed near 30 years ago.

Ver. 375. As once for Louis, Boileau, and Racine.
See the note at the beginning of *Boileau's* seventh Epistle, edit. Amst.

Ver. 383. To fix him graceful on the bounding steed.
Needler's translation of C. Dryden's Verses to Roscommon:

Nor shall thy Muse the graver's pencil need
'To draw the hero on his prancing steed.

Ver. 400. How, when you nodded, o'er the land and deep,
Peace stole her wing, and wrapt the world in sleep.

Though royalty was not concerned, he could not resist the temptation to a similar festivity at *Iliad* xviii. 586. very unseasonably:

On seats of stone, within the sacred place,
The rev'rend elders nodded o'er the case.

But, in general, the sleepest generation with our poet is the fraternity of *divines*: the *lawyers* share in *Garth's* censure, *Dispensary*, i. 168.

O'er their quietus where *fat judges* doze.

Ver. 404.

Ver. 404. But verse, alas! your Majesty disdains;
And I'm not us'd to panegyric strains.

The king hated poets, and thought them *fiddlers*. So in book ii. Sat. i. ver. 33. of these imitations:

Alas! few verses touch their nicer ear;

They scarce can bear their Laureate twice a year. B.

The second verse is an imitation of *Boileau*, *Au Roi*, ver. 9.

Mais *je fai peu louer*—.

Ver. 413. Praise undeserv'd is scandal in disguise.

This line is borrowed from some anonymous Verses on the celebrated Beauties, in Dryden's *Miscellanies*, vi. p. 161.

EPISTLE II.

VER. 43. Gave him much praise, and some reward beside.

Evidently glancing at the Duke's *avarice*. B.

So Warburton also observes: see the remarks on Marlborough at the end of the Essay on Man.

Ver. 52. Some parts of the imitation here are excellent, others much inferiour. The whole paragraph of the original is to me the most interesting passage in Horace, except where he speaks upon the same subject in Sat. i. 6. 71. which is equally delicious, and would have been an excellent piece for our poet's imitation.

Ver. 55. The better art to know the good from bad.

Our poet mistook, as many have done before and since his time, the true meaning of his author:

Scilicet ut possem curvo dignoscere rectum,

Atque inter silvas Academi quærere verum:

that is, to distinguish a *right line* from a *curve*: for geometry was the indispensable introduction to the philosophy of the Academic school. Creech was our poet's guide:

And taught me how to sep'rate bad from good.

And the reader, who will make the comparison, will discover various obligations throughout these imitations to that translator.

Ver. 58. But knottier points we knew not half so well,
Depriv'd us soon of our paternal cell;
And certain laws, by suff'rers thought unjust.

By orders from government for the removal of Papists to a certain distance from the metropolis.—And in the last clause of this quotation, a spirit of exemplary candour and forbearance is displayed: as if their feelings might possibly render them incompetent and partial judges of the propriety of those measures.

Ver. 63. While mighty William's thundering arm prevail'd.

A magnificent verse, employed before, with slight alteration, in his *Iliad*. It is an imitation of *Virgil's* fourth *Georgic*, at the conclusion:

————— Cæsar dum magnus ad altum
Fulminat Euphratem bello.

While mighty *Cæsar*, thund'ring from afar,
Seeks on Euphrates' banks the spoils of war. *Dryden*.

Ver. 68. But thanks to Homer, since I live and thrive.

Swift, in his libel on Dr. Delany, speaking of Pope, thus expresses himself:

Appealing to the nation's taste,
Above the reach of want is plac'd:

By

By Homer dead was taught to thrive,
What Homer never cou'd alive.

And the force of the preceding line,

Convict a Papist he, and I a Poet —,
will be apprehended from the note on ver. 404. of the foregoing epistle, with verr. 408, 409. lest some readers should suppose the latter clause merely expletive, for the convenience of a rhyme.

Ver. 76. — “this paltry Time:” that is, *tricking, deceitful*; from the verb *palter*, to dodge or shuffle.

Ver. 104. Have you not seen, at Guildhall's narrow pass,
Two Aldermen dispute it with an ass?

The colloquial familiarity of the second verse much heightens the festivity of the thought. Butler had formerly compared this worshipful fraternity to *calves*, in those memorable verses:

A calf an Alderman, a goose a Justice,
And rooks Committee-men and Trustees.

How are these great wits to be reconciled to each other, whose authority is alike respectable? We may, I think, by a very venial hypothesis, and with a candour due to genius, solve the difficulty, by conceiving, that some *Aldermen* are *asses*, and some *calves*.

Ver. 129. With equal talents, these congenial souls,
One lull'd th' Exchequer, and one stunn'd the
Rolls.

This construction of the ancients gives an agreeable variety to poetry, as I have before remarked in the case of a single substantive. Virgil furnishes several very agreeable specimens exactly similar to that before us. Thus our poet in the preceding epistle:

The hero William, and the martyr Charles,
 One knighted Blackmore, and one pension'd Quarles.
 See also his *Iliad* xviii. 29.

Ver. 146. And you shall rise up Otway for your pains.
 An imitation of *Dryden*, at *Virg. Ecl.* iii. 162.
 Tell that, and rise a *Phæbus* for thy pains.

Ver. 175. But show no mercy to an empty line.
Dryden's Art of Poetry, canto i.
 He cannot pardon a neglected line.

Ver. 192. Him, the damn'd doctors and his friends im-
 mur'd,
 They bled, they cupp'd, they purg'd; in short
 they cur'd :
 Whereat the gentleman began to stare—
 My friends! he cry'd, p—x take you for your
 care !
 That, from a patriot of distinguish'd note,
 Have bled and purg'd me to a simple vote.

The execution of this passage is admirably dextrous, and
 of exquisite urbanity. The efforts of Boileau on the
 same subject will form an agreeable comparison, *Sat.* iv.
 ver. 107.

Enfin un médecin, fort expert en son art,
 Le guérit par adresse, ou plutôt par hazard.
 Mais voulant de ses soins exiger le salaire,
 Moi ? vous païer ? lui dit le Bigot en colère ;
 Vous, dont l'art infernal, par des secrets maudits,
 En me tirant d'erreur, m'ôte du Paradis ?

But here we see an elegant indeed, yet servile, copyist ;
 whilst our countryman's imitation has all the novelty and
 spirit of original conception.

Ver. 220.

Ver. 220. When golden Angels cease to cure the evil,
 You give all royal witchcraft to the Devil:
 When servile chaplains cry, that birth and place
 Endue a peer with honour, truth, and grace,
 Look in that breast, most dirty D—! be fair,
 Say, can you find out one such lodger there?

The whole of this passage alludes to a dedication of *Mr.* afterwards *Bishop Kennet*, to the Duke of Devonshire; to whom he was chaplain: ver. 229. therefore must be filled up thus:

If *Devonshire* lov'd sixpence more than he. B.
 And perhaps, therefore, ver. 222. thus:

Look in that breast, most dirty *Duke*! be fair—.
 The *Angel* was a golden coin, given as a fee by those who came to be touched by the royal hand for the Evil: and the second couplet of the quotation resembles the conclusion of *Perfius*'s fourth satire:

Tecum habita, et nôris quàm fit tibi curta supellex.
 Survey thy soul; not what thou dost appear,
 But what thou art; and find the beggar there.

Dryden.

Ver. 241. Lords of fat *Escham*—.

Oldham's Imitation of Horace, Ode i. 32.

Not the large crops of *Escham*'s goodly soil,
 Which tire the mower's and the reaper's toil.

Ver. 248. Estates have wings, and hang in Fortune's pow'r,
 Loose on the point of ev'ry wav'ring hour.

I wish he had been contented with the beautiful allusion to the magnetic needle, without the introduction of another and incongruous image. With equal elegance, in his Temple of Fame, ver. 431.

And the touch'd needle trembles to the pole.

But

But the line before us is an imitation of another verse in *Horace*, Epist. i. 18. fin.

————— ne dubiæ fluitem spe pendulus horæ :
Float on the balance of the wavering hour.

Ver. 257. Join Cotswold hills to Saperton's fair dale.

Saperton. His seat is near the *Cotswold* hills : and his favourite passion is well alluded to in ver. 260.

Link towns to towns with avenues of oak :
for the *avenues of oaks* at Saperton are very magnificent
B.

Oldham, in the place quoted above, has an orthography nearer to the truth :

Not the soft flocks on *billy Cotswold* fed.

Ver. 276. One, driv'n by strong benevolence of soul,
Shall fly, like Oglethorpe, from pole to pole.

I would propose an amendment of this pleasing couplet :

One, *wing'd with* strong benevolence of soul,
Shall *fly*, like Oglethorpe, from pole to pole.

Ver. 300. I neither strut with ev'ry fav'ring breath—.

The reader must recollect that the word *strut* means *swell*, and here refers to the *sails* of the vessel : otherwise, he may blame for incongruity of metaphor as happy a passage as can be found in the treasury of modern wit.

Ver. 312. Survey both worlds —.

As in his Epitaph on Fenton :

Calmly he looked on either life, and here
Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear.

Ver. 318. Has age but melted the rough parts away.

The allusion is not amiss, to a piece of ice, though the
sharp

sharp points, rather than the *rough parts*, vanish in that instance. I should prefer:

Has age but *polish'd* the rough parts away.

"We *polish* one another, and rub off our corners and "*rough sides* by a sort of amicable collision." Shaftsbury's Essay on Wit and Humour, Part i. sect. 2.

VERSIFICATIONS OF DONNE.

SATIRE II.

The facility and dexterity, with which the conversions of *Dr. Donne's* satires are executed, exhibit an astonishing proof of the ingenuity of our poet. I am acquainted with no such pertinent exemplification of the remark in *Horace's* Art of Poetry:

————— *sibi quivis*
Speret idem, fudet multum, frustraqué laboret,
Aufus idem.

But a too scrupulous adherence to his model has deprived them of that sprightliness and fascination, which a freer indulgence of his own elegant fancy has conferred on his imitations of the Roman Satirist.

Ver. 16. So prompts, and faves a rogue who cannot read:
and unable of course to claim *the benefit of clergy*. So in the *Dunciad*, i. 281.

—With less reading than makes felons 'scape.

Ver. 55. Pierce the soft lab'rinth of a Lady's ear.

An

An inimitable verse! and even superiour to his former effort in the Messiah, ver. 42. where see the note: we must remember, however, that he found it in his author:

————— words, which wou'd tear
The tender labyrinth of a maid's soft ear.

S A T I R E IV.

VER. 166. Not more amazement seiz'd on Circe's guests,
To see themselves fall endlong into beasts.

Warburton gives a very just commendation to the picturesque phraseology of this passage; forgetting, that the primary commendation was due to Milton: return to the note on the Imitations of Horace, Book i. Epist. 6. ver. 123.

Ver. 184. Bear me, some God! oh quickly bear me hence
To wholesome Solitude, the nurse of Sense:
Where Contemplation prunes her ruffled wings,
And the free soul looks down to pity kings!

Warburton's remarks on these four lines are elegant, ingenious, and just. Our poet consulted Dryden's version of the passage in Virgil's second Georgic, pointed out by the illustrious commentator:

*Some god conduct me to the sacred shades,
Where Bacchanals are sung by Spartan maids:—
Or lead me to some solitary place,
And cover my retreat from human race.*

The same commentator has pointed out in Dr. Newton's edition the lines of *Comus*, ver. 375. which particularly
assisted

assisted our poet on this occasion, and are admirably finished :

————— And Wisdom's self
Oft seeks to sweet retired *Solitude*,
Where with her best nurse *Contemplation*,
She *plumes* her feathers, and lets grow *her wings*,
That in the various bustle of resort
Were all too *ruffled*, and sometimes impair'd.

The learned prelate, however, inadvertently confounds, as equivalent, the different terms of the two poets, *plume* and *prune* : the former of which signifies to *collect lost plumage*, by letting them grow, as the writer himself explains it ; and the latter, to *compose* and *smoothe* what has only been ruffled by some incidental operation. Pope appears to have adopted his expression from *Hughes's Thought in a Garden* :

Delightful mansion ! blest retreat !
Where all is silent, all is sweet !
Here *Contemplation prunes her wings* :
The raptur'd Muse more tuneful sings.

This passage from Hughes, I since discover, is produced by Mr. Warton in his very ingenious, elaborate, and learned edition of Milton's lesser poems ; who at the same time very injudiciously proposes an alteration of Milton's text : not to mention that *plume* is also used in the sense of *prune* ; which, however, would be wholly unsuitable to the context there. Nor is it improbable, that Pope retained in memory Mrs. *Chandler's* beautiful verses on *Solitude* :

Sweet *Solitude*, the Muse's dear delight,
Serene thy day, and peaceful is thy night :
Thou nurse of Innocence, fair Virtue's friend !
Silent, tho' rapturous, pleasures thee attend.

Earth's

Earth's verdant scenes, the all-surrounding skies,
Employ my wond'ring thoughts, and feast my eyes.
Nature in ev'ry object points the road,
Whence *Contemplation* wings my soul to God.

The last verse of our quotation from Pope will remind the reader of the beginning of *Lucretius's* second book :

Despicere undè queas alios, passimque videre
Errare :

From thence to look below on human kind,
Bewilder'd in the maze of life, and blind. *Dryden.*

Ver. 197. — "a liv'ry'd lord :"—that is, distinguished by the *servile uniform* of a court-dress.

Ver. 210. Such waxen noses, stately staring things—
No wonder some folks bow and think them
kings.

In the same spirit was the impromptu of a friend and neighbour on viewing the huge statue of his *****
lately exhibited at Parkinson's Museum :

What a strange, stately, staring, stupid thing!
And yet it looks exceeding like the *****.

Ver. 225. And all is splendid poverty at best.

To the same purpose are some excellent lines in *Dryden's* translation of *Juvenal's* third satire :

But here attir'd beyond our purse, we go
For useless ornament, and flaunting show :
We take on trust in purple robes to shine ;
And poor, are yet ambitious to be fine.

Ver. 230. Top-gallant he, and she in all her trim.

Gray's excursive eye might glance on the verse before
us :

In

In *gallant trim* the gilded vessel goes.

Ver. 250. So first to preach a white-glov'd Chaplain goes,
With band of lily, and with cheek of rose.

An incomparable couplet! *Boileau* speaks of these rosy ecclesiastics with no less festivity, in his *Lutrin*, i. 19.

Ses Chanoines vermeils, et brillans de santé.

And *Dryden's* Abfalom and Achitophel, Part i.

His long chin prov'd his wit; his saint-like grace

A *church vermilion*, and a Moses' face.

Hence our poet in *Dunciad* iv. 302.

Where slumber Abbots, *purple* as their wines.

Ver. 266. And with a face as red, and as awry,
As Herod's hang-dogs in old tapestry.

The epithet *awry* has singular propriety: for in ancient painted glass windows, tapestry, &c. the heads of most of the figures are placed in a manner ridiculously oblique on the shoulders they belong to. S.

Our poet was not unmindful of this propriety in *Dunciad* ii. 145.

Instructive work! whose *wry-mouth'd portraiture*
Display'd the fates her confessors endure.

EPILOGUE TO THE SATIRES.

DIALOGUE I.

VER. 2. And when it comes, the Court see nothing in't.
Intimating his want of acceptance at Court, which re-
paid

paid his charge, of a deficiency in the *discerning spirit* of poetry, with disparagement and neglect: see the note on *Imitations of Horace*, Epist. ii. 1. 404.

Ver. 3. You grow correct, that once with rapture writ.

This *rapture* of our poet is the *mania* in Aristotle's Poetics, cap. 16. ed. Cant. the *mens divinior*, or *enthusiastic conception*, of Horace; and the *fine phrenzy* of Shakespeare.

Ver. 13. "Sir Billy serv'd the crown."—*Sir William Young*. Below, at ver. 68. "the flow of Young:" for he was accustomed to speak till the members on his side were sent for. B.

Ver. 32. Smile without art, and win without a bribe.

A most severe satire under the garb of commendation, as stating an exception to the general practice of his life; namely, hypocritical smiles, and purposes effected by bribery and corruption. The whole context is equally disparaging to the subject of it.

Ver. 39. A joke on Jekyl, or some odd old Whig.

A staunch friend to religious, as well as civil, liberty. When at a Synod of dissenting ministers, convened upon the subject of subscriptions, seventy-three voted against unscriptural impositions, and sixty-nine for them, this upright magistrate exclaimed; "*The Bible has carried it by four!*" Whiston's Memoirs.

Ver. 71. "That first was H—vy's, F—'s next."—*Hervey's, Fox's*. B.

Ver. 73. O come, that easy, Ciceronian style,
So Latin, yet so English all the while,

As, tho' the pride of Middleton and Bland,
All boys may read, and girls may understand!

Dr. Bland of Eton was a very bad writer, Dr. Middleton a remarkably good one; perhaps, our best: but he was the friend of Pope's enemy, Lord Hervey: *hinc illæ lachrymæ!* B.

I subscribe to this opinion. Middleton's style, in point of dignified simplicity and a comprehensive compass of construction, which could exhibit, concentrated and unfettered, a collection of thought in one period without clumsiness, with a sonorous rotundity of numbers, and an unembarrassed perspicuity of correct and polished phraseology, comes nearest to that of Cicero of any compositions in our language. The style of our poet, considered merely as verbal composition, without respect to those illuminations of sentiment and fancy, the emanations of his fine genius, which sparkle so profusely through his pages, is truly miserable in comparison; unharmonious; ungrammatical, unchastised: and his notes on Homer in particular are puerility and poverty itself. Nor is he less unhappy in his general censure, than in the specific allegation in support of it;

All boys may read, and girls may understand.

Since the great end of writing is to be understood, that style, *cæteris paribus*, is best, which is universally accessible to every capacity: and such clearness is a proof both of perspicacity in the conception of ideas, and a complete mastery of all the capabilities of expression.

Ver. 79. Or teach the melancholy Muse to mourn,
Hang the sad verse on CAROLINA'S urn,
And hail her passage to the realms of rest,
All parts perform'd, and *all* her children blest!

It is well known, that, when the queen was dying, and the Prince of Wales, then in opposition, earnestly begged to be admitted, she refused; and only sent him *her blessing*. B.

The authority of my right reverend friend is abundantly preferable to my surmises on this subject; and his information gives complete pungency to the satire: otherwise, I had been accustomed to suppose, that our poet meant a compliment to the queen, but at the king's expence, who continued unforgiving to his son, without the least cessation of resentment. Compare Warburton's note.

Dryden has a passage similar to the former couplet in his *Abfalom* and *Achitophel*, part i.

Or fled she with his life, and left this *verse*

To hang on her departed patron's *hearse*?

And a verse, resembling the last of this quotation, a little earlier in the same poem:

All parts fulfill'd of subject, and of son:

as *Cowley* also, on the death of the Earl of *Balcarras*:

Perform'd all parts of *Virtue's* vigorous life.

Ver. 102. All tears are wip'd for ever from all eyes.

A licentious profanation of a very solemn and striking passage: see his *Messiah*, ver. 46.

Ver. 107. And, when three sov'reigns dy'd, cou'd scarce
be vext,

Confid'ring what a *gracious Prince* was next.

The *three sovereigns*, I presume, were *Mary*, *William*, and *Anne*; the *gracious prince* *George the First*.

This reminds one of the story recorded by an ancient moralist. A most sanguinary tyrant of *Syracuse*, conscious of deserving the abhorrence and execrations of all his subjects,

subjects, was surpris'd to hear that a certain old woman was constantly praying for the prolongation of his life. Upon questioning her concerning this display of singular benevolence, "I have lived, says she, to see a succession of many kings, each more tyrannical and ferocious than his predecessor. My experience, therefore, gives me reason to apprehend a worse than yourself after your departure; and on this account I pray so devoutly for the long continuance of your reign!"

Ver. 113. Virtue, I grant you, is an empty boast.

He alludes, perhaps, to the last words of Brutus: see my observation on the Moral Essays, iii. 333.

Ver. 133. A simple quaker, or a quaker's wife,

Out-do Landaffe in doctrine, — nay, in life.

"A poor bishopric in Wales, says our poet, as poorly supplied."

The bishop of Landaff at this time was *Dr. Matthias Mawson*, master also of Benet College in Cambridge; of whom a very respectable account, founded on facts, is given in Master's history of that College; a much more competent witness in this case than Pope, who was probably influenced on this occasion by some Tory prejudice.

And I take this opportunity of expressing my regret to the public, with a view of forwarding, if I can, the purpose in view, that some member of every College in both Universities should not put together a history of their respective societies, similar to that just mentioned. Their materials are at hand, for the most part, in their admission-books and other academical documents; and numberless points of chronology, general history, and important biography, would be ascertained from such annals.

Ver. 136. ————— and blush to find it fame:

lest he should appear chargeable with that ostentation, which his humility and acquiescence in the solitary applause of an approving conscience, from conformity to a scriptural injunction, made him studious to avoid. Warburton's comment on the words is strangely unnatural and impertinent. A passage from *Dryden's* dedication to the Duke of Ormond is suitable to this occasion: "You are so ready to redress, that you almost prevent their wishes, and always exceed their expectations: as if what was your's, was not your own, and not given you to possess, but to bestow on wanting merit. But this is a topic, which I must cast in shades, lest I offend your modesty; which is so far from being ostentatious of the good you do, *that it blushes even to have it known*: and therefore I must leave you to the satisfaction and testimony of your own conscience; which, though it be a silent panegyric, is yet the best."

Ver. 153. Dragg'd in the dust! his arms hang idly round;
His flag inverted trails along the ground!

Virgil, Æn. i. 476. has a general resemblance to this passage:

Fertur equis, curruque hæret resupinus inani,
Lora tenens tamen: huic cervixque comæque trahuntur
Per terram, et versâ pulvis inscribitur hastâ.
Hung by the neck and hair, and dragg'd around;
The hostile spear, yet sticking in his wound,
With tracks of blood inscrib'd the dusty ground.

Dryden.

Ver. 158. And offer country, parent, wife, or son!
Anacreon says the same thing of the lust of gain:

ΔΙΑ ΤΕΤΟΝ ΚΑΙ ΑΔΕΛΦΟΙ ·

ΔΙΑ ΤΕΤΟΝ ΚΑΙ ΤΟΚΗΕΣ :

Hence brothers hate, who lov'd before ;
And parents are rever'd no more.

DIALOGUE II.

VER. 6. Vice with such giant strides comes on amain,
Invention strives to be before in vain.

In this couplet also is a general similarity to that sublime conception of *Johnson* concerning Shakspeare :

And panting Time toil'd after him in vain.

The poet's meaning is this : " With whatever exaggeration and strength of colouring I delineate Vice, some fresh example rises up to the full enormity of the picture : so that Invention herself cannot go beyond the reality of experience." Warburton's explanation, I think, is not quite accurate.

Ver. 22. " The poisoning dame." *Lady Betty Molineux*, who married Dr. St. André, after poisoning her former husband, the friend of Locke. B.

Ver. 29. Like royal harts, be never more run down.

A custom still preserved, if I mistake not, of letting free for ever a stag, that has once escaped from a royal hunt with life. Should this explanation be just, Warburton's note is beside the purport of his author.

Ver. 59. You make men desp'rate, if they once are bad.

For, if the political and social consequences of trivial offences and capital crimes be the same, petty culprits will soon become enormous sinners from the superiority of

worldly advantages attendant on an absolute relinquishment of all virtuous principle :

Aude aliquid brevibus Gyaris et carcere dignum,
Si vis esse aliquis.

“ Undertake, says Dr. Ogden in his sermons, some bold
“ profitable perjury !”

Ver. 71. *Secker* is decent, *Rundel* has a heart.

Notwithstanding the candid and acute remarks of Warburton, this praise of *Secker* is undoubtedly parsimonious, and the poet almost incurs the censure, which he past on Addison,

Damns with faint praise.

His notion of *decent* is proved with tolerable precision from his *Moral Essays*, ii. 163. where, after saying that *Chloe*, the subject of his satire, *wanted*, what *Rundel* had, *a heart*, he subjoins :

Virtue she finds too painful an endeavour,
Content to dwell in *decencies* for ever.

He means, therefore, to allow *Secker* *moderate*, but not *leading*, excellencies of character ; to exhibit him as free from informal improprieties, rather than a great proficient in sublimer virtue. Nor were the political principles of *Secker* likely to permit a very warm encomium from the prejudiced feelings of our poet. Some verses from *Young*’s sixth Satire, ver. 23. will not be unseasonable here :

Lavinia is polite, but not prophane ;
To Church as constant as to Drury Lane.
She *decently*, in form, pays heaven its due ;
And makes a civil visit to her pew.

Nor some from *Dryden*’s *Sigismonda* and *Guiscardo* :

————— O ever faithful heart,
I have perform’d the *ceremonial* part,
The *decencies* of grief :

which

which exactly corresponds with my notion of Pope's intention, with respect to the general demeanour of Secker, in this passage. The reader, in the mean time, must do me the justice to remark, that I am taking no part in opposition to the Archbishop's character, nor engaged in more than an explanation of the poet's meaning, without defending it.

Concerning Rundel the reader may find more in Pope's and Swift's Letters, and in Whiston's Memoirs of himself. Swift's poem on the Bishop is excellent.

I might have observed also, what favours my interpretation of the passage, that a gradual climax runs through it; the first step of which, *decency*, like Jacob's ladder, stands upon the earth; while the topmost vanishes in the skies, "into air and liquid light:"

To Berkley, ev'ry virtue under heaven.

Ver. 74. But does the Court a worthy man remove?

That instant, I declare, he has my love.

Surely such a contumacious and incidental benevolence is not very honourable to any man. His expressions are unguarded and incorrect. He should have written:

But does the Court *some* worthy man remove?

He has, that instant, my *peculiar* love:

that is, unmerited disgrace quickens my affection for his virtues, and forms a strong presumption of superiour worth and incorruption, from the common profligacy of Courts.

Ver. 83. How shin'd the foul, unconquered in the Tower!

This is mean: *the Tower* spoils every thing: see the reason assigned in the note on Epistle 6. book i. ver. 49. of the Imitations of Horace. But he incurred this insipidity

by copying *Cowley*, but with a still more unhappy turn of the phrase, On the Bishop of Lincoln's enlargement from the Tower :

Your soul then most shew'd her *unconquer'd* power,
Was stronger and more armed than *the Tower*.

Ver. 86. Argyll, the state's whole thunder born to wield,
And shake alike the Senate and the field.

These are two grand lines indeed ! Young passes a similar commendation on this Nobleman, Sat. vii. ver. 129.

It bids Argyll in fields and senates shine.

The *thunder* of eloquence was too customary a phrase with the Greeks and Romans for illustration here. The encomium on Pericles also is well known :

Ηστραπτεν, εβροντα, ξυνεκυνη την Έλλαδα :

He lighten'd, thunder'd, and confounded Greece.

Ver. 91. —“ not number'd with their train :” that is, not enrolled among their dependants and expectants, when in office. And, on this account, I discern nothing but superfluous imbecillity in the next couplet :

And, if yet higher the proud list should end,
Still let me say, No follower, but a friend !

Ver. 104. F. Then why so few commended ? P. Not so fierce.

Boileau, Sat. i. ver. 145.

Tout beau, dira quelqu'un, vous entrez en furie ;
A quoi bon ces grands mots ? Doucement, je vous prie.

Ver. 107. Each mother asks it for her booby son.

Young, Sat. ii. ver. 165.

The booby father craves a *booby son*.

Ver. 111. “ The number may be hang'd :” as the Greeks used ἀριθμῶ, and Horace, “ nos numerus sumus.”

Ver. 117.

Ver. 117. And what young Amnon wish'd, but wish'd in vain :

when he congratulated Achilles, with a mixture of regret for his own failure in this respect, on such a herald of his fame as Homer, at a visit to the tomb of that hero.

Ver. 129. Spirit of Arnall ! aid me while I lie.

This is highly animated and ingenious ; but, perhaps, the primary commendation must be given to *Boileau*, Sat. ix. 287.

Puisque vous le voulez, je vais changer de stile ;
Je le déclare donc ; Quinault est un Virgile ;
Pradon, comme un soleil, &c.

" Agis, the Spartan king, to a worthless fellow, often asking him, who was the best of the Spartans, replied, "*He who is most unlike your self.*" Plutarch's Apophthegms.

Ver. 160. "The bard :"—I believe, *Lord Melcombe*. B.

Ver. 171—to ver. 185. There is nothing in all Butler, that exceeds the uncleanly festivity of these lines. "Pope and Swift (says Dr. Johnson) had an unnatural delight in ideas physically impure ; such as every other tongue utters with unwillingness, and of which every ear shrinks from the mention." But, as the latter part of this paragraph is too strongly put to be at all conformable to experience, so the want of *nature* in this propensity will hardly consist with that uniform disposition in numberless writers, ancient as well as modern, and all people, to connect humour and merriment with these "physical impurities." When our circumnavigators, from a desire to carry home some monuments of their new discovery, had exhausted the stores of the inhabitants by an interchange of commodities at Otaheite, a waggish boy, who

who observed their eagerness of curiosity still unsatisfied, presented for acceptance by way of barter, with ludicrous formality, a fragment of a f—v—e on a pointed stick!

Ver. 208. Yes, I am proud, I must be proud, to see
Men, not afraid of God, afraid of me.

This seems fabricated from the materials of *Boileau*, *Discours au Roi*, ver. 99.

En vain d'un lâche orgueil leur esprit revêtu
Se couvre du manteau d'une austère vertu :
Leur cœur, qui se connoit, et qui fuit la lumière,
S'il se moque de Dieu, craint Tartuffe et Molière.

Ver. 212. O sacred weapon! left for Truth's defence,
Sole dread of Folly, Vice, and Insolence!
To all but heav'n-directed hands deny'd,
The Muse may give thee! but the Gods must
guide.

Boileau, *l'Art Poétique*, ii. 145.

L'ardeur de se montrer, et non pas de médire,
Arma la Verité du vers de la Satire.

And a pretty passage in Cowley's poem on the death of Mrs. Philips will illustrate the noble lines before us:

But wit's like a luxuriant vine
Unless to Virtue's prop it join,
Firm and erect towards Heaven bound;
Though it with beauteous leaves and pleasant fruit be
crown'd,
It lies, deform'd and rotting, on the ground.

Ver. 223. The Muse's wing shall brush you all away.

An exquisite verse, of which Mr. Gray has made excellent use in his Ode on Spring:

Brush'd

Brush'd by the hand of rough mischance,
Or chill'd by age—.

Ver. 226. — dead born from the press.

— Un Tasse François, *en naissant oublié*.

Boileau's *Lutrin*, v. 144.

Ver. 230. Not Waller's wreath can hide the nation's scar.
An allusion, perhaps, to what is related of Julius Cæsar,
that he wore a wreath of laurel to conceal his baldness.

Ver. 234. Her priestess Muse forbids the good to die,
And opes the temple of Eternity.

This is imitated from *Milton's Comus*, ver. 13.

Yet some there be that by due steps aspire
To lay their just hands on that golden key
That *opes the palace of Eternity*.

The sentiment itself is in *Horace*, Ode iv. 8.

Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori ;
Cœlo Musa beat :

The Muse forbids great worth to die :

On whom she will bestows the sky. *Creech*.

Or thus by Mr. *Mason*, to the best of my recollection :

————— trust this Sabine strain :

The Muse forbids the virtuous man to die.

It can scarcely be doubted, that *Gray* availed himself of
his predecessors, in his Progress of Poetry :

Thine too these *golden keys*, immortal boy !

This can unlock the gates of Joy ;

Of Horror that, and thrilling fears,

Or *ope* the sacred source of sympathetic tears.

Ver. 238. For other stars than * and * * wear,

And may descend to Mordington from Stair.

That is, *Kent* and *Grafton*. The next line wants explanation.

nation. I have some notion *Lord Mordington* kept a gaming-house. B.

Ver. 240. Such as on Hough's unfully'd mitre shine.

Dr. *John Hough*, successively Bishop of Oxford, Lichfield, and Worcester, was born in 1655, and died May 8, 1743, at the very advanced age of ninety-two, after an episcopacy of fifty-three years.

When Dr. *Frederic Cornwallis*, late archbishop of Canterbury, was panting for the bishopric of Lichfield, where the death of Hough, by the process of translation, was expected to make a vacancy; he paid a visit, as if from the accidental circumstance of being in the neighbourhood, to the venerable prelate at Hartlebury, with the crozier and mitre dancing before his eyes. The facetious veteran, who suspected the motive of his impatient visitor, put on the appearance of juvenile hilarity, and entertained a numerous company with uncommon festivity and spirit. The mortified aspirant soon requested permission to retire, as if in want of rest from the fatigues of his journey; and, as he quitted the room, the old bishop, turning to his guests, exclaimed, with a waggish look, and a tone of brisker vivacity, "Come, gentlemen! " now we have sent the young fellow to bed, let us " crack the other bottle!"

This anecdote was told me by a contemporary of those prelates, still living, and at that time curate to Dr. Lynch, at St. Cross: see my *Evidences of Christianity*, pp. 136, 137. second edition.

Ver. 241. Or beam, good Digby, from a heart like thine.

The character of the allusion requires a slight amendment here:

Or beam, good Digby, from a *breast* like thine;

because

because the *beam* in question can proceed from the surface only. On this account the exception does not lie against Sat. ii. 1. 108. of the Imitations :

Bare the mean *heart* that lurks beneath a star.

Ver. 249. When Truth stands trembling on the edge of
Law :

that is, "When Truth is in danger of being cut by the
"edge of legal resentment, sharply whetted against the
"satirist, who has the boldness to assert her cause."
Compare ver. 212. But I am not sure that I understand
the passage, and shall be glad to see my interpretation
superfeded by a better.

Ver. 251. Are none, none living? let me praise the dead.

This raises to memory the conclusion of *Juvenal's* first
Satire :

————— experiar quid concedatur in illos

Quorum Flaminîâ tégitur cinis, atque Latîna :

Since none the living villains dare implead,

Arraign them in the persons of the dead. *Dryden.*

Ver. 255. And write next winter more *Essays on Man.*

This seems to imply a general admiration of that poem in
the public.

THE DUNCIAD.

B O O K I.

VER. 2. — "the Smithfield Muses:" that is, the
vulgar and *venal* trash of New-Year and Birth-Day Odes.

Ver. 6.

Ver. 6. Still Duncce the second reigns like Duncce the first.

A satirical dash at the reigning monarch, George the Second: and such was our poet's propensity to kingly castigation, that, had he been living now, he would have been incredulous enough to presume the happy period, for which Plato sigh'd, when kings should be philosophers, not yet arriv'd; and, without all peradventure, audacious enough (os hominis!) to have written, with suitable chronological accommodation,

Still Duncce the *third*, like Duncce the second, reigns.

Scriblerus, in MSS.

This supposition of the good Scriblerus, though somewhat harsh, appears, it must be own'd, not altogether improbable. To our poet we may well apply his character of Therſites, in *Iliad* ii. 270.

Ulyſſes or Achilles ſtill his theme;

But *royal ſcandal* his delight ſupreme.

And this uncourtly diſpoſition will be happily exemplified by one of the very fineſt paſſages in his magnificent verſion of that divine poem; which, on that account, I tranſcribe with leſs reluctance, in proof of the preſent topic, for the gratification of the reader: *Iliad* xxi. 140.

Lie there, Lycaon! Let the fiſh ſurround

Thy bloated corſe, and ſuck thy gory wound.

There no ſad mother ſhall thy funerals weep,

But ſwift Scamander roll thee to the deep;

Whoſe every wave ſome watery monſter brings

To feaſt unpuniſh'd *on the fat of* KINGS:

for which ſarcaſm there exiſts not a glimpe of authority in his original. Compare Epilogue to the Satires, Dial. ii. verr. 220. 221. 225. 243. for other inſtances of this hoſtility within a ſhort diſtance from each other. Dr. Johnſon had the ſame proneneſs, and for ſimilar reaſons, to ſatirize

tirize the reigning family; of which the following epigram is a pregnant illustration:

Augustus still survives in Maro's strain,
And Spenser's verse prolongs Eliza's reign:
Great George's acts let tuneful Cibber sing;
For Nature form'd the poet for the king.

The hatred, however, which George the Second manifested for ecclesiastical persecution, entitles his memory to veneration.

Ver. 11. Daughter of Chaos, and eternal Night.

Conformably to *Milton's* doctrine, *Par. Lost.* ii. 894, and 960.

————— where eldest *Night*
And *Chaos*, ancestors of Nature, hold
Eternal anarchy: —————
————— when strait behold the throne
Of *Chaos*, and his dark pavilion spread
Wide on the wasteful deep: with him enthron'd
Sat fable-vested *Night*, *eldest* of things,
The consort of his reign.

Ver. 14. Grofs as her fire, and as her mother grave.

A parody on a verse of *Dryden*, *Æn.* vii. 1044:
Fam'd as his fire, and as his mother fair.

Ver. 18. For, born a Goddess, Dulness never dies.

So *Sloth*, in the Dispensary, i. 116.

With godhead born, but curs'd that cannot die.

Our poet in his *Iliad*, v. 1091.

Condemn'd to pain, though fated not to die.

Ver. 19. O thou, whatever title please thine ear,
Dean, Drapier, Bickerstaff, or Gulliver.

A parody of the practice of graver and sublimer poetry: as *Par. Lost.* iii. 2, a truly divine passage!

Or

Or of th' eternal co-eternal beam
 May I express thee unblam'd?—
 Or hear'st thou rather pure ætherial stream?
 As *Horace* in his Odes, and elsewhere:
 Sive tu *Lucina* probas vocari,
 Seu *Genityllis*.

Ver. 28. To hatch a new Saturnian race of lead:
 for the *old* Saturnian race was of *gold*. So *Hall*, Book iii.
 Sat. 1. from *Juvenal*, vi. 1. in very polished verses for
 that age:

Time was, and that was term'd the time of *gold*,
 When World and Time were young, that now are old:
 When quiet *Saturne* sway'd the mace of *lead*,
 And Pride was yet unborne, and yet unbred.
 Our poet further develops this thought in *Dunciad*, iv. 15.
 Of *dull* and *venal* a new world to mould,
 And bring *Saturnian days* of *lead* and *gold*.

Ver. 29. Close to those walls where Folly holds her
 throne—.

Dryden, in *Mac-Flecknoe*:

Close to the walls, which fair *Augusta* bind—.

Ver. 32. Great *Cibber's* brazen, brainless brothers stand.
 These alliterations have an excellent effect in heightening
 the festivity of humorous poetry: nor are they censu-
 rable, I think, in that of a graver character, where not
 affectedly elaborate, and no terms more expressive could
 be chosen; as in *Gray's Bard*:

Ruin seize thee, *ruthless* king!

Ver. 33. One cell there is, conceal'd from vulgar eye.

Dryden's Virgil, Geo. iv. 604.

A large recess, conceal'd from human eyes.

Ver. 36. Emblem of music caus'd by Emptiness:
that is, "Of *bowel* music; when Emptiness, stationed in
" that organ, in hollow accents plaintively murmurs
" *cupboard*."

Ver. 40. —————Lintot's rubric post.

As in the Prologue to the Satires, ver. 215.

What though my name stood *rubric* on the walls,
Or plaister'd posts, with claps, in capitals?
So in some verses in *Pope's* Miscellany by Lintot:
They print their names in letters small,
But Lintot stands in *capital*.

In which poem but an uncleanly encomium is given to
that Miscellany of this chapman, in competition with
learned publications:

Their books are useful but to few,
A scholar, or a wit or two:
Lintot's for general use are fit,
For some folks read, but all folks —.

Ver. 52. Poetic Justice, with her lifted scale.

As in his Messiah, ver. 18.

Returning Justice lift aloft her scale:
a motto, recommended by me, and adopted, for the medal
in commemoration of the late acquittals for High Treason,
where British Liberty is represented as expiring, but
refreshed and sustained by Justice.

Ver. 55. Here she beholds the Chaos dark and deep,
Where nameless Somethings in their causes sleep.

Milton, Par. Lost, iii. 11.

The rising world of waters, *dark and deep*.
Garth's Dispensary, vi. 113.

Here his forsaken seat old Chaos keeps;

And, undisturb'd by Form, in silence sleeps:

which is an imitation of a fine passage in *Cowley*, *David*. i. 79.

Where their vast court the mother-waters keep;

And, undisturb'd by moons, in silence sleep.

This whole description of literary insipidities, in our poets, exceeds, for ingenuity of thought and dexterity of expression, any thing similar within my knowledge, of ancient or modern authors. An ample acknowledgement, however, must be paid to *Dryden*, who supplied the parody of *Cowley* and the general conception of the passage, in his *Mac Flecknoe*:

Where their vast courts the mother-strumpets keep,

And, undisturb'd by watch, in silence sleep.

Near these a nursery erects its head,

Where queens are form'd, and future heroes bred;

Where unfledg'd actors learn to laugh and cry,

Where infant punks their tender voices try,

And little Maximins the gods defy—

Pure clinches the suburban Muse affords,

And Panton waging harmless war with words.

Ver. 67. She sees a mob of Metaphors advance,

Pleas'd with the madness of the mazy dance.

An elegant paragraph in the Letters of *Junius*, the most harmoniously flowing of all writers, to Sir William Draper, seems to have profited from this couplet: "Masks, hatchets, racks, and vipers *dance* through your letters in all the *mazes* of *metaphorical* confusion. These are the gloomy companions of a disturbed imagination: the melancholy *madness* of poetry, without the inspiration."

Ver. 71.

Ver. 71. How Time himself stands still at her command.

This line also will remind the reader of that sublime verse of *Johnson's*, before quoted in these notes :

And panting Time toil'd after him in vain.

Ver. 80. ———thro' fogs that magnify the scene.

Compare ver. 262. below, with the *Essay on Criticism*, ver. 392. and the notes there.

Ver. 98. And sure succession down from Heywood's days.
She saw with joy the line immortal run.

He had in view *Dryden's* translation at *Virg. Geo. iv. 303.*
Th' immortal line in sure succession reigns.

Ver. 107. In each she marks her image full express.

Dryden, in *Mac-Flecknoe* :

Shadwell alone my perfect image bears.

Ver. 117. Sinking from thought to thought, a vast profound!

Besides an allusion to Satan's precipitation in the second book of *Paradise Lost*, our poet probably consulted *Rocheſter* also, at a vigorous passage in his *Satire* against Mankind :

Stumbling, from thought to thought, falls headlong
down

Into Doubt's boundless sea; where, like to drown,
Books bear him up a while, and make him try
To swim with bladders of philosophy.

Ver. 126. Fruits of dull heat, and footerkins of wit.

Dryden, in *Mac-Flecknoe* :

But sure thou'rt but a *kilderkin of wit*.

Ver. 130. And suck'd all o'er, like an industrious bug.

Change this loathsome insect into a *bee*, and you have panegyric instead of satire, without any alteration of the similitude.

Charm'd with her learning, with what rapture he
Hangs on her bloom, *like an industrious bee.*

Young, Sat. v. 384.

By such narrow limits, like the confines of night and day,

Εὔνους γὰρ νῦν τ' ἔτι καὶ ἡμᾶς τ' εἰσι μελέυβοι·

are Praise and Censure, Vice and Virtue, nicely discriminated! "Epithets also" (says *Aristotle* in his *Rhetoric*, iii. 22. 9. ed. Oxon. and the same is equally true of every adjunct, whether phrase or simile) "may be fetched either from disparaging circumstances, as, *a mother-slaughterer*; or from laudable, as, *an avenger of his father*. So *Simonides*, when the man, who had gained the prize in the mule race, gave him but a small fee for his ode, stiled the beasts, with apparent vexation and discontent, *Progeny of the asses*: but, on receiving an additional gratuity, spouted forth in sublimer strain, "Hail, DAUGHTERS OF THE STEED, with feet like wings!"

Ver. 133. There hapless *Shakespeare*, yet of *Tibbald* fore,
Wish'd he had blotted for himself before.

So in his *Imitations*, Epist. ii. 1. 279.

And fluent *Shakespeare* scarce effac'd a line:
referring to the absurd commendation of the players, that *Shakspeare* "never blotted a line:" see *Warburton's* note on this passage of the *Dunciad*. The following Epigram, occasioned by a Lady's Subscription of 40*l.* to *Tibbald's Shakespeare*, may not be unacceptable to the reader:

An

An Empress once gave Virgil many a pound:
 For what? for writing things that made her fbound.
 The same why should not then Sempronius do,
 To Tib. for writing things that make one f—w?
 So *Bentley*, of *Barnes's* Homer: "From thence I dipp'd
 " into his fulsome *επιλογ* enough to make a man spew,
 " that fees the vanity and insolence of the writer."

Ver. 143. Here all his suffering brotherhood retire,
 And 'scape the martyrdom of jakes and fire.

Other wicked wits have brandished their pungent satire of
 this kind against the transient productions of their less
 happy brethren. So *Garth*, in his *Dispensary*, iv. 127.
 with elegant festivity:

Abandon'd authors here a refuge meet,
 And from the world to dust and worms retreat.
 Here dregs and sediments of auctions reign,
 Refuse of fairs, and gleanings of Duck-lane—
 Hither, retriev'd from cooks and grocers, come
 Mede's works entire, and endless reams of Blome.

See Essay on Criticism, ver. 445.—*Young*, Sat. iv. 175.

Ah! what avails it, when his dinner's lost,
 That his triumphant name adorns a post?
 Or, that his shining page, provoking fate!
 Defends Sirloins, which sons of Dulness eat?

Oldham, whose satiric powers were very considerable,
 might supply Pope with this *physical impurity*; who, how-
 ever, did but spur the willing courser: p. 300.

Then who'll not laugh to see th' immortal name
 To vile Mundungus made a martyr flame?
 And all thy deathless monuments of wit
 Wipe porters' tails, or mount in paper kite?

by which our poet profited below, at ver. 234.

Where *vile Mundungus* trucks for viler rhymes :
as appears from another verse of *Oldham* at the same
place :

And *truck* for pots of ale next Stourbridge Fair.
After all, this fragrant flower was probably culled from the
parterre of *Dryden*, in his *Mac-Flecknoe* :

From dusty shops neglected authors come,
Martyrs of pies, and *reliques of the bum*.

Much Heywood, Shirley, Ogleby, there lay,
But loads of Shadwell almost chok'd the way :
a passage imitated by our poet below, ver. 156. and above,
ver. 122.

Ver. 145. "A Gothic Library!"—much inferiour in
mock majesty to the original reading, "A Gothic Va-
"tican!"

Ver. 152. This verse stood at first, not so well :

Old bodies of philosophy appear :
as "a body of *philosophy*" is much less in use than
"a body of *divinity*," such as *Doolittle*, and many others,
have given to the world ; whose place can no where be
found.

Ver. 158. An hecatomb of pure unfully'd lays.

Verily the drift of our poet is somewhat dubious in this
place : whether he meaneth this *purity*, of their present
state, as they were guiltless of *dirty* fingers, because no
man had read them ; or prophetically speaketh, in the
primitive character of a poet, concerning their future and
final destination to the sacrificial fire, (which is the most
purgative of all the elements, and is thus celebrated as
such at ver. 227.

Go, *purify'd* by flames, ascend the sky)

and

and of their consequent escape from that impure alternative of martyrdom, on which we have descanted in our illuminating commentary at ver. 143. of this delectable performance. *Scriblerus* in MSS.

Ver. 168. —“the *Butt* and Bays:” that is, the *butt* of malmsey, which is a part of the Laureat’s remuneration for his goodly songs: see below, ver. 293.

Ver. 170. To this our head, like byas to the bowl,
Which, as more pond’rous, made its aim more
true,
Obliquely wadling to the mark in view.

An improvement on *Dryden’s Mac-Flecknoe*:

This is that boasted bias of the mind;
By which, one way, to dulness ’tis inclin’d:
Which makes thy writings lean on one side still,
And, in all changes, that way bends thy will.

Ver. 188. And once betray’d me into common sense.

Alluding, I presume, to the same performance, which he has so handsomely commended in his *Imitations*, Epist. ii. 1. 92.

To Gammer Gurton if it gives the bays,
And yet deny *the Careless Husband* praise.

Ver. 239. ————— at once be blest
In Shadwell’s bosom with eternal rest.

An indecorous allusion to Luke xvi. 22. and in the same manner below, ver. 301. and ii. 174.

Ver. 244. ————— the master of the sev’nfold face.

A happy parody on *Ovid*, Met. xiii. 2.

————— clypei dominus septemplicis Ajax:
————— *the master of the sev’nfold shield. Dryden.*

Ver. 247. Then lights the structure with averted eyes.

An imitation of *Virgil*, *Æn.* vi. 223.

———subjectam, more parentum

Aversi, tenuere facem :

And fire the pile, their faces turn'd away. *Dryden.*

Ver. 255. Tears gush'd again, as from pale Priam's eyes,
When the last blaze sent Ilion to the skies.

"O' my conscience," says the Irishman, "the eel is the
"longest-liv'd creature I ever knew, after it is dead."
Priam lived to see the beginning of the conflagration, but
not the end of it; having been murdered, according to
Virgil, not very late in the fatal evening. A little of that
learning, which his absurd petulance led him to ridicule in
Bentley, would have been of service to Pope on this and
some other occasions. A cursory recollection of *Dry-*
den's version, at *Æn.* ii. 692. might possibly be the cause
of his mistake.

Ver. 260. A veil of fogs dilates her awful face.

He had his eye on a couplet of *Dryden*, in Mac-Flecknoe;
a couplet of incomparable elegance :

His brows thick fogs, instead of glories, grace ;

And lambent dulness play'd around his face.

These *glories* of Christian faints were transmitted, I
presume, like the generality of Popish superstitions, from
their heathen ancestors; and originated in those *lambent*
flames of fabulists, reputed prophetic of extraordinary
fame : see *Virgil's* *Æneid*, ii. 682. *Florus*, i. 6. and the
commentators there.

Ver. 287. The Goddess then, o'er his anointed head—

Dryden, in the Satire so often quoted :

All

All arguments, but most his plays, persuade,
That for *anointed dulness* he was made.

Ver. 326. And Coll! each butcher roars at Hockley-hole.
The place is marked as the residence of the same fraternity by *Gay*, in his *Trivia*, ii. 409.

Behind him moves, majestically dull,
The pride of *Hockley-hole*, the surly bull:
and the passage in general is imitated from *Dryden's*
Mac-Flecknoe :

Echoes from P—ff—g-Alley Shadwell call,
And Shadwell they resound from Aston-Hall.

BOOK II.

VER. 2. ————— or Fleckno's Irish throne :
of whom thus *Dryden* :

'The hoary prince in majesty appear'd,
High on a throne of his own labours rear'd.

Ver. 4. "fragrant grains." This cleanly periphrasis
owed it's origin, I presume, to a passage in *Hudibras*, ii.
2. 627.

Next one upon a pair of panniers,
Full fraught with that, which, for good manners,
Shall here be nameless, mixt with *grains*,
Which he dispers'd among the swains.

Ver. 7. ————— All eyes direct their rays
On him, and crowds turn coxcombs as they gaze.
This resembles *Addison*, in his *Verses* to Sir Godfrey
Kneller :

Whilst

Whilst all his gracious aspect praise,
And crowds grow loyal as they gaze.

And the reader will observe, that the poet here gives the eye a command over the *medium* of vision, as if a material appendage of the *instrument*: as in his *Messiah*, ver. 39. very poetically:

He from thick films shall purge the visual ray:
 where see the notes.

Ver. 10. —————new bronze their face.

The Laureat, in some verses on himself, did not disclaim a portion of this quality, *Life of Cibber*, p. 3. 4th edit.

Nature and Art in thee combine,

Thy talents here excel:

All shining brags thou dost outshine,

To play the cheat so well.

Ver. 11. So from the sun's broad beam, in shallow urns,
 Heav'n's twinkling sparks draw light, and point
 their horns.

The imagery of the passage is exquisitely delicate and beautiful. There is one defect, however, which is, that the *twinkling sparks* are properly the *fixed stars*, when the passage, from it's general meaning, and the particular term *horns*, must be understood to speak of the *planets* only. There are more elegancies in poetry, originating from the consideration of *light*, the *ætherial stream* of our epic bard, as a *fluid*, than from almost any other source whatever. Indeed the present couplet is entirely constructed from *Milton*, Par. Lost, vii. 364. where the great artist acquits himself with consummate skill:

Of light by far the greater part he took,

Transplanted from her cloudy shrine, and plac'd

In the sun's orb, made porous to receive

And

And drink the *liquid light*, firm to retain
 Her gather'd beams; great palace now of light.
 Hither, as to their *fountain*, other stars
 Repairing, in their golden urns draw light;
 And hence the morning-planet gilds her *borns*.
 I wish he had written *transfused* for *transplanted*, in the
 second verse of the quotation.—*Hughes*, in his Ode on the
 House of Nassau:

The *sun* of glory, which so bright
 Beam'd on all the darling line,
 Did, from its *golden urn of light*,
 On William's head redoubled shine.
Sterling's Paraphrase on Job, chap. xxviii.
 Who feeds the *urn* of unexhausted day,
 While the cheer'd world blefs the diffusive ray?
 Where, had he written *fills* for *feeds*, the couplet would
 have risen above mediocrity. I have illustrated this
 pleasing figure elsewhere, at Virgil's Ecl. vi. 33. and
 Lucretius, ii. 147. v. 282.

Ver. 17. The reader may see a couplet like this in his
Odysey, xxiv. 107. and in the next,

—————an endless band
 Pours forth, and leaves unpeopled half the land;
 our poet treads in the steps of *Virgil*, *Æn.* viii. 7.

—————undique cogunt
Auxilia, et latos vastant cultoribus agros.

Ver. 29. But now (so Anne and Piety ordain)
 A church collects the faints of Drury-lane.

After *Dryden*, in his *Mac-Flecknoe*:

A watch-tower once; but now, so fate ordains,
 Of all the pile an empty name remains.

Ver. 50.

Ver. 50. ——— and call'd the phantom Moore.

James Moore Smith, mentioned also in the Prologue to the Satires, ver. 385. He was memorable as a plagiarist; and from that imputation arose the following waggish epigram:

To prove himself no plagiarist, Moore
Has writ such stuff as none e'er writ before.
Thy prudence, Moore, is like that Irish wit,
Who shew'd his breech, to prove 'twas not b——t.

Ver. 54. An imitation of *Virgil*, *Æn.* v. 382. or rather of *Homer*, Il. xxiii. 666. 676.

Ver. 57. "Fear held them mute:" *ακηνυ εγενοντο σιωπη*.
Homer: who is followed by *Milton*, *Par. Lost*, ii. 420.
————— all fat mute,

Pond'ring the danger with deep thoughts—.

Ver. 62. He left huge Lintot, and outstripp'd the wind.

This also is imitated from *Virgil*, *Æn.* v. 318.

Primus abit, longèque ante omnia corpora Nifus,
Emicat, et ventis et fulminis ocyor alis.

Ver. 67. With arms expanded Barnard rows his state,
And left-legg'd Jacob seems to emulate.

That is, *Jacob Tonson*; to whom *Dryden*, on being refused the price asked for his *Virgil*, sent the following verses:

With leering look, bull-fac'd, and freckled fair,
With two left legs, with Judas-colour'd hair,
And frowzy pores, that taint the ambient air: }

adding to the messenger, "Tell the dog, that he who
"wrote them, can write more."—The money was paid
accordingly.

The couplet before us stood thus in a former edition:

With *legs* expanded Barnard *urg'd the race*,
And *seem'd* to emulate great Jacob's *pace*.

Ver. 70. "Curl's Corinna:" Mrs. Thomas: see Swift's Verses upon her, vol. vii. p. 78. of Sheridan's edition.

Ver. 77. ————— if poets aught of truth declare:

————— si quid habent veri vatum præfagia:

Ovid, Met. fin.

And Curl's prayer is an imitation of Cloanthus, Virg. Æn. v. 234. and of Ulysses, Hom. Il. xxiii. 770.

Ver. 83. A place there is betwixt earth, air, and seas:
compare Temple of Fame, ver. 11. with this place.

Ver. 85. There in his feat two spacious vents appear.

This verse remindeth the good Scriblerus of a merry conceit, prevalent among the provincial rustics in a midland county of this realm, that the age of an animal, called a badger, may be known from the number of *vents* in his *feat*: the creature being blessed with an additional vent for every additional year of his existence, from the extraordinary benevolence of Nature for his relief.— And, moreover, the two *vents* of Jove here spoken of will remind the classical reader of the two casks attributed to this God by the venerable father of poetry; one of which was, doubtless, a cask of *ale* for good men, and one of *small beer* for the profane. Idem in MSS.

Ver. 91. Amus'd he reads, and then returns the bills,

Sign'd with that Ichor, which from Gods distills.

When a certain deserter from his political association,
since exalted to such nobility as kings can bestow, had
determined

determined on secession, he is said, among other letters of apology, to have written one to the late L——d S——h, who replied as follows: "L——d S——h presents his compliments to Mr. * * * *: he has received his letter: it is now before him; and in a few minutes "will be *behind* him."

Ver. 104. As oil'd with magic juices for the course.

Alluding, I apprehend, to the ancient practice of anointing the body with oil, preparatory to the gymnastic exercises. Warburton's note seems too remote and singular to have supplied the comparison.

Ver. 108. Nor heeds the brown dishonours of his face.

This very ludicrous description may have received some improvement from *Parnel's* version of Homer's *Batrachomomachia*, Part iii.

This saw Pelobates; and from the flood
Heav'd with both hands a monstrous mass of mud:
The cloud obscene o'er all the hero flies,
Dishonours his brown face, and blots his eyes.

Ver. 114. His papers light fly diverse, tost in air.

"Then both—*flew diverse—tost* up and down:" *Par. Lost*, x. 284.

Ver. 121. Heav'n rings with laughter.

So *Homer*, but in another sense, *Il. i.* 599.

Ἀσέστ' δ' ἀρ' ἐνὺρτο γέλως μακάρεσσι θεοῖσι.

And unextinguish'd laughter shakes the skies. *Pope.*

Ver. 126. "Breval." See an account of him and his works, and the cause of Pope's resentment, in the list of dramatic authors, subjoined to *Cibber's* life of himself, 4th edition.

Ver. 128.

Ver. 128. He grasps an empty Joseph for a John.

A pleasant allusion to Ixion, embracing a cloud instead of Juno; or a parody on Homer, Il. iii. 376.

ΚΕΙΝΗ ΔΕ ΤΡΥΦΑΛΕΙΑ ἄμ' ἔσπετο χειρὶ παχείῃ :

And left an empty helmet in his hand. *Pope.*

Ver. 148. And Tutchin, flagrant from the scourge below.

Away with the false delicacy of audacious editors, interpolating our noblest authors, and rooting from the poetic garden it's most odoriferous flowers! Restore instantly, at my peril, the genuine lection of the verse, which if the poet himself were to deny, I would not believe him:

And Tutchin, *fragrant* from the scourge, below.

See what an admirable improvement from a single letter! Has not our poet in reality said the same thing above, at ver. 3. a high-colour'd and precious passage?

Or that where on her Curls the public pours,

All-bounteous, *fragrant grains* and *golden show'rs*.

Who is so ignorant as not to know the effect of fear on the intestinal constitution? *Virgil* was one of your delicate mealy-mouthed gentlemen, who disguised Nature in general description:

———— cur ante tubam tremor occupat artus?

Why trembling wait the trumpet's martial sound?

But *Juvenal* speaks out, like a more honest votary of Truth and Nature:

———— solvunt tibi cornua ventrem:

The clarion's clangor proves a *purge* to thee.

Why need I mention the superiour effect to the eyes of the spectators, and the additional allurements to the candidates, from the delineation of such a gaudy colour on the tapestry, with the graceful exhibition of a parabolic
curve

curve in the trajectory of the projectile? Surely, surely, we have sufficiently ascertained the reasonableness of our emendation! but, to overpower every scruple, let our poet be his own interpreter, ver. 154.

Our *purgings*, pumpings, blanketings, and blows.

Scriblerus, in MSS.

With all submission to such great authority, we are of opinion, that the venerable critic's partiality for conjectural emendation has led him unnecessarily to an alteration of the text. Even *Horace* might have taught him the propriety of the present reading, Epist. i. 16, 47.

— habes pretium, *loris non ureris*, aio :

and again Epod. iv. 3. (after *Lucretius*, iii. 1032.)

Hibericis peruste funibus latus :

but above all his immediate predecessor *Prior*, in *Henry* and *Emma* :

The beadle's lash still *flogrant* on their back.

Ver. 150. The very worsted still look'd black and blue.

In this inimitable pleasantry, he probably meant to parody some as fine lines as ever were written, in *Ovid's Metamorphoses* : see the note on *Moschus*, ii. 111. in my edition of that poet.

* Ver. 156. And the fresh vomit run for ever green.

Tickell, in his poem on *Oxford* :

New beauties shall adorn our sylvan scene,
And in thy numbers grow *for ever green*.

Ver. 169. One on his manly confidence relies,
One on his vigour and superiour size.

This couplet is closely constructed from *Dryden's* version of the passage imitated, *Æn.* v. 570.

One

*One on his youth and pliant limbs relies;
One on his sinews and his giant size.*

Ver. 205. Bentley his mouth with classic flatt'ry opes,
And the puff'd orator bursts out in tropes.

An imitation of *Butler*, *Hudibras*, i. 1. 81.

For rhetoric, he could not *ope*
His mouth, but out there flew a *trope*.

Ver. 211. "The pleasing pain:" as in the case of a certain vulgar disorder, which a Scotch peer is reported to have said, he would not be without on any account, *for the pleasure of scratching*.

Ver. 226. With thunder rumbling from the mustard bowl.
Thunder was imitated on the Roman stage by rolling huge stones along, or down a declivity, *devolutis tonitribus*, Phædrus, v. 7. 23. where see the commentators.

Ver. 256. High sound, attemper'd to the vocal nose.
A dextrous use is made of this humourous line in the third stanza of the Parody on *Gray's Elegy* :

Save that in yonder cobweb-mantled room,
Where lies a student in profound repose,
Oppress'd with ale, wide echoes through the gloom
The droning music of his *vocal nose*.

Ver. 259. But far o'er all sonorous Blackmore's strain;
Walls, steeples, skies bray back to him again.

Numerous are the passages in ancient poetry, that resemble this couplet; but it were superfluous to quote them. I must observe, however, that Warburton in vain attempts to make Blackmore ridiculous for endeavouring to ennoble the word *bray* by its application to the *sound*

of armour, &c. for, (to mention no more authors) so *Milton*, in *Par. Lost*, vi. 209.

———— arms on armour clashing bray'd

Horrible discord:

and *Smith*, of *trumpets*, in *Phædra* and *Hippolytus*, Act v.

———— with clashing shields, and braying trumpets.

Ver. 263. Long Chanc'ry lane retentive rolls the sound,
And courts to courts return it round and round.

The versification and the satire are alike admirable. He seems to have had in his eye *Virgil's Æneid*, v. 148.

Tum plausu fremituque virum, studiisque faventum,
Consonat omne nemus, vocemque inclusa volutant
Litora: pulsati colles clamore resultant.

Cries, murmurs, clamours, with a mixing sound,
From woods to woods, from hills to hills rebound—.

Dryden.

Daniel de Foe, in his *True-born Englishman*:

The gath'ring air returns the doubling sound,
And long repeating thunders force it round.

Gay's Rural Sports, addressed to our poet, i. 63.

Whose rolling current, winding round and round,
With frequent falls makes all the wood resound.

Ver. 272. To where Fleet-ditch with disemboing streams
Rolls the large tribute of dead dogs to Thames:
The king of dykes! than whom no sluice of
mud

With deeper fable blots the silver flood.

Ben Jonson, of the same collection of filth, in the *Epilogue* to *Every Man in his Humour*:

And as our cities torrent, 'bent t' infect
The hallow'd bowels of the silver Thames,
Is checkt by strength and clearness of the river.

Garth

Garth is more poetical in his language than either poet, and was probably under the contemplation of our author. Dispenf. iii. 125.

Nigh where *Fleet-ditch* descends in *sable streams*,
To wash his sooty Naiads in the *Thames*.

Ver. 283. In naked majesty *Oldmixon* stands,
And, *Milo-like*, surveys his arms and hands.

In former editions *great Dennis* occupied the place of *Oldmixon*: and the poet was not inattentive to *Dryden's* version of the original verses in Ovid:

Now sapless on the verge of death he *stands*,
Contemplating his former feet and *hands*:
And, *Milo-like*, his slacken'd sinews fees,
And wither'd *arms*—.

The changes, that took place in the various editions of this poem, are a curious subject of enquiry and speculation, and plead most strongly against the rectitude of our poet's satire, who could so easily accommodate, with very similar language and attributes, very different characters. *Warburton's* versatility is not less observable and suspicious; who adapts the note at ver. 294. to a man of a monosyllable name, with trivial adjustment, from one of two syllables: the original reading having been, "Then
" * * try'd."

Ver. 309. "Ask ye their names?" as in Juvenal, Sat. x. 219. where *Dryden* renders,

Ask me their names, I sooner could relate—.

Ver. 312. "Mother Osborne": see *Lord Chesterfield's* paper in *Fog's Journal*, No. 376, and *Maty's* note there.

Ver. 314. "These are—ah no! these were the Gazetteers!"

A most facetious parody on *Virgil*, *Æn.* ii. 325.

————— *fui*mus Troës ; *fuit* Ilium, et ingens

Gloria Teucrorum :

Troy is no more, and Ilium was a town. *Dryden.*

Ver. 315. The passage stood as follows in the second edition :

Not *Welfed* so : *drawn endlong by his scull,*

Furious he *sinks*.

And in the same edition, ver. 326. was given thus :

Lo Smedley rose in majesty of mud.

Ver. 333. How young *Lutetia*, *Yoster* than the down,
Nigrina black, and *Merdamante* brown—.

The fabrication of characteristic names is not less ingenious and specific here than in a passage of less *physical* impurity, the Rape of the Lock, Canto ii. ver. 112, to 116. For the propriety of the epithet to the Naiad *Merdamante*, a Goddess, which he will not find in his Latin Dictionary, the reader may consult ver. 108. above, and the note there.

Ver. 343. The passage ran thus in the second edition :

Pours into Thames : *each city bowl is full*

Of the mixt wave, and all who drink grow dull.

How to the banks where bards departed doze,

They led him soft ; *how all the bards* arose :

Taylor, sweet bird of Thames, *majestic* bows,

And *Shadwell* nods the poppy on his brows :

see Book iii. ver. 19—23.

Ver. 357. Prompt or to guard or stab, to faint or damn,
Heav'n's Swifs, who fight for any God or man.

This irreverent insinuation against the disinterested purity of the holy brotherhood our poet has translated from
that

that most redoubtable of Miso-Parsons, *John Dryden*, in his Hind and Panther :

Those *Swisses* fight on any side for pay,

And 'tis the living that conforms, not they.

Butler had no more grace than his unhallowed successors, but with equal audacity suspected the motives of the clergy in their laudable accommodations of sentiment to the exigencies of the time, and in becoming all things to all men, to all circumstances, and to all doctrines : as witness *Hudibras*, iii. 1. 1273.

What's orthodox, and true believing

Against a conscience ?—A good living.

What makes all doctrines plain and clear ?—

About two hundred pound a-year.

And that, which was prov'd true before,

Prove false again ?—Two hundred more.

But observe the melioration of mankind ! A modern wit, of no vulgar merit, thus respectfully describes the bench of bishops, as conforming in godly practice and pious resignation to the true sanctity of their venerable order :

They, still obedient to their *Maker's* nod,

Adore their *Sovereign*, and respect their *God* :

And wait, good men ! all earthly things forgot,

In humble hope of *Enoch's* happy lot.

Ver. 359. Thus the second edition :

Slow moves the Goddess from the fable flood,

Her priest preceding, thro' the gates of Lud.

Her critics there she summons, and proclaims—.

Ver. 379. At first, "Three *Cambridge* sops :—" and more properly, as, I believe, the term is not used at Oxford ; but he was desirous, no doubt, of avoiding a more particular reflection.

Ver. 398. ————— knock'd his chin and breast.

From *Dryden's* translation of *Ovid*, Met. x.

And rais'd his tardy head, which sunk again ;

And, sinking on *his bosom*, knock'd his chin.

Ver. 400. Yet silent bow'd to *Christ's no kingdom here.*

The deliberate unimpassioned hostility of *Pope*, and the misanthropic virulence of *Swift*, against *Bishop Hoadley*, is easily accounted for upon the same laudable principle, which excited their antipathies in so many other instances ; namely, his zeal and abilities in vindicating the civil and religious liberties of mankind. The Sermon here alluded to, On the Nature of the Kingdom, or Church, of Christ, is well known to have occasioned a long, vehement, and learned debate, under the name of the Bangorian Controversy ; of which See, Hoadley was at that time bishop. It was preached before George the First, at St. James's, March 1, 1717. and published by his special command : and soon went through many editions.

In the present instance the satire is undoubtedly levelled with justice at this meddling prelate, for his assurance in supposing that Parliaments and Bishops, by their Canons, Acts, and Articles, were not infinitely better qualified to promulgate laws, for the regulation of the Christian Church, than Christ himself ! How confused, mysterious, and inexplicable is the term of evangelical communion, as laid down by Christ and his Apostles, in that obscure and complex proposition, " I believe that " Jesus is the son of God ! " compared with the perspicuity, the simplicity, the brevity, and the elegance of our *Church of England Articles*, and the *Creed* of the holy *Athanasius* ! ! !

Ver. 405.

Ver. 405. As what a Dutchman plumps into the lakes,
One circle first, and then a second makes.

Parnell, in his *Hermit* :

But, if a stone the gentle sea divide,
Swift ruffling circles curl on every side.

And note we on this occasion, (saith the venerable *Scriblerus*, in MSS. penes me) the scrupulous delicacy of our poet, in the decent veil, thrown over the cause of this undulation by the indefinite phraseology of the first line : having, I ween, a further end also in view ; that grand secret of fine writing, in which something is respectfully left for the imagination and invention of the reader. Nor is *Dryden* in his *Mac-Flecknoe* deserving of less laud for a similar instance of decorum ; whence, perhaps, our poet might learn wisdom :

About thy boat the little fishes throng,

As at the *morning-toast* that floats along.

Noble examples of delicate discretion for future bards on *posteriour* occasions !

Ver. 410. Round, and more round, o'er all the sea of heads.

A form of representative expression employed before by *Dryden* ; as in his *Cymon and Iphigenia* :

Short and more short, the missive weapons fly.

Compare the note at *Essay on Man*, iv. 341.

Verr. 412. 414. In the second edition :

Old James himself unfinish'd left his tale—

Nor Motteux talk'd, nor *Naso* whisper'd more.

Ver. 415. "*Ostræa*" : that is, *an oyster wench* : hence, in the next verse, his *mother's tongue*. He found this factitious name in *Gay's Trivia*, iii. 185.

Ver. 418. And all was hush'd, as Folly's self lay dead.

Creech, in his translation of the story of Lucretia, from Ovid, Fast. ii.

And all was hush'd, as Nature's self lay dead.

And *Hughes*, in his Morning-Apparition :

All things were hush'd, as Noise itself were dead.

Ver. 421. Why should I sing, what bards the nightly Muse
Did slumb'ring visit, and convey to stews ?

A parody on Paradise Lost, ix. 20.

If answerable stile I can obtain

Of my celestial patroness, who deigns

Her nightly visitation unimplor'd,

And dictates to me slumb'ring.

Ver. 425. How Henley lay inspir'd beside a sink.

As if to imbibe the *mephitic exhalations* of the place; an established vehicle of prophetic influences. So *Virgil*, Æn. vii. 83.

— nemorum quæ maxima sacro

Fonte sonat, sævamque exhalat opaca mephitim.

Hinc Italæ gentes omnisque Ænotria tellus

In dubiis responsa petunt.

The banks of rivers also, which is, perhaps, the more obvious allusion of the passage, have ever been the favourite spot of poetic vision. In this view those lines of the *Penseroso* are gloriously enchanting :

And the *waters murmuring,*

With such consort as they keep,

Entice the dewy-feather'd sleep :

And let some strange *mysterious dream*

Wave at his wings in æry stream

Of lively portraiture display'd,

Softly on my eye-lids laid.

Hence

Hence *Gay*, in his *Rural Sports*, i. 60.

Where flows the murmuring brook, inviting dreams:
and *Gray*, in the *Elegy*:

His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

BOOK III.

VER. 8. He hears loud oracles, and talks with Gods.

Ogilby's version of the passage, imitated from *Virgil*, is:

When wondrous shapes of fleeting forms appear;
He talks with Gods, and doth strange language hear.

Prior, in his *Simile*:

In noble songs and lofty odes,
We tread on stars, *and talk with Gods*.

Ver. 17. Her tresses staring from poetic dreams.

This is not sufficiently appropriate: the character of the Sibyl was *prophetic* rather, and poetry the mere vehicle of her transports. I should prefer:

Her tresses staring from *ecstatic* dreams.

Ver. 22. And Shadwell nods the poppy on his brows.

He took the hint from *Dryden's Mac-Flecknoe*:

His temples, last, with *poppies* were o'erspread,
That, *nodding*, seem'd to consecrate his head.

Ver. 35. ———— When lo! a sage appears,
By his broad shoulders known—.

An imitation of *Homer*, Il. iii. 226.

——— ἀνὴρ ἧς τε μέγας τε,

Εξοχῶς Ἀργείων κεφαλὴν ἠδ' εὐρέας ὤμους.

And

And Settle's *size* is thus intimated by our poet's master in his *Abfalom* and *Achitophel*, Part ii.

Drink, swear and roar ; forbear no lewd delight
Fit for thy *bulk* : do any thing but write.

Ver. 38. "His only suit"—. Upon which and such passages, abundant in our author's satirical pieces, Johnson remarks with much truth and equal severity: "The
" great topic of his ridicule is poverty : the crimes, with
" which he reproaches his antagonists, are their debts,
" their habitation in the Mint, and their want of a dinner. He seems to be of an opinion, not very uncommon in the world, that to want money is to want every
" thing."

Ver. 40. —"Another yet the same": *aliusque et idem* : *Horace* in his *Carmen Sæculare*.

Ver. 43. Oh born to see what none can see awake !

An imitation of *Virgil*, *Æn.* vi. 391.

Corpora viva nefas Stygiâ vec̄tare carinâ :

My boat conveys no living bodies o'er.—*Dryden*.

Ver. 49. Who knows how long thy transmigrating soul
Might from Bæotian to Bæotian roll ?

Several passages of *Dryden* seem to have contributed their assistance here ; as his version of *Persius*, Sat. vi.

Who in a drunken dream beheld his *soul*

The fifth within the *transmigrating roll* :

where that sense of *roll* is apposite: but no utility, beyond that of the rhyme, is discoverable in the term employed by our poet ; who found it, however, in his great predecessor's Ode to the Memory of Mrs. Anne Killigrew :

But,

But, if *thy pre-existing soul*
 Was form'd, at first, with myriads more,
 It did thro' all the mighty poets *roll*,
 Who Greek or Latin laurels wore.

Ver. 69. See round the poles, where keener spangles shine,
 Where spices smoke beneath the burning line.

These are excellent verses indeed; and may owe some obligations to a very animated and polished passage in *Tickell's Prospect of Peace*:

Now o'er his head the polar bear he spies,
 And freezing spangles of the Lapland skies;
 Now swells his canvas to the sultry line,
 With glittering spoils where Indian grottos shine,
 Where fumes of incense glad the southern seas,
 And wafted citron scents the balmy breeze.

Ver. 80. There rival flames with equal glory rise:
 that is, equal *brighinefs*; as in his *Eloisa*, ver. 341.

From op'ning skies may streaming *glories* shine:
 and many other places.—And upon the subject of these verses, thus *Seneca*, de *Tranquill. Anim.* 9. “*Quadrin-
 genta millia librorum Alexandria arserunt, pulcher-
 rimum regiae opulentiae monumentum:*” referring to
 a former conflagration at the same city.

Ver. 87. Lo, where *Mæotis* sleeps, and hardly flows
 The freezing *Tanais* through a waste of snows.

Dr. *Johnson* tells us, that this was the couplet, with which Pope, as he had been told, declared his own ear to be most gratified; but professes himself unable to see the reason of this preference. I think the couplet excellent in two respects, both from a judicious pause and a descriptive tenour in the numbers, and a curious felicity of most

*

appropriate

appropriate expression. We may compare some lines in *A. Phillips'* celebrated letter from Copenhagen, on a congenial subject: lines, if you except the insipid epithet *delightful*, not unworthy of Pope himself:

The hills, and dales, and the delightful woods,
The flowery plains, and silver-streaming floods,
By snow disguis'd, in bright confusion lie,
And with one dazzling waste fatigue the eye.

Ver. 89. The north by myriads pours her mighty sons;
Great nurse of Goths, of Alans, and of Huns.

As *Gray*, in a grand passage of his unfinished Essay:
As oft have issued, host impelling host,
The *blue-ey'd* myriads from the Baltic coast.

Ver. 99. See Christians, Jews, one heavy sabbath keep;
And all the western world believe and sleep.

A modification of his exemplar, *Dryden*, Epist. xiv.

Long time the sister-arts, in iron sleep,
A heavy sabbath did supinely keep.

Ver. 104. And Bacon trembling for his brazen head.

Butler also somewhere celebrates this singularity in the pericranium of that extraordinary philosopher, with his usual pleasantry:

My noddle is not made of brass,
As Friar Bacon's noddle was.

Ver. 109. 'Till Peter's keys some christ'ned Jove adorn,
And Pan to Moses lends his golden horn.

What can surpass the wit and urbanity of this most ingenious couplet? The word at Exodus xxxiv. 35. which denotes the stream of light from the face of Moses, means also a *horn*, and is so rendered in the Vulgate; and Pan, like
the

the rest of the Satyr-tribe, has *horns* assigned to him by the heathen mythologists: hence the facility and suitability of the transformation here specified. The reader may see a similar effort of sportive fancy in *Dodley*, iii. p. 82. but conducted with much inferior dexterity.

I learn too from a late commentator on Prudentius, in *Symm.* i. 89. ed Rom. 1788. that the archangel *Michael* was made from *Mercury*; and the poet himself thus introduces Constantine, as dictating this ingenious accommodation of the statues of their pagan ancestors, ver. 502. in preference to the demolition of them:

Marmora, tabenti respergine tincta, lavate,
 O! proceres: liceat statuas consistere puras.
 Artificum magnorum opera hæc pulcherrima malim
 Ornamenta fiant patriæ, nec decolor usus
 In vitium versæ monumenta coinquinet artis.
 Hence let each marble, cleans'd from gory stain,
 To hallow'd uses consecrate remain:
 Let shrines and statues, to new glory born,
 Redeem'd from rites impure, our state adorn.

Ver. 115. Peel'd, patch'd, and pye-bald, linsley-woolsey brothers,

Grave mummers! sleeveless some, and shirtless others.

Lord Rochester, in his Satire against Marriage:

Tho' she be *linsley-woolsey* baud and whore.

Samson Agonistes, ver. 1325.

Jugglers and dancers, antics, *mummers*, mimics.

A *mummer*, in the primary and proper signification of the term, I take to mean a "*speechless actor*," one who exhibits by *dumb* gesticulation. If this be accurate, the definition in Johnson's Dictionary requires correction. I suppose the primary term to be *mimus*.

Ver. 125.

Ver. 125. This fav'rite isle, long sever'd from her reign.
An elegant allusion to the well-known passage in *Virgil's*
first Eclogue :

———— et toto divisos orbe Britannos :

And Britons, sever'd from the rest of men.

Ver. 138. Behold an hundred sons, and each a Dunce.

Dryden would have written, with superiour vigour, I
think, and more luminous exhibition of the thought,
Behold an hundred sons, and *every son* a Dunce.

Ver. 141. With all thy father's virtues blest, be born !
And a new Cibber shall the stage adorn.

As in his own *Messiah*, ver. 22.

Oh spring to light, auspicious babe, be born !
And the second verse is a parody on *Virgil*, Ecl. iv. 7.
Jam nova progenies cœlo demittitur alto.

Ver. 145. From the strong fate of drams if thou get free,
Another *Durfey*, *Ward* ! shall shine in thee.

He appears to have consulted *Dryden's* translation of the
verses parodied with so much humour :

Ah ! could'st thou break through fate's severe decree,
A new Marcellus shall arise in thee.

Ver. 147. Thee shall each ale-house, thee each gill-house
mourn ;

And answ'ring gin-shops fowrer sighs return.

A more immediate parody, perhaps, of *Smith's* poem on
the Death of *J. Philips* :

Thee, *Philips*, thee despairing *Vaga* mourns,
And gentle *Isis* soft complaints returns.

Ver. 163. Silence, ye wolves ! while *Ralph* to *Cynthia*
howls.

A. Phillips,

A. Phillips, in his letter from Copenhagen :

The starving *wolves* along the main sea prowl,
And to the moon in icy vallies bowl.

Ver. 177. Embrace, embrace, my sons, be foes no more ;
Nor glad vile poets with true critics' gore.

This much resembles the beginning of *Lucan's* Pharsalia :

————— quæ tanta licentia ferri
Gentibus invisis Latium præbere cruorem?
Say, Romans, whence so dire a fury rose
To glut with Latian blood your barbarous foes?

Rowe.

But the language of the former verse is more closely modelled from *Dryden's* version of the verses in the *Æneid*, expressly parodied :

Embrace again, my sons ; be foes no more :
Nor stain your country with her children's gore.

Ver. 179. " Behold yon pair : " meaning *Thomas Burnet*, third son of the famed Bishop of Salisbury : and Colonel Duckit.

Ver. 186. Of sober face, with learned dust besprent.

So *Gay*, in his Epistle to our poet, stanza 18.

O Wanley, whence com'st thou with shorten'd hair,
And visage from thy shelves with dust besprent.

And hence, I presume, an error is to be corrected in *Drummond's* Poems, part i. sonnet 43.

Dear eye, which deign'st on this sad monument
The fable scroll of my mishaps to view,
Though it with mourning Muse's tears be *sprent*,
And darkly drawn, which is not feign'd, but true.

Ver. 201.

Ver. 201. How fluent nonsense trickles from his tongue.
He had *Homer's* celebrated verse in view, Il. i. 249.

Τὴ καὶ ἀπο γλώσσης μελιστῶ γλυκίων ῥέει αὐδὴ

Words from his tongue more sweet than honey flow'd:
which *Milton* has elegantly varied, Par. Lost, ii. 112.

But all was false and hollow, though his tongue
Dropt manna.

Ver. 207. Oh worthy thou of *Ægypt's* wife abodes;
A decent priest where Monkeys were the gods.

"You shall see in *Ægypt* (say *Lucian* and *Clemens Alexan-*
"drinus) a most magnificent temple, large, and decorated
"with precious stones: but, if you enter, and look for
"the God, you shall find a goat, a monkey, or a cat."

Ver. 212. After this came once the following verses:
Thou too, great *Woolston*! here exalt thy throne,
And prove no miracles can match thy own.

Ver. 216. — "or a *Milton's* flame:" corrected, much
for the better, from "a *Seraph's* flame," of some other
editions.

Ver. 226. "solid darkness:" alluding to Exodus, x.
21. "even *darkness* which may be felt:" whence *Milton*,
Par. Lost, xii. 187.

Darkness must overshadow all his bounds,
Palpable darkness.

Ver. 253. ————— In yonder cloud behold
Whose farset skirts are edg'd with flaming gold.
The poet might have in his recollection a very delicate
picture in *Milton's* *Comus*, ver. 221.

Was I deceiv'd, or did a fable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night?

Ver. 261.

Ver. 261. "Immortal Rich!" To this gentleman's wonder-working exhibitions Fenton thus refers in his Prologue to Southerne's Spartan Dame:

We hop'd that Art and Genius had secur'd you;

But soon facetious Harlequin allur'd you:

The Muses blush'd to see their friends exalting

Those elegant delights of jig and vaulting.

"Whilst we were acting (says Cibber somewhere in his

"Life) the best plays in the language to empty houses;

"Rich, with his *raree-shows*, was drawing the whole

"town after him."

Ver. 267. Booth in his cloudy tabernacle shrin'd.

Alluding to Exodus, xl. 38. as Milton, Par. Lost viii. 248.

————— she in a *cloudy tabernacle*

Sojourn'd the while.

Ver. 269. Dire is the conflict, dismal is the din!

From Paradise Lost, vi.

————— *dire* was the *noise*

Of *conflict*; over head the *dismal* hiss

Of fiery darts in flaming volleys flew.

Ver. 288. "Smithfield fair:" that is, *Bartholomew fair*; which is kept in Smithfield, where these pantomimical wonders were exhibited.

Ver. 292. Thus, in the second edition:

In the dog's tail *his progress ends* at last.

Ver. 307. To aid our cause if Heav'n thou canst not bend,

Hell thou shalt move.

A translation of *Virgil*, *Æn.* vii. 312.

Flectere si nequeo Superos, Acheronta movebo.

Ver. 319. This, this is he, foretold by ancient rhymes;
Th' Augustus born to bring Saturnian times:
Signs following signs lead on the mighty year:
See the dull stars roll round, and re-appear.

That is, the completion of the *magnus orbis*, or great cycle of years, when the heavenly bodies have returned to the same relative positions in the sky. And our poet had his eye throughout on *Dryden's* translation of the passage alluded to in *Virgil's* 4th Eclogue:

The last great age, *foretold by sacred rhymes*,
Renews its finish'd course: *Saturnian times*
Roll round again; and *mighty years*, begun
From their first orb, in radiant circles run.

Ver. 325. On poets' tombs see *Benson's* titles writ.

Auditor *Benson* erected a monument to *Milton* in *Westminster Abbey*, in the year 1737, on which his own name is inscribed as the founder. Concerning him, see *Pennant's London*, p. 381. 2nd edition.

Ver. 327. See under *Ripley* rise a new *Whitehall*.

This architect was employed in repairing the building in question at the time of the first edition of this poem: hence is explained a passage in *Windfor Forest*, ver. 377.

I see, I see, where two fair cities bend
Their ample bow, a new *Whitehall* ascend.

This *Ripley* is mentioned satirically again in *Moral Essays*, iv. 18. and in the *Imitations*, Epist. ii. 1. 186.

Ver. 330. *Gay* dies unpension'd with a hundred friends.

An allusion seems intended to this poet's fable, *The Hare and many Friends*; the introduction to which thus concludes:

'Tis thus in friendship, who depend

On many, rarely find a friend.

Ver. 332. And Pope's ten years to comment and translate.

Johnson says in his *Life of Broome*, upon the subject of the disagreement and alienation between him and Pope, "I have been told that they were afterwards reconciled." The verse before us may be fairly considered as a strong presumption of this reconciliation, from the reading of former editions:

And Pope's *translating three whole years with Broome*: where his name was unpleasantly associated with circumstances of misfortune and regret.

Ver. 333. "Proceed, great days!" alluding to *Virgil*, *Ecl. iv. 12.*

———— incipient *magni procedere menses.*

Ver. 338. And *Alma Mater* lie dissolv'd in Port.

We have here a notable proof, that the *prophetical* character at the publication of this poem was not disjoined from the *poetical*: for then, not *port*, but a much humbler beverage, *nut-brown ale*, was the favourite liquor of *Alma Mater's* nurslings; and for many years after that period. But, as this is a hard doctrine, notwithstanding the *prospective* vision, in which these great changes are displayed, may we not have recourse to a different interpretation: and, as the word *dissolved*, will easily signify mere relaxation to tranquillity and peace; the phrase to be *dissolved in port* will mean "a happy retirement into the

"*harbour*" of rest from those laborious studies and exertions, which may be expected to harass the votaries of learning in academic bowers? That this period of somnolent and unprofitable inactivity is arrived, far be it from us in any wise to insinuate; or even to suppose the possibility of such degeneracy, in this learned seminary! Scriblerus, in MSS.

BOOK IV.

VER. 3. Of darkness visible so much be lent,
As half to shew, half veil, the deep intent.

This is modelled from Par. Lost i. 63. as every reader of English poetry will immediately recollect:

No light, but rather *darkness visible*,

Serv'd only to discover fights of woe.

For the conception, which supplied this most curious and happy language, as well as for the congenial description in his *Penferoso*, ver. 79. no less happily embodied;

Where glowing embers through the room

Teach light to counterfeit a gloom:

our epic bard was indebted, I have no doubt, to Cowley's *Davideis*, i. 357.

No pale-fac'd moon does in stol'n beams appear,

Or with dim taper scatters darkness there:

which is very bold expression, and not inferior in felicity to that of Milton himself. And these instances, I think, are a convenient illustration of our poet's doctrine in the *Essay on Criticism*:

Great wits sometimes may *gloriously offend*,

And rise to faults true critics dare not mend.

Ver. 6.

Ver. 6. To whom Time bears me on his rapid wing.

The poet had in his memory *Milton's* Sonnet vii.

How soon hath *Time*, the subtle thief of youth,

Stol'n on his wing my three and twentieth year—

To that same lot, however mean or high,

Toward which *Time* leads me, and the will of Heav'n—.

Ver. 22. And Wit dreads exile, penalties, and pains.

In reference partly to his own case, as a *Papist*, and partly to that of his friend *Atterbury*, now dead, but still alive in the fond remembrance of our poet, who has exemplified his affection for this prelate in many passages of his works.

Ver. 31. "Mad *Mathefis*—." This vicious accent of the word is authorised by *Prudentius*, and other authors of declining Latinity.

Ver. 39. For this and the next couplet he gave in the first edition the two following verses:

Oft her gay sister's life and spirit fled,
But History and Satire held their head.

Ver. 58. Wake the dull church—.

One would think, by our poet's representation of ecclesiastics, that he had taken his opinion of them from *Hogarth's* *Sleeping Congregation*, as if they were merely

Wakeful themselves to give their hearers sleep!

Nay, to such a pitch of irreverence had *Satire* carried him! he brings a charge of somnolency against ecclesiastics themselves; and not only so, but even against the *hierarchical watchmen* of the church, in that well known line,

To goad the prelate, slumb'ring in his stall.

Ver. 105. "There mov'd Montalto." *Sir Thomas Hanmer*.—B.

To this character is subjoined a facetious note in the first impression: "An eminent person of quality, who was about to publish a very pompous edition of a great author, very much at his own expence indeed!" And the verses from 116 to 119. are explained by the circumstance of Sir Thomas's edition coming from the *Oxford* press: they did not appear at first. Dr. Johnson, however, who delighted in contradiction, commends Hanmer, as eminently qualified for his undertaking.

Ver. 133. And, while on Fame's triumphal car they ride,
Some slave of mine be pinion'd to their side.

Alluding to the practice of the Romans, thus mentioned by *Juvenal* in his Tenth Satire:

————— et sibi consul
Ne placeat, curru servus portatur eodem.
A slave in the same chariot seen to ride,
To mortify the mighty madman's pride. *Dryden*.

Ver. 144. Eton and Winton shake thro' all their sons.
Compare his *Iliad*, xvi. 672. *Odysey*, xi. 684. And for this and the next couplet the first edition gave the following:

All flesh is humbled, youth's bold courage cools;
Each shudd'ring owns the genius of the schools.

Ver. 147. The pale boy-senator yet tingling stands.
As *Gay* in his Eclogue on the Birth of the Squire:
Let younger brothers o'er dull authors plod,
Lash'd into Latin by the *tingling* rod.

Ver. 176. Some gentle James —.

Warburton, whose notes on this and the preceding verse are excellent, informs us, that "this great prince was the "first who assumed the title of *Sacred Majesty*, which his "loyal *Clergy* transferred from *God* to *Him*:" and surely by a very easy and imperceptible transition, if indeed it were any transition at all from their *creator* to their *maker*. When James, after this accession to his regal titles, was on a visit to a Scotch Nobleman, before they separated in the evening, the peer, mindful alike of the monarch and the man, and willing to loiter in no duty of hospitality, said to his illustrious guest: "Would your "SACRED MAJESTY choose A WHURE to-night?"

Ver. 187. May you, *my* Cam and Isis.

So the later editions; but, I presume, by an error of the press. The first gives, "May you, *may* Cam and Isis:" that is, "You, my priests." And as an *élève* of Cam, I cannot but love and applaud our poet for thus placing my Alma Mater before my Aunt; as in the former book he made the elders of Isis *reel*, before the reverend sons of Cam were overpowered by the jolly god, even upon the most malignant interpretation of the passage.

Ver. 200. "The sons of Marg'ret:" that is, the members of St. John's College, vulgarly and opprobriously denominated *Johnian Hogs*: opprobriously, I say; because no College in the whole university is so little infected with the mange of *Sans-culotisme*, the prevalent system of the *swinish multitude*. Their college was founded by *Margaret*, mother of Henry VII. and is washed by the *Cam* from those impurities, decorated in this glorious poem by the magnificent appellation of

———— "fragrant grains and golden showers."

Ver. 206. "Walker with rev'rence took." He was Bentley's constant friend in College. B. This appears sufficiently from the records of the controversies alluded to in verr. 201, 202.

Ver. 216. Author of something yet more great than letter.

Upon this subject, the reader will be gratified with the candid remarks of a learned and amiable writer, Dr. Foster, late master of Eton school, in his Essay on Accents, pp. 132, 133. &c. second edition.

Ver. 220. Dispute of *me* or *te* —.

Alluding to Horace, Ode i. 1. 29. see my note there. That just and indisputable correction was originally, I believe, suggested by *Rutgerfius*, but afterwards, and I dare say independently, presented itself, from the plain exigence of the passage, to various critics.

Whether by accidental coincidence from the complexion of the subject, or by what other method, I cannot determine; but certainly not from an experimental acquaintance with that author, the verses before us exactly resemble an epigram of Herodicus, preserved by Athenæus at the end of his fifth book:

Φευγετ', Αρισταρχειοι, επ' ευρεα νωτα θαλαττης

Ἑλλαδα, της ξενης δειλοτεροι κεμαδΘ·

Γωνιοβομβυκες, μονοσυλλαβοι· οἱσι μεμηλε

Το σφιν, και σφωῖν, και το μιν, ηδε το νιν.

Τεθ' υμιν ειη, δυσπεμφελοι· Ἡροδικω δε

Ἑλλας αει μιμνοι, και θεοπαις βαβυλων.

Hence

Hence o'er the seas, ye piddling critics! go;
 Hence with the swiftness of a hunted roe.
 Each creeping corner-poring worm! that dwells
 On scraps of phrase, and words, and syllables.
 Still husks and shells your daintiest fare may be:
 Leave the rich feast of sentiment for me.

Ver. 224. And Alfop never but like Horace joke.

Our poet knew just as much of what was elegant in this way, as he knew of the Chinese language. The zany, here celebrated, has two copies of Latin verses in the *Musæ Anglicanæ*, full of metrical improprieties, and in strains of prosaic insipidity. He had the audacity to abuse Bentley, in his preface to a frivolous edition of *Æsop's fables*; when he, and all the Christ Church antagonists put together, were, to that most learned and sagacious critic, a band of *Liliputians* to gigantic *Gulliver*. And the generality of Warburton's notes on such passages in our poet's writings betray a disingenuous flippant ignorance, highly disgraceful to so great a man; who had native merit in sufficient quantity to render such impotent efforts at arrogating knowledge beyond his reach wholly unnecessary to his reputation. Dr. Lowth, the late bishop of London, gained no laurels by his ignorant and unseasonable attack on the mighty author of the letter to Mills and the dissertation upon Phalaris. Even in his own language, what writer has exceeded the shrewdness of his remarks on Collins? And name me the man, who could have exhibited the complex conceptions of the following passage with equal vigour and perspicuity. It occurs in his fifth sermon at Boyle's lectures, and is an argument against the construction of the human frame from the fortuitous collocation of parts upon the atomic system of Epicurus:

“ Let

Dr Bentley.

“ Let us consider how next to impossible it is, that chance
“ (if there were such a thing) should in such an immense
“ variety of parts in an animal twice hit upon the same
“ structure, so as to make a male and female. Let us
“ resume the former instance of the twenty-four letters
“ thrown at random upon the ground. 'Tis a mathema-
“ tical demonstration, that these twenty-four do admit of
“ so many changes in their order*, that they may make
“ such a long roll of differently ranged alphabets, not
“ two of which are alike, that they could not all be ex-
“ hausted, though a million million of writers should each
“ write above a thousand alphabets a-day for the space of
“ a million million of years. What strength of imagina-
“ tion can extend itself to embrace and comprehend such
“ a prodigious diversity? And 'tis as infallibly certain,
“ that, suppose any particular order of the alphabet be
“ assigned, and the twenty-four letters be cast at a
“ venture, so as to fall in a line; it is so many million of
“ millions odds to one against any single throw, that the
“ assigned order will not be cast. Let us now suppose,
“ there be only a thousand constituent members in the
“ body of a man (that we may take few enough) it is
“ plain that the different position and situation of these
“ thousand parts would make so many differing com-
“ pounds, and distinct species of animals. And if only
“ twenty-four parts, as before, may be so multifariously
“ placed and ordered as to make many millions of millions
“ of differing rows; in the supposition of a thousand
“ parts, how immense must that capacity of variation be?
“ Even beyond all thought and denomination, to be
“ expressed only in mere figures, whose multiplied

* Tacquetti Arithmet. cap. de Progressione.

“ powers

“ powers are beyond the narrowness of language, and
“ drown the imagination in astonishment and confusion :
“ especially, if we observe, that the variety of the alpha-
“ bet considered above was in mere longitude only ; but
“ the thousand parts of our bodies may be diversified by
“ situation in all the dimensions of solid bodies : which
“ multiplies over and over again, and overwhelms the
“ fancy in a new abyss of unfathomable number. Now
“ it is demonstratively certain, that it is all this odds to
“ one, against any particular trial, that no one man
“ could by casual production be framed like another ;
“ (as the atheists suppose thousands to be in several regions
“ of the earth ;) and I think 'tis rather more odds than
“ less, that no one female could be added to a male,
“ inasmuch as that most necessary difference of sex is a
“ higher token of divine wisdom and skill, above all the
“ power of fortuitous hits, than the very similitude of
“ both sexes in the other parts of the body. And *again*,
“ we must consider, that the vast imparity of this odds
“ against the accidental likeness of two casual formations
“ is never lessened and diminished by trying and casting.
“ 'Tis above a hundred to one against any particular
“ throw, that you do not cast any given set of faces with
“ four cubical dice, because there are so many several
“ combinations of the six faces of four dice. Now, after
“ you have cast all the hundred trials but one, 'tis still
“ as much odds at the last remaining time, as it was at
“ the first : for blind insensible chance cannot grow
“ cunning by many experiments ; neither have the pre-
“ ceding casts any influence upon those that come after.
“ So that if this chance of the atheists should have essayed
“ in vain to make a species for a million million of ages,
“ 'tis still as many millions odds against that formation,
“ as

“ as it was at the first moment in the beginning of
 “ things. How incredible is it, therefore, that it should
 “ hit upon two productions alike*, within so short dura-
 “ tion of the world, according to the doctrine of our
 “ atheists? How much more, that it should do so within
 “ the compass of a hundred years, and of a small tract of
 “ ground, so that this male and female might come
 “ together? If any atheist can be induced to stake his
 “ soul for a wager, against such an inexhaustible dispro-
 “ portion; let him never hereafter accuse others of easi-
 “ nefs and credulity.”

Verr. 228. 231. I poach in Suidas for unlicens'd Greek—. What Gellius, or Stobæus hash'd before.

On which verses thus Pope and Warburton: “ The first
 “ a dictionary-writer, of impertinent facts and barba-
 “ rous words, &c.”—Now, if we should deduct from
 the compilation of Suidas all his chronological, historical,
 and biographical communications, which are very copious
 and important, as they consist of extracts from the best au-
 thors of antiquity; and should leave only his philological
 information with it's concomitant examples; a mass of
 literature would remain, of much the same value as
 Johnson's dictionary, if a general wreck of English
 authors should be produced by casualty and time: but
 how inestimably valuable such a repository would then
 be, it is easy for any man to discover. Considering,
 therefore, this strange and ignorant decision of Warbur-
 ton, what can possibly be conceived more unseasonable
 and out of place, than *Toup's* critical epistle, as addressed
 to this prelate?

* Verum, ut opinor, habet novitatem summa, recensque
 Natura est mundi, neque pridem exordia cepit. LUCRETIVS, v.

Ver. 236. The body's harmony—
Ben Jonson, in his *Underwoods*, ix.
 'Twere too long to speak of all;
 What we *harmony* do call
 in a *body*, should be there.

The whole passage in our poet is wrought up to great perfection: vigorous sentiment in admirable propriety and gracefulness of diction.

Ver. 245. Nor could a Barrow work on ev'ry block.
 An allusion to the Latin proverb: "Non ex quovis ligno
 fit Mercurius."

Ver. 252. And write about it, Goddeffs! and about it.
Boileau describes this verbose nothingness with less humour, but equal significance: Sat. x. 688.

Celle qui toujours parle, et ne dit jamais rien:
 and in much the same words in *Epist* ix. 66. The playfulness of *Cowley* on this topic may come into competition with our poet himself, in the Puritan and Papist:

Nay, Cromwell, Bury, Whistler, Sir John Wray,
 He who does say, and say, and say, and say.

Ver. 275. He here borrows from his own *Imitations of Horace*, *Epist.* ii. 2. the end.

Ver. 301. To happy convents, bosom'd deep in vines,
 So *Milton*, in his *Allegro*, ver. 78.

Towers and battlements it sees
 Bosom'd high in tufted trees.

Ver. 304. Diffusing languor in the panting gales.
 Mr. *Gray* has decorated this thought with a much more poetical dress in his unfinished *Essay*:

There

There languid Pleasure sighs in every gale.

Dr. *Johnson's* language too is finely embellished with imagery on a parallel occasion, in his *Vanity of Human Withes*:

Here every gale bears health upon its wings.

Ver. 318. —————and greatly daring din'd.

A compound before employed by *Sheffield*, in a very beautiful couplet on the death of Don Alonzo, condemned to death for aspiring to the Infanta of Portugal:

If from the glorious height he falls,

He greatly daring dies;

Or mounting where bright beauty calls,

An empire is the prize.

And this adventurous temerity of appetite is well set forth by *Gay*, in a parody on *Horace*, *Trivia* iii. 195.

That man had sure a palate cover'd o'er

With brais or steel, that on the rocky shore

First broke the oozy oyster's pearly coat,

And risk'd the living morsel down his throat.

Ver. 344. The pains and penalties of idleness.

The alliteration is very happy, and the sentiment resembles *Horace*, *Epist.* i. 11. 28.

Strenua nos exercet inertia—.

A busy idleness destroys our ease.—*Creech.*

Nor is *Cowley* unlike, *David.* i. 714.

Laborious effects of idleness:

but an excellent verse in *Boileau* is expressly imitated, *Epist.* xi. 86.

Le pénible fardeau de n'avoir rien à faire.

The painful burthen of an idle life.

Ver. 356. O may thy cloud still cover the deceit.

Creech

Creech thus renders the original verse in Horace :

And o'er my cheats and forgeries spread a cloud.

Ver. 367. To headless Phœbe his fair bride postpone—

Lord of an Otho.

A trivial variation from himself in his Epistle to Addison :

And Curio, restless by the fair-one's side,

Sighs for an Otho, and neglects his bride.

Ver. 441. The common soul, of Heav'n's more frugal
make,

Serves but to keep fools pert, and knaves awake.

The elements of this couplet seem derived from a saying of Diogenes, recorded by Laertius and others, that "the
" souls of swine merely served to keep their bodies from
" putrefaction."

Ver. 451. The head, that turns at superlunar things,

Pois'd with a tail, may steer on Wilkins' wings.

This learned and most ingenious philosopher was accustomed to declare an expectation, that "the time would
" come, when it would be as common for men to order
" their wings, as now to order their boots." The late invention of balloons is an approximation to the realization of this conception.

Ver. 468. And last, to Nature's cause thro' Nature led.

As in his Essay on Man, iv. 332.

But looks thro' Nature up to Nature's God.

Ver. 471. We nobly take the high Priori road,

And reason downward, till we doubt of God.

An oblique censure of Dr. S. Clarke's celebrated Demonstration of the Being and Attributes of God à priori; after the example of his "guide, philosopher, and friend,"
who

who is perpetually attacking Clarke in his fragments of Essays, and thus expresses himself in his letters to our poet: "Rather than creep up slowly, à posteriori, to a little general knowledge, they soar at once as far and as high as imagination can carry them. From thence they descend again, armed with systems and arguments, à priori; and, regardless how these agree, or class with the phænomena of Nature, they impose them on mankind."

Ver. 495. Then snapt his box, and strok'd his belly down.
As Gray, of *Divinity*, in his humourous verses on Lord Sandwich:

From the table she rose, with a bumper in hand,
And strok'd up her belly, and strok'd down her band.

Ver. 549. ————— a priest succinct in amice white.
Milton, *Paradise Regained*, iv. 426.

Thus pass'd the night so foul, till morning fair
Came forth with pilgrim steps in amice grey.

Ver. 561. "Knight lifts the head." This very man,
or his son, was made Lord Catherlough in Ireland.—B.

Ver. 565. Next, bidding all draw near on bended knees,
The queen confers her titles and degrees.

It is customary for the candidates at Cambridge to kneel before the Vice-Chancellor for the ratification of their degrees: and the same usage, I presume, extends to Oxford.

Ver. 581. All my commands are easy, short, and full:
My sons! be proud, be selfish, and be dull.

He here treads in the steps of his poetic master, part ii.
of *Abfalom* and *Achitophel*:

The

The midwife laid her hand on his thick skull,
With this prophetic *bleffing*, *Be thou dull!*

Ver. 592. The fenator at cricket urge the ball.
Gray has borrowed this expreffion in his Ode on Eton-College:

To chafe the rolling circle's fpeed,
Or urge the flying ball?

Ver. 593. "Pontific luxury:" a phrafe fuggested, perhaps, by the verfe of *Horace*:

Pontificum potiore cænis.

Ver. 601. This and the three following verfes are thus varied in the firft edition:

But here, vain Icarus! thy flight confine;
Forbear, nor hope to make thy monarch thine:
Blind with ambition! to think princes things
Made juft for thee, as all befide for kings.

Ver. 605. More ſhe had ſpoke, but yawn'd—
Here he was affifted by *Garth*, *Diſpenſ. i. 203.*

*More he had ſpoke, but fudden vapours riſe,
And with their filken cords tie down his eyes.*

Ver. 608. —"leaden G—— preach'd." *Gilbert*,
Archbiſhop of York.—B.

It was given with leſs obſcurity, G—lb—t, in the firſt edition.

Ver. 613. Wide, and more wide, it ſpread o'er all the
realm:

Ev'n *Palinurus* nodded at the heim.

This very elegant alluſion he owes to *Young*, *Sat. vii. ver. 225.*

What felt thy Walpole, pilot of *the realm*!

Our Palinurus slept not at the helm:

His eye ne'er clos'd, long since inur'd to wake,

And outwatch every star for Brunswick's sake.

The expression of the last line is taken from *Milton*,
Penseroso, ver. 87.

Where I may oft *cut-watch* the Bear.

Ver. 615. The vapour mild o'er each committee crept;

Unfinish'd treaties in each office slept;

And chieffess armies doz'd out the campaign,

And navies yawn'd for orders on the main.

These four verses are said to be taken from the State
 Poems, but I am unable to point out their station there.
 They partly existed in the poem, probably that intended,
 of *Halifax* on Orpheus and Signora Margarita:

And, when the tawny Tuscan rais'd her strain,

Rook furls his sails, and *dozes on the main*:

Treaties unfinish'd in the office sleep,

And Shovel yawns for orders on the deep.

Of the first of these verses our poet has made use in his
 Ode on St. Cecilia's Day:

High on the stern *the Thracian rais'd his strain*.

IMITATIONS OF HORACE.

EPISTLE VII.

VER. 10. — "melancholy whores:" from affecting
 to drefs in black.

Ver. 40. A safe companion, and a free.

This

This collocation of the words may very well pass, I think, in lighter poetry, like that before us; but has, perhaps, scarcely sufficient dignity for a serious subject and grave numbers: see my note on the *Odyssæy*, xiv. 392.

Ver. 73. Near fifty, and without a wife.

As in his Prologue to the Satires, ver. 131.

The Muse but serv'd to ease some friend, not wife:
where the language appears to me extremely awkward,
and the meaning most insipid.

SATIRE VI.

VER. 22. And to be kept in my right wits.

An apprehension of the loss of intellect gave the Dean great uneasiness through life. Some hereditary expectation, or some peculiarity of feeling, I presume, occasioned a perpetual anticipation of that sad event, which at length befell him. Pope's part of the imitation begins at ver. 125. but I cannot accede to Warburton's opinion, that his portion of the performance is executed with *more* dexterity than that of Swift, who is unexceptionably excellent, and preserves with most happy accommodation the playful urbanity of his author. There are indeed several strokes in the more humorous passages of Pope's division after Swift's best manner; but the following seems to me the most successful:

Tells all their names, lays down the law:

"Que ça est bon! Ah goutez ça!

"That jelly's rich, this malmsey healing:

"Pray dip your whiskers and your tail in!"

Ver. 220. Give me again my hollow tree,

A crust of bread and liberty!

Cowley, in his Essay on Liberty :

Give me, great God ! but bread and liberty.

One stanza in his imitation of the ninth ode of *Horace's* fourth book is incomparably beautiful :

Tho' daring *Milton* fits sublime,

In *Spencer* native *Muses* play :

Nor yet shall *Waller* yield to time,

Nor pensive *Cowley's* moral lay.

The last line seems to have been suggested by a verse in the *Complaint* of that amiable poet :

Where rev'rend *Cam* cuts out his famous way,

The melancholy *Cowley* lay.

ADDITIONAL OBSERVATIONS.

WINDSOR FOREST.

VER. 68. The hollow winds through naked temples roar.

As *Donne*, in his Second Satire, modernized by *Pope* :

————— when winds in our ruin'd abbeys roar.

Ver. 133. Oft as the mounting larks their notes prepare,
They fall, and leave their little lives in air.

So before him *Philips*, in his Cider, ii. 175.

————— they leave their little lives

Above the clouds. S.

Ver. 269. Led by the sound, I roam from shade to shade,
By god-like poets venerable made.

From *Philips's* Cider, ii. 6.

————— or what
Unrival'd authors by their presence made
 For ever venerable. S.

Ver. 387. Bear Britain's thunder, and her cross display,
 To the bright regions of the rising day :—&c.
 Tempt icy seas ———.

The whole passage seems a grand improvement from
Philips' Cider, ii. fin.

————— uncontrol'd
The British navy through the ocean vast
 Shall wave *her double cross*, i' *extremest climes*
Terrific, and return with *odorous spoils*
 Of *Araby* well fraught, or *Indus' wealth*,
Pearl and barbaric gold.

ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

VER. 240. Correctly cold, and regularly low.

Much in the same strain *Garth's Dispensary*, iv. 24.

The weeds of writings for the flowers they cull;
 So nicely tasteless, so correctly dull!

Ver. 559. As all looks yellow to the jaundic'd eye.

So *Lucretius*, iv. 333.

Lurida præterea fiunt quæcunque tuentur
 Arquati.

Besides, whatever *jaundice-eyes* do view,
 Looks pale as well as those, and *yellow* too. *Creecb.*

RAPE OF THE LOCK.

CANTO iii. Ver. 156. And screams of horror rend th'
affrighted skies.

Smith, in his *Phædra* and *Hippolytus*, Act iv.

When thou shouldst rend the *skies* with clamorous grief.

Canto v. ver. 39. All side in parties, and begin th' attack ;
Fans clap, silks rustle, and tough whale-
bones crack ;
Heroes' and heroines' shouts confus'dly
rise,
And base and treble voices strike the *skies*.

The groundwork of this description was, I think, the
battle in the *Dispensary*, v. 233.

And now the signal summons to the fray ;
Mock falchions flash, and paltry ensigns play.
Their patron God his silver bow-string twangs ;
Tough harness rustles, and bold armour clangs—
The deadly drugs in double doses fly,
And pestles peal a martial symphony.

Ver. 60. One dy'd in metaphor, and one in song.

This also seems derived from the *Dispensary*, v. 304.

Stunn'd with the blow, the batter'd bard retir'd,
Sunk down, and in a *simile* expir'd.

Ver. 127. A sudden star it shot through liquid air,
And drew behind a radiant trail of hair.—
The Sylphs behold it kindling as it flies.

Perhaps *Garth's* *Dispensary*, iv. 253. might assist our poet
in the finish of this passage :

*

How

How lambent jellies, *kindling* in the night,
Shot through the æther in a trail of light.

ELOISA TO ABELARD.

VER. 75. The passage inaccurately quoted from memory by our poet at this place as Chaucer's, is found in the *Faerie Queene*, iii. 1. 25. and runs thus :

Ne may Love be compel'd by maistery ;
 For soone as maistery comes, sweet Love anone
 Taketh his nimble winges and soone away is gone.

Ver. 90. If there be yet another name more free,
 More fond than mistress, make me that to thee.

This much resembles also a distich in Dido's Epistle to Æneas, *Ovid*, vii. 167.

Si pudet uxoris, non nupta, sed hospita, dicar:
 Dum tua fit Dido, quidlibet esse feret.
 To be thy wife if I unworthy prove,
 By some inferiour name admit my love. *Dryden.*

Ver. 112. The shrines all trembled, and the lamps grew pale.

Prior, in Henry and Emma :

'Thy limbs *all trembling*, and thy cheeks all *pale*.

Ver. 121. Still on that breast enamour'd let me lie :
 Still drink delicious poison from thy eye.

The open vowel in such instances is very offensive : he should have written by all means "*thine eye*." *Creech*, at the beginning of his *Lucretius* :

Where *on thy bosom* he supinely lies,
 And greedily drinks love at both his eyes.

Smith,

Smith, in *Phædra* and *Hippolytus*, Act i.

My ears, my greedy eyes, my thirsty soul

Drank gorging in the dear *delicious* poison.

The last passage had not escaped the notice of *Mr. Stevens* also.

Ver. 136. ————— or emblaze the floors.

This seems too powerful a word for the whiteness of marble; and, I presume, nothing further can be intended.

Smith, in his *Phædra* and *Hippolytus*, employs the word with propriety:

Why blaze these jewels round my wretched head?

Ver. 162. Or lull to rest the visionary maid.

Dryden, *Virg. Æn.* iv. 576.

Thus, many not succeeding, most upbraid

The madness of the visionary maid.

Ver. 223. Far other dreams my erring soul employ;

Far other raptures, of unholy joy.

So *Prudentius*, *Cathem.* vi. 53. after describing the visions of the holy:

At, qui coinquinatum

Vitiis cor impiavit,

Lufus pavore multo,

Species videt tremendas.

But souls, with vice deform'd, by night

Pursues the startling dream:

Black-scowling on their baffled sight,

Terrific spectres gleam.

Ver. 226. Fancy restores what vengeance snatch'd away.

Phædra and *Hippolytus*, Act i.

————— if I try'd to sleep,

Strait

Strait to my drowsy eyes my restless fancy
Brought back his fatal form, and curst my slumber.

Ver. 271. When from the cense, clouds of fragrance roll.

Phædra and Hippolytus, Acts i. and iii.

Burnt *clouds of incense* on your loaded altars?—

————— let altars smoke,
And richest gums, and spice, and incense *roll*
Their *fragrant wreaths* to heaven.

Ver. 274. One thought of thee puts all the pomp to flight,
Priests, tapers, temples, swim before my sight.

Smith's Phædra and Hippolytus, Act i.

————— *all the idle pomp,*

Priests, altars, victims, swam before my sight. S.

Compare a quotation from *Mrs. Rowe*, at ver. 99.

Ver. 300. And Faith, our early immortality.

This resembles a passage in *Craslow*, on Hope:

Fair Hope! *our earlier heaven!* by thee
Young Time is taster to Eternity.

Ver. 332. See the last sparkle languish in my eye.

Phædra and Hippolytus, Act. ii.

How the soft passion *languish'd in his eyes?*

TEMPLE OF FAME.

VER. 340. The pois'nous vapour blots the purple skies.

Craslow, upon the Death of Mr. Herrys:

When a ruddy storm, whose scoul
Made Heaven's radiant face look foul,
Call'd for an untimely night,
To blot the newly blossom'd light.

ESSAY

ESSAY ON MAN.

EP. ii. ver. 90. This taste the honey, and not wound the
flow'r.

Crashaw, in his dialogue on Hope:

Nor need we kill thy fruit to smell thy flower.

Ep. iii. ver. 176. Learn of the mole to plow——

To the same sentiment, *Martial*, xiii. 60.

Gaudet in effossis habitare cuniculus antris:

Monstravit tacitas hostibus ille vias.

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